Feb. 11, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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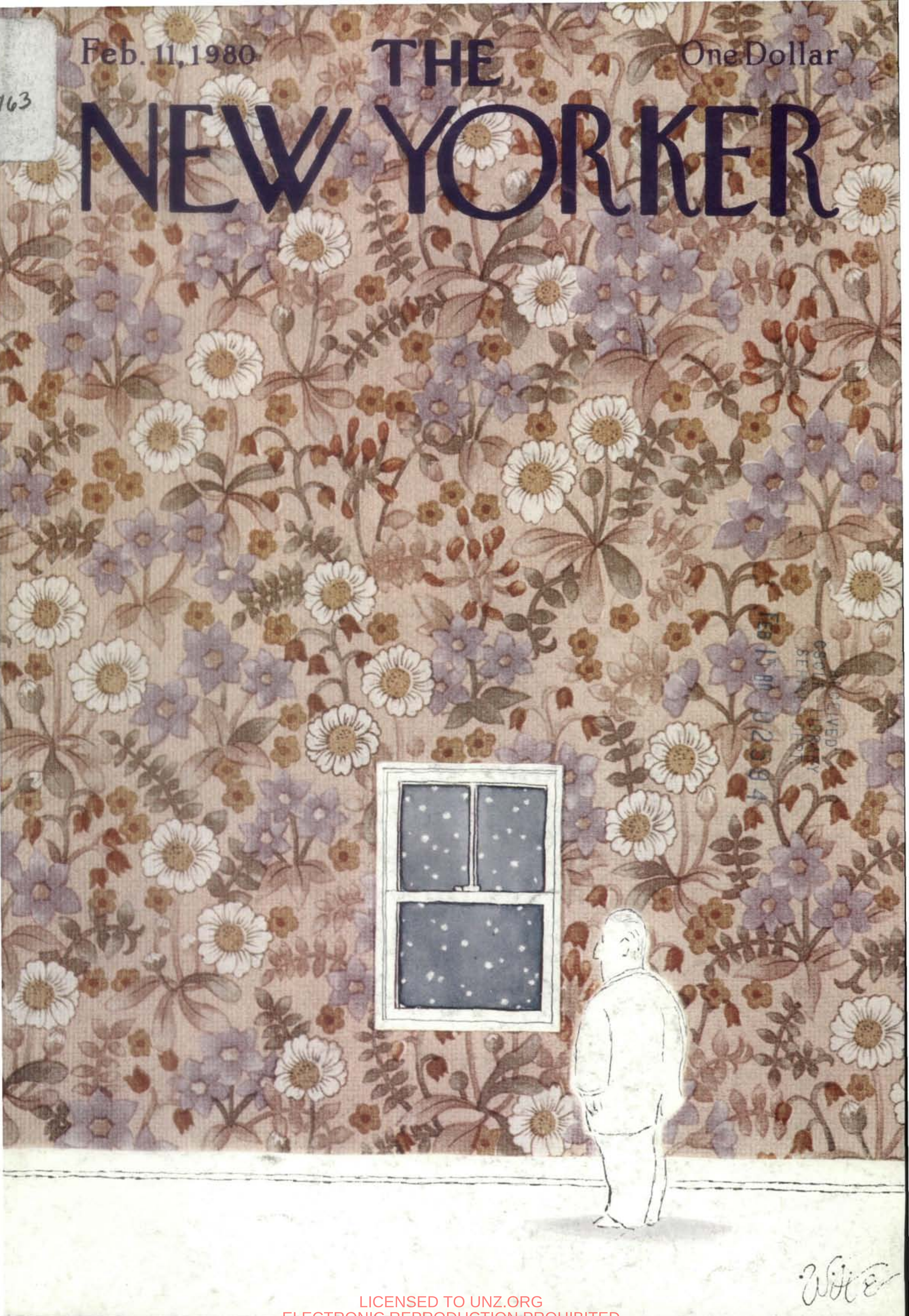

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LIGHT A CRYSTAL FIRE.

The light of
the stars.
The light of
the sun.
The light of
Waterford crystal.
A legend,
blown by mouth,
cut wholly by hand,
with heart.
(Shown: Sheila,
an Irish beauty.)

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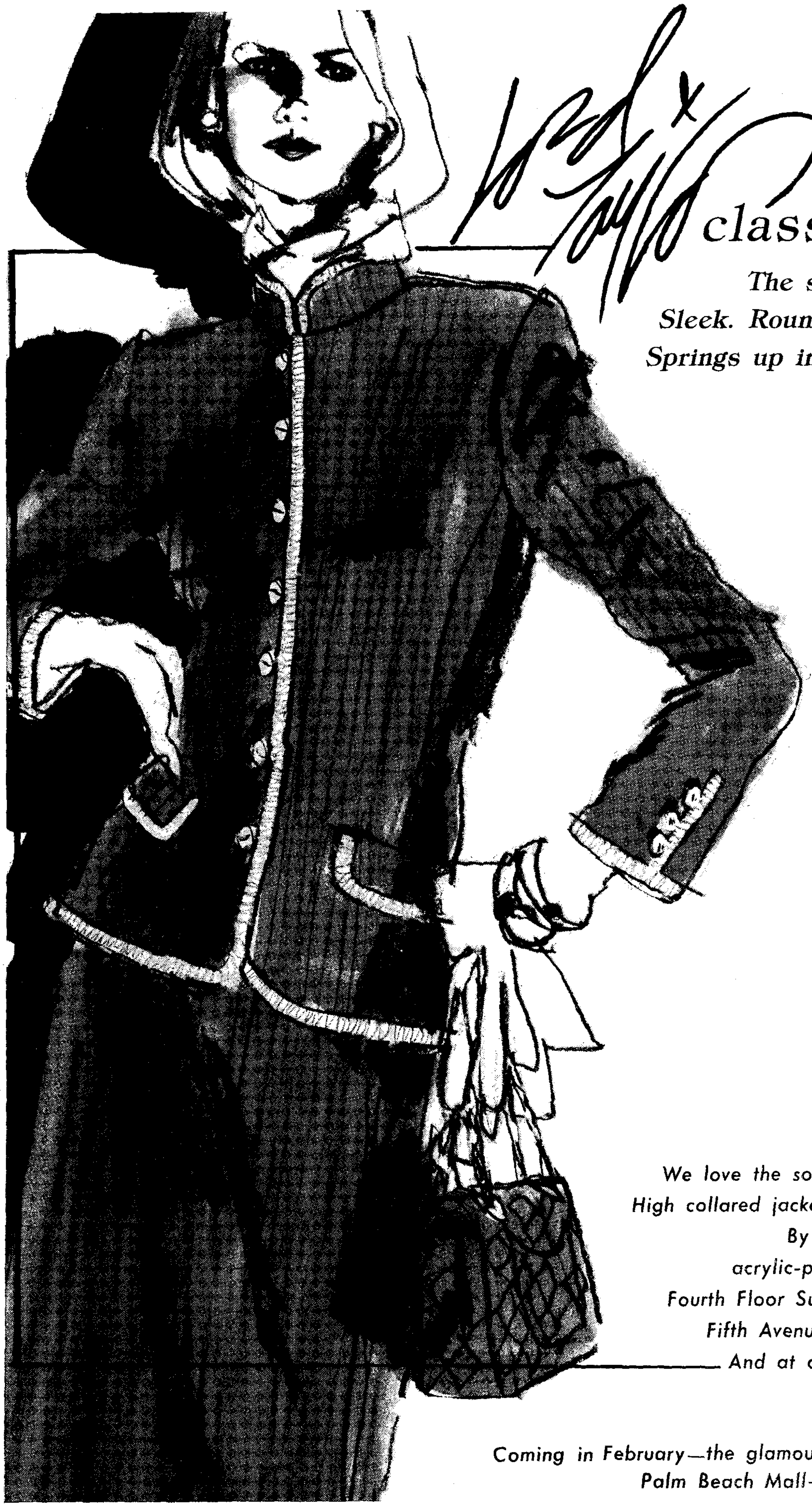

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As You Like It—Shakespeare's play, with music by Elizabeth Swados. The cast includes Don Scardino, Rick Lieberman, and Priscilla Smith. Directed by Andrei Serban. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Bent—Richard Gere and David Dukes give superb performances in an exceptionally well-written play by Martin Sherman. The time is the nineteen-thirties, the setting is the concentration camp at Dachau, and the subject matter is homosexual love. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/17/79.) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Three adults who prove to be as selfish as so many spoiled six-year-olds bicker over their not very gratifying adulteries in this latest dark comedy by Harold Pinter. Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider are the principals. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Canterbury Tales—The Equity Library Theatre production of the musical taken from the Chaucer work. Nevill Coghill did the book (with Martin Starkie) and the lyrics. The score is by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. Directed by Robert Johanson. Previews Friday through Sunday, Feb. 8-10. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 12. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Two plays in repertory through Sunday, Feb. 17. Shakespeare's **HAMLET,** with William Hurt, Jacqueline Brookes, Douglass Watson, Lindsay Crouse, and Michael Ayr: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Friedrich Schiller's **MARY STUART,** with Stephanie Gordon and Tanya Berezin: Friday, Feb. 8, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2; Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 12-15, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 16-17, at 2 and 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—Nobody finds more humor in the miseries of daily life than Samuel Beckett does, but "Endgame" is mostly tragic. Daniel Seltzer plays the lead, and Joseph Chaikin directed. (1/21/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 10.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revised version of Arthur Laurents' **THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO** will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 7, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Evita—A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Filumena—Joan Plowright and Frank Finlay in a play by Eduardo de Filippo, translated from the Italian by Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse. Laurence Olivier directed. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 9. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 10. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Harold and Maude—Janet Gaynor, Keith McDermott, and Ruth Ford in Colin Higgins' play with music, adapted from his movie screenplay. The music and lyrics are by David Amram. Robert Lewis directed. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 7. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, Saturdays at 10:30, and Sundays at 9.)

The Lady from Dubuque—A dying woman, her panicky husband, and some unpleasant friends of theirs find themselves in the presence of two mysterious strangers, not necessarily of this world and not certainly of the world to come. Starring Irene Worth and Earle Hyman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 10: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 13-17: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Das Lusitania Songspiel—A musical cabaret that parodies the works of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, written and performed by Christopher Durang and Sigourney Weaver. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 11. Closes Saturday, Feb. 16.)

Marie and Bruce—A comedy by Wallace Shawn. The subject is married love in contemporary New York, and the young couple whose troubles we observe are pleasingly embodied

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mecca—A play by E. A. Whitehead. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Millionaire in Trouble—A Yiddish musical, with Yakov Bodo. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Modigliani—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Monsieur Amilcar—A play by French playwright Yves Jamiaque, translated by George Gonneau and Norman Rose. Directed by Robert Kalfin. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

A Month in the Country—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Philip Bosco, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Two one-acters, **COMPANIONS OF THE FIRE** by Ali Wadud and **BIG CITY BLUES** by Roy R. Kuljian, will be the fourth in this season's series of productions. Opens Thursday, Feb. 7, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Night and Day—An uncharacteristically down-to-earth melodrama by Tom Stoppard. There are many humorous lines in the solemn presence of death. Maggie Smith is the star. (12/10/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 16.)

Oklahoma!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 11, at 2.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, through Fridays, and Monday, Feb. 11, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays, except Feb. 13, and Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 11, at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE BOOTH THEATRE

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Salt Lake City Skyline—Thomas Babe's largely imaginary account of a historic event—the trial for murder and the eventual execution of the labor organizer Joe Hill. (2/4/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's lively comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Snapshot—A musical by Herbert Kaplan (music) and Mitchell Bernard (lyrics). (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 10.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Trouble with Europe—A play by Paul D'Andrea, with Perry King and Kristoffer Tabori. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

West Side Story—Leonard Bernstein's musical, with a book by Arthur Laurents and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Jossie de Guzman, Ken Marshall, and Debbie Allen head the cast. Directed by Jerome Robbins and Gerald Freedman. Previews Thursday through Wednesday, Feb. 7-13. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 14. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,224 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 13, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday at 2.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A staged version of Disney's **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS.** No Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays, except Feb. 7, and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 7:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6:30. Extra performances Thursday, Feb. 7, at 11 A.M., and Monday, Feb. 11, at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Feb. 6: "Fanfare," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 7: "Ballo della Regina," "Pas de Deux," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Bournonville Divertissements."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 9: "The Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 9: "Dances at a Gathering," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Duo Concertant," and "Serenade."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 10: "Allegro Brillante," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Pas de Deux," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 10: "In G Major," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 12: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Serenade."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 13: "Serenade," "Orpheus," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 14: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 15: "Fanfare," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 16: "In G Major," "Allegro Brillante," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 16: "Fanfare," "In G Major," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

DANCEMOBILE WINTER FESTIVAL—Final performances of a series of programs of jazz-modern and African dances by nine companies. Thursday, Feb. 7: Eleo Pomare Dance Company. ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 8: Joan Miller Dance Players.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9: Bottom of the Bucket, But ... Dance Theatre.... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 10: Fred Benjamin Dance Company. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640.)

MATTEO ETHNOAMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a two-week engagement presenting two programs that will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. Program I will be given through Sunday, Feb. 17. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 7, and Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 13-17, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 631-9229.)

CONJUNTO FOLKLORICO NACIONAL DE CUBA—A company of sixty-five singers and dancers in its first appearance here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 7; Friday, Feb. 15, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2 and 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, The Inmates, a British rock band that recycles old rock-and-roll hits; Friday through Sunday, Feb. 8-10, British blues-harp player John Mayall and his band; Monday, Feb. 11, veteran folkie **TOM PAXTON**; Tuesday, Feb. 12, near-veteran folkie **DAVID BROMBERG**; Wednesday, Feb. 13, soul singer **ETTA JAMES**; Thursday, Feb. 14, the Romantics and the Rattlers, two rock groups; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, Prince, a disco outfit. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled New York bar and restaurant that specializes in first-rate jazz duos. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** are present through Saturday, Feb. 9. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who plays hot, rhythmic solos on his full-sounding seven-string guitar, leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is accompanied by bassist **BRIAN TORFF**. They appear Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** romps over the keyboard and sings a little. She's on nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant mostly brown in color, clean-lined in design, and a stone's throw from a famous Russian restaurant, one of the best movie-revival houses in the city, and Carnegie Hall. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The rock bands: Decoding Society and Curlew Wednesday, Feb. 6; Rousers, Pedestrians, and Gramafone Thursday, Feb. 7; Colors, Pinups, Skunks, and Cyclones Friday, Feb. 8; Colors, Voo Doo Shoes, Skunks, and Warm Jets Saturday, Feb. 9; and Colors, Minx, and Editors Sunday, Feb. 10. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—Hootin', hollerin', chicken-fried steaks, chili, the Texas Two-Step, and designer jeans. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—In a program that could easily be entitled the "Art of the Blues Lyric," **ALBERTA HUNTER** hips audiences to such stock-in-trade laments as "I never loved but three men in my life./My father, my brother, and the man that wrecked my life." Miss Hunter performs at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen on Fridays and Saturdays. Singer Anne Marie Moss now claims the Sunday and Monday slot, and she appears at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0066)—A corner café that faces Central Park. One can sit next to the bank of windows and gaze across the street and wait for the trees to bud, or, beginning Tuesday, Feb. 12, one can listen to singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and his bassist, **JACK SIX**. Music from nine-thirty.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The place comes very close to New Orleans authenticity, except that when one looks out the windows one sees Vanderbilt Avenue, not the French Quarter, and occasional snow flurries instead of Spanish moss. **MAJOR HOLLEY**, the humming bassist, performs with saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** and pianist **DILL JONES**. Mondays through Fridays from six until eleven. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights. On Sunday, Feb. 10, pianist **JOHN BUNCH**, saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY**, and trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** will comprise three-fifths of a quintet. They'll start about eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave. at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Pianist **CECIL TAYLOR**, whose sets are often strenuous, long-distance events, will lead his quintet through Saturday, Feb. 9. On Tuesday, Feb. 12, **MILT JACKSON** will come in with his quartet to play lovely, fulfilling blues on his vibraharp. Sets begin after nine-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **JIMMY RANEY** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**; and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished oaken bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that appears to be in the process of being refurbished it-

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self. **SY JOHNSON** plays the dining-room piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio supply music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are now twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by the Clash, the Specials, or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The live-entertainment schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 6, Snatch, with Judy Nylon and Pat Palladin, and Circus Mort; Thursday, Feb. 7, Tuxedomoon and Dark Day; Friday, Feb. 8, Suicide and Tuxedomoon; Saturday, Feb. 9, Nervus Rex; and Tuesday, Feb. 12, Richard Lloyd and Scruffs. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Dancing.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs, in the jazz living room, saxophonist Arnie Lawrence's group will perform on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, **DAVID AMRAM'S** Latin-jazz quintet will be on hand. Music from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays; from eight to midnight on Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **ROY ELDRIDGE** is supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant in which the dining room, where the piano is located, and the bar area are separated by a shoulder-high partition with café curtains. The management thoughtfully has these curtains opened when the music begins, so that everyone can see as well as hear the pianists and bassists. Right now, through Saturday, Feb. 9, **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **RED MITCHELL** provide the piano-bass services. Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 12, **FRED HERSCH** and **SAM JONES** will take over. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, raucous, and, to some folks, downright homey. The music doesn't really fit into any slot—it can be country, rock-and-roll, blues, Chicago-blues, or folk, and it's often quite good. **BO DIDDLEY,** a founding father of rock and roll and still in excellent musical shape, performs here through Thursday, Feb. 7; Sunday, Feb. 10, and Thursday, Feb. 14, have been set aside for folkie and humorist Kinky Friedman; and on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 11-12, folkie Jonathan Edwards will drop by. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—An upper East Side haven for former big-band singers. **HELEN HUMES** smiles and gestures in an old-fashioned, big-band-singer manner as she sings. She'll be here through Saturday, Feb. 9. On Monday, Feb. 11, **DOLLY DAWN** will claim the stage. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, crowded in the eighties, and it will probably be crowded in the nineties. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 6, Odds, Maroons, and Tiger Beats; Thursday, Feb. 7, Pure Hell and Hammer Damage; Friday, Feb. 8, Get Wet and John King & the Cats; Saturday, Feb. 9, Jayne (formerly Wayne) County and Panic Squad. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A tribute to composer Harry Warren by singer **DAVID ALLYN** and his backing trio, with songs such as "There Will Never Be Another You," "The More I See You," "I Found a Million Dollar Baby," and "Jeepers Creepers" to work with, is the fare through Saturday, Feb. 9. Then, starting Tuesday, Feb. 12, singer **CAROL SLOANE** and singer-pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** will celebrate composer Frank Loesser. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. Mondays through Thursdays belong to **STUFF**—bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarists **CORNELL DUPREE** and **ERIC GALE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and drummers **STEVE GADD** and **CHRIS PARKER.** Stuff's music, an R. & B. alternative to disco, has all the danceable attributes of disco with none of the offensively mechanized, synthetic, slick, overproduced effects that characterize most disco music. Whenever Stuff plays this club, standing room is hard to come by. Music from ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. Esther Satterfield, a full-voiced pop-jazz singer, performs Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, will see **STEVE GOODMAN** on the premises singing his folk songs and strumming his old acoustic. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** is the bandleader here—he directs his **SAVOY SULTANS** through Sunday, Feb. 10. And on Tuesday, Feb. 12, **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN,** another drummer-bandleader, will bring in his orchestra along with husky-voiced singer **CARRIE SMITH.** Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**MAXENE ANDREWS** has settled in at this famous seventies cabaret. She appears at eight-thirty and eleven Tuesdays through Sundays. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—A revue, "Make Someone Happy," featuring Orson Bean, Phyllis Newman, and Charles Repole, has as its last night Saturday, Feb. 9. On Monday, Feb. 11, a salute to producer Cheryl Crawford (she produced "Porgy and Bess," "One Touch of Venus," and "Brigadoon") will get under way, and it will feature **PATRICE MUNSEL.** All of this takes place in the polished King Cole Room. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4604)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Wednesday, Feb. 6, belongs to Bob Mintzer's quintet; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 7-10, the 24th Street Band will perform; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 12-13, the Brubeck Brothers will be present; and on Thursday, Feb. 14, trumpeter Tom Browne will bring in his group. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Center. Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Trombonist **URBIE GREEN** oversees a quartet in a lounge entitled the French Quarter. Music nightly, except Sundays, after nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**RON CARTER,** Super Bassist to many of his admirers, leads his super quartet—**KENNY BARRON, BEN RILEY,** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—through Saturday, Feb. 9; on Sunday and Monday, Feb. 10-11, tenor saxophonist Steve Wolfe will head up his quintet; and on Tuesday, Feb. 12, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK** will bring in his quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and with good reason: Saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet will be on the stand Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 7-10; on Monday, Feb. 11, guitarist John Plantinga will head up a quartet; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 12-13, will belong to **CURTIS CLARK,** saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY,** drummer **STEVE MC CALL,** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN;** and beginning Thursday, Feb. 14, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will co-pilot a quartet. Jazz of the highest order is usually presented every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. The big musical draw is usually on Fridays and Saturdays, when the blues musicians perform: on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, blues guitarist **EDDIE KIRKLAND'S** band, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, blues guitarist **JIMMY DAWKINS** and his band. The rest of the schedule is given over to rock and roll: Invaders Wednesday, Feb. 6; Big Spender Thursday, Feb. 7; Nails Tuesday, Feb. 12; Richard Lloyd Wednesday, Feb. 13; and the Lonnie Brooks blues band Thursday, Feb. 14. Shows usually begin at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. On Wednesday, Feb. 6, the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA,** a ten-piece outfit from Brattleboro, Vt., will play golden oldies by Ellington, Lunceford, and Louis Jordan. On Saturday, Feb. 9, Wazmo Nariz, a rock-and-roller from Chicago, will perform. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Singer **ABBEY LINCOLN** and her trio are here through Sunday, Feb. 10. The week of Monday, Feb. 11, will be claimed by drum-

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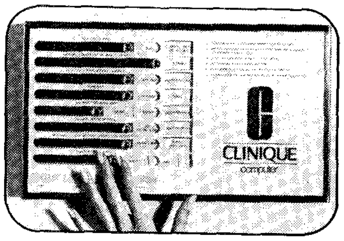
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mer **MEL LEWIS**, his big band, and two guest soloists—trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER** and, on Friday, Feb. 15, trumpeter **CLARK TERRY**. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, *114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St.* (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Pianist Robert Condor is on hand Thursdays through Sundays; pianist Esther Blue works Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Saxophonist and Ellington specialist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and his quartet are here through Sunday, Feb. 10; cornettist **RICHARD SUDHALTER** will perform on Tuesday, Feb. 12; and trumpeter Franc Williams will lead his combo Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 13-16. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

STYX—With the Babys. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

THE O'JAYS and **PHYLLIS HYMAN**—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 6-9, at 8.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Zoot Sims, Bucky Pizzarelli, Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S., and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

LEO KOTTKE & TAJ MAHAL—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8.

GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, at 10:30.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The second in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Jerry Herman) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday and Monday, Feb. 10-11, at 8.)

GUNTER HAMPEL & THE GALAXIE DREAM BAND—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

ST. LOUIS ENSEMBLE and **WATERLAND QUARTET**—Public Theatre. Friday, Feb. 15, at 10:30.

GARY PEACOCK TRIO and **PAUL MCCANDLESS & DAVID SAMUELS**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 10:30.

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Feb. 8: Nightbridge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9: Michele Rosewoman & Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15: Cadmocsa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16: Ed Blackwell and Charles Brackeen. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

SQUAT THEATRE—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, at ten and midnight: James White & the Flaming Demonics. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, at 10 and midnight: The Nuggets. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Paintings of the thirties. One small oil shows Mark Rothko holding a child on his lap. Through Feb. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Five large oils, works on paper, and monotypes by the abstract painter. Through March 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

FRANK FAULKNER—*Impastoed pattern paintings.* Through March 1. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

RUSSELL FORESTER—Abstract drawings that are stitched to paper, and paintings in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BRUNO LUCCHESI—*Small bronze and terra-cotta* sculptures of everyday life. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Oil paintings of Olafsvik, a summer retreat in the artist's native Iceland, and landscapes and seascapes in which cold Atlantic blues are contrasted with glacial whites. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ENZO PLAZZOTTA—Classical bronzes—ballet dancers, portraits, nudes, and so forth. Through March 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

LILIANA PORTER / JUAN CAMILO URIBE—Vignettes done directly on the wall in mixed mediums (the Pyramids, a silk-screened Botticelli head, a snippet from Borges, a horse) are separated by commas and meant to be read like a story. / Nearly four hundred dime-store plastic film-viewers suspended on threads from the ceiling, about chest high, are filled with clips by the artist—some religious, some irreverent, and some just odd. Visitors are invited to look. Through Feb. 17. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

EDDA RENOUF—Color-field paintings done on linen with acrylics. Through Friday, Feb. 15. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

AUGUSTE RODIN (1840-1917) / **JACK ROTH**—Several casts made during the artist's lifetime are included in a show of twenty-two sculptures. Through March 1. / Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

CE ROSER—Recent works by this colorist. Through Feb. 20. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

MIRIAM SCHAPIRO—Two shows of works by a creator of patterned fabric collages: on shaped canvases at Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (through Feb. 28), and on paper at Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St. (through March 1).

TOTI SCIALOJA—Abstract oils. Through Friday, Feb. 8. (Italian Cultural Institute, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St.)

EDVINS STRAUTMANIS / WILLIAM UMBREIT—Abstract paintings. / Carved-wood sculptures. Through Feb. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

JOAN THORNE—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through March 5. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

WALASSE TING—Outsize paintings of trios of Chinese women done on rice paper in a style that echoes traditional Chinese silk paintings. Through Feb. 23. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

PAUL VÁZQUEZ—Abstract paintings. Through March 1. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

CATHARINE WARREN—Acrylics and rice paper applied to canvas. Through Feb. 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

WOMEN ARTISTS AT THE GRAHAM GALLERY—Paintings and sculptures by twenty-six artists, a number of whom were given their first solo shows by the gallery's retiring director, Robert C. Graham. The artists include Elaine de Kooning, Anne Poor, Jane Wilson, and Becky Young. Through Feb. 20. (1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

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GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARSENAL GALLERY**, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings and sculptures by *David Budd, Milton Resnick*, Charles Ginnever, and others. Through March 21. (Open until 4:45 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by Americans, including landscapes in oil by John Twachtman and Theodore Robinson, and a Demuth watercolor. Through March 1. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: A large new Lichtenstein, in which he pays his special kind of homage to German Expressionism, and disturbing comic works by H. C. Westermann, a newcomer to the gallery, are included in this show of small-scale works by gallery members, among them Willem de Kooning, Louise Bourgeois, and Joan Mitchell. Through Feb. 23. . . . **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Paintings (by Jane Freilicher, Alfred Leslie, Fairfield Porter, Larry Rivers, among others) from the personal collection of Tibor de Nagy, whose gallery is marking its thirtieth anniversary. Through March 21. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Standouts in this new show of topflight artists are a life-size portrait done in 1919 by van Dongen of the Marquise de Baudry-d'Asson, a prototype "flapper," and a Pascin harem scene. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schiele, Nolde, and Kokoschka. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hopper, Calder, Marini, and others. Through Feb. 29.

SCULPTURE—Two white marble bust-length figures, attributed to "the immediate circle of Michelangelo," which were part of a group called "The Three Fates." (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JEAN ARP (1887-1966)—Painted-wood reliefs, and marble and bronze sculptures—forty-nine *pieces in all. Through Saturday, Feb. 16.* (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Two large oils (eight feet square) done in his customary frozen-realist style and depicting life on his upstate farm, plus studies for the paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

STANLEY BOXER—Drawings of nudes, dated 1971. Through March 1. (Dorsky, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BYRON BROWNE (1907-61)—Abstract paintings from the early fifties. Through March 1. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM CONLON—Nonobjective paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JIM DINE—Another series of paintings of outsize unoccupied bathrobes, mostly identical except for subtle variations in the coloring and brushwork. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—One still-life, done in 1908 and showing a marked Fauvist influence, and thirty-odd subsequent paintings, most of them unfamiliar, in his own brand of abstraction. Through Friday, Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

EMLEN ETTING—Book illustrations and other drawings. Through March 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

SUZANNE HARRIS (1940-79)—Geometric sculptures: plate-glass wall pieces and freestanding metal castings. Also works on paper. Through March 1. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

JOHN HEJDUK—Floor plans, colored renderings, and models of projected houses by the dean of the Cooper Union School of Architecture. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Additional works by this architect. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; opens Saturdays at noon.) Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 16.

DOROTHY HOOD—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

LES LEVINE—Projected billboards in a blown-up

If you're going to buy a new car this week, please know this:

Oldsmobile is the only American car division to offer an estimated 20 mpg* or better in every car line it sells.

Oldsmobile is America's #1 seller of diesel-powered cars.

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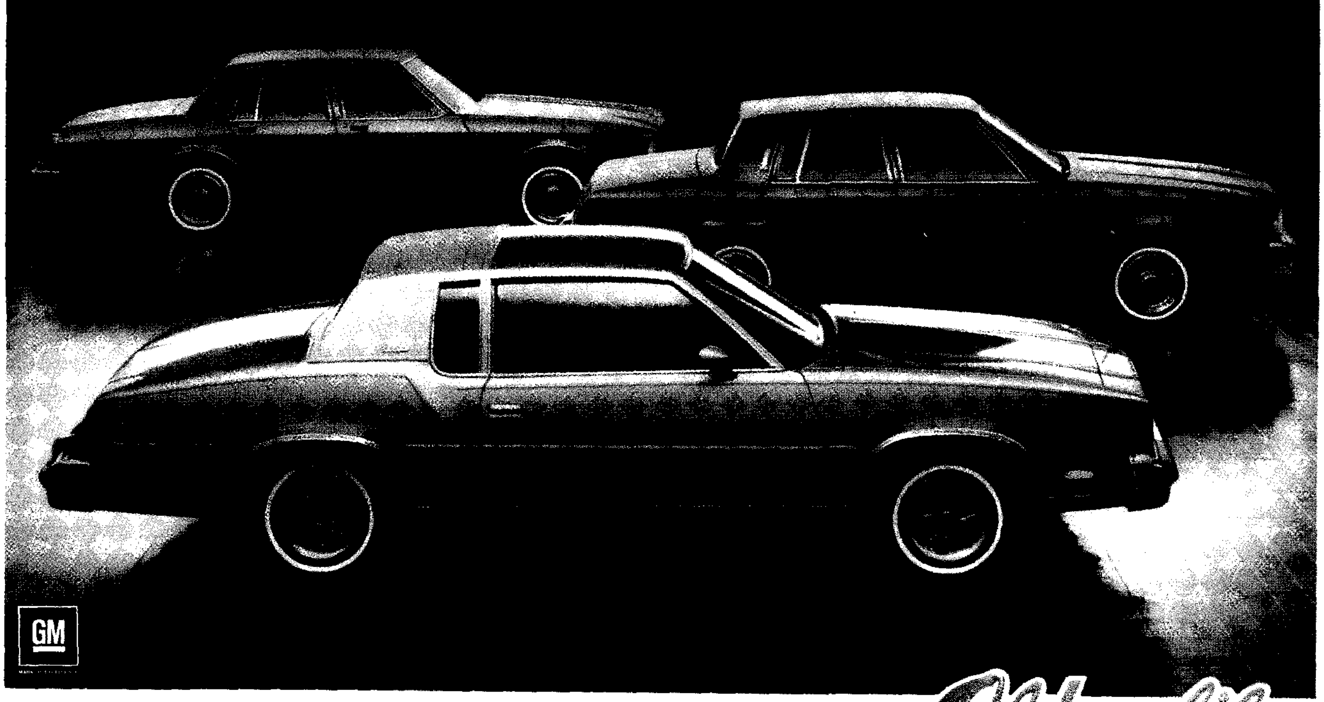

GM

Cutlass Supreme (bottom), Cutlass Brougham Sedan (middle), Delta 88 Royale Sedan (top)

*EPA estimates are: Omega 22 mpg, Cutlass 20 mpg. With available diesel engine Delta 88 22 mpg, Toronado 22 mpg, 98 21 mpg. **Remember:** The EPA estimates are for comparison to other cars. Your mileage depends on your speed, weather and trip length. Diesel not currently available in Calif. Oldsmobiles are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

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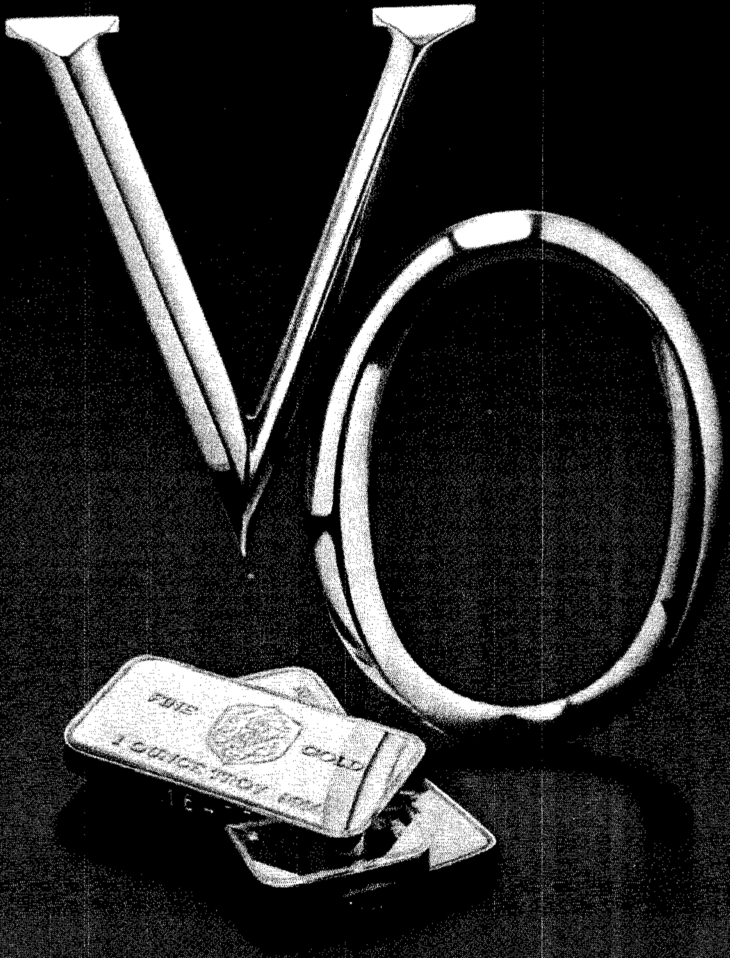

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The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.
Enjoy our quality in moderation.
Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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photographic series in which the artist demonstrates that advertising techniques can be converted to purely artistic purposes. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Recent paintings of nocturnal scenes. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John R. Manning—Large, stylized acrylic paintings of barns and silos and their shadows. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Paintings and drawings of nudes. Through March 1. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964)—Oils, watercolors, pencil drawings, and etchings of bottles, bowls, and pitchers by this Italian still-life artist. Through Feb. 23. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Betty Parsons—Painted found-wood sculptures, and oil paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—Works from the past thirty years, including geometric paintings and paintings of Biblical scenes. Through March 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Quintero—Paintings of figures, mostly, by a Spanish realist. Through Feb. 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jim Reed—Collages using sheet film and mixed mediums on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Welded-steel sculptures. Through March 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Théo Stavropoulos—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 28. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Helen Thomas—Paintings of overlapping ellipses. Through Feb. 21. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Seventy small oil studies for landscapes. Through Feb. 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig / Rosemarie Castoro—Still-lifes, interiors, and landscapes. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. / "Knee High Flashers," an installation of twenty-inch-high painted steel sculptures. Through Feb. 28. (De Nagy, which is showing the Castoros in a new exhibition space on the fourth floor, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Zakanitch / Barbara Zucker—Pattern paintings. / Stainless-steel and other metal sculptures elaborated with areas of brilliant color. Through Feb. 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Glass, metal, and wood wall reliefs (and drawings) by Ferber, Judd, LeWitt, Nevelson, Rickey, and Wilmarth. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings and other works, chiefly by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, and Kubin. Through Feb. 29. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays.). . . **JACOBSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: A show of eight relatively unfamiliar British artists includes a large canvas filled almost to the edges with an egg-tempera painting of a battered-looking suitcase by Michael Heindorff; a wall piece, made of foam rubber and raffia, by Margaret Walker; and a painted wall sculpture by William Tillyer. Through March 1. . . . **OOSTEROM**, 50 W. 57th St.: Black-and-white works, including views of the World Trade Center and the Flatiron Building by Robert Moskowitz; sketchy abstract drawings in tar by Donald Sultan; an abstract house, done in a mixture of oil and ink on flocked paper, by Ralph Humphrey; city silhouettes done in graphite and charcoal by Randal Rupert; and thick white acrylic poured onto small white canvases by Angelo Savelli. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: An exhibit entitled "Visual Diaries;" the diary-keepers are ten artists, among them Joe Brainard, Colette, Ilse Getz, and Stephanie Brody Lederman. Through Feb. 23. (Open Mondays.). . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Photographic collages, drawings incorporating photographs, and paintings of photographs by seventeen artists, among them Tom Chimes, Christo, Eve Sonneman, and Michelle Stuart. Through Feb. 28. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Tony Bechara, Elena Borstein, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 9.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Frances Barth—Abstract geometric paintings in mixed mediums on canvas and on plywood. Through March 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Edward Evans—Trompe-l'oeil paintings of wrinkled colored paper. Through Feb. 21. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—A superior job of joinery is represented in a cherry-wood wall sculpture consisting of thirteen pieces that are separately hung but could be nested together, like a Chinese puzzle, into a pentadecagon ten feet in diameter. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Judith Neaman / P. Wilson—Twelve collage drawings on paper and four canvas scrolls. / Works on paper in two or more panels; the mediums include radiator paint. Through Feb. 28. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Don Nice / Peter Plagens—Large, expertly rendered watercolors. / Paintings, some of them with unobtrusive collage touches. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Reeva Potoff—A rock formation translated into a cardboard-and-tissue-paper installation fifty feet wide and twelve feet high. Through March 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Stephanie Rose—Abstract oils. Through Feb. 23. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Nancy Rubins / Stanislav Kolibal—This artist spent six days in the gallery building a cement wall and imbedding small appliances in it. / Constructivist constructions by a Czech artist. Through Feb. 23. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Salvatore Scarpitta / Charles Gaines—Canvas-wrapped open sculptural forms. / Works in sets of three. For instance, a photograph of a tree, a drawing of that photograph, a drawing of the drawing. Through Feb. 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.). . . ¶ Additional Gaineses at Weber, 420 West Broadway.

Horst Schuler—Large silk panels designed for the gallery's windows and colored with oil washes. Through Feb. 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Thomas Sills / Peter Greene—White abstract paintings from the seventies. / Ten pastel-and-graphite drawings of figures. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Selina Trieff—Figure paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 13. (Prince Street Gallery, now at 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Joe Zucker—New paintings that reflect his customary technique of cotton dipped in acrylic and that center on knights, castles, gargoyles. Through Feb. 20. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Juan Bujan—Oil paintings of martyred saints and other religious figures, done by an Argentine-born primitive. Through Feb. 29. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jacqueline Gourevitch—A series of eleven large (six feet tall, nearly four feet wide) abstract oil paintings. Through Friday, Feb. 8. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Hale Woodruff and Roy Woodruff—Paintings and drawings by father and son. Through Wednesday, Feb. 13. (Community Gallery, 28 E. 35th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Group Show—More than four hundred winners in a competition for small works (under twelve inches) in a variety of mediums. Through Feb. 22. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University. Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lee Friedlander—Black-and-white photographs of trees—Japanese flowering trees prominent among them. Through March 8. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Ralph Gibson—High-contrast black-and-white photographs of nudes and architectural subjects. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Jan Groover—Large color photographs—abstractions of kitchen utensils and vegetables. Through Feb. 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Michael Goldberg has four new paintings on view here as well.)

Inge Morath and Ann Sager—Photographs of China. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Doug Prince / Abraham Menashe—Surreal silver prints, along with Plexiglas boxes containing similar works. / Photographs of the handicapped. Through March 1. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Albert Renger-Patzsch (1897-1966)—More than fifty vintage photographs from his entire career. Through Feb. 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—Sixty photographs dated from the late thirties to the early sixties, including politicians, movie stars, Bowery bums, children, and lovers at Coney Island. Through March 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Photographs of Japan 1854-1905—Studio portraits (of tradesmen, geisha, samurai, wrestlers) and scenic views, principally by Felix Beato, Baron R. von Stillfried, Kusakabe Kimbei, and Ogawa Isshin, who recorded life in Japan at a time when that country's social order had previously gone undisturbed for two centuries. Through Sunday, Feb. 10. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Group Shows—At the **BROMM**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: Contemporary pictorialists Mac Adams, Roger Cutforth, Dan Graham, John Hilliard, and Jeff Wall, all of whom have worked in England. Through Feb. 27. (Opens at 1.). . . **HASTINGS**, 121 E. 24th St.: Sports photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive, and portraits by Philippe Halsman of star athletes. Through Feb. 23. (Open Mondays.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Architectural details and American landscapes dominate a show of a hundred and sixty prints by twenty contemporary photographers (Callahan, Erwitt, Groover, and Shore among them). Through Sunday, Feb. 10. . . . **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paul Berger is showing contact strips (one set is of a Muhammad Ali boxing match, with a text superimposed), Ray Metzker has sunbathers at the beach, and John Gintoff has SX-70 nudes. Through Feb. 23.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Sunday, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than thirty pieces of furniture, including folding screens, designed by Eileen Gray (1879-1976), who for many years had a gallery and shop in Paris. Starts Thursday, Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A show of eighty-five drawings and five paintings by Jackson Pollock, pointing up the similarities in the techniques he used in them. Through March 16. . . . ¶ A show of recent acquisitions includes four paintings by Picabia being exhibited for the first time in sixty years and works by, among others, Matta, O'Keeffe, and Balthus. . . . ¶ A new group of photographs has been installed in the Edward Steichen Photography Center. (The previous installation had been on the walls since 1967.) The hundred and forty works are drawn from acquisitions of the past dozen years and include John A. Whipple's 1853 photograph of the moon, a 1920 Brancusi (of a Brancusi), and color work by contemporaries Stephen Shore and Jan Groover. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of abstract paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary British artists relatively unknown in this country. . . . ¶ An Ad Reinhardt show that consists of thirty-four of the red and blue and black geometric abstractions he worked on from 1950 onward. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through March 9.

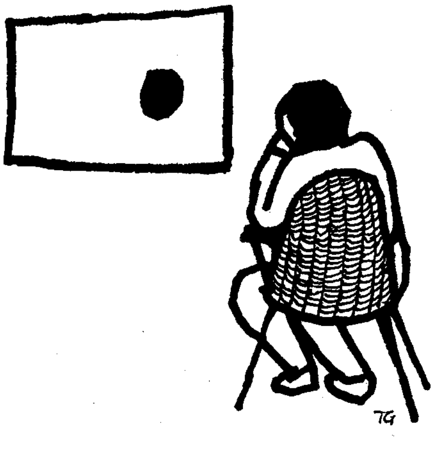
Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Isamu Noguchi: six theatre sets (two of them for Martha Graham and one for the New York City Ballet), seven sculptures that span a twenty-five-year period, and seventeen environmental projects. Through April 6. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings and drawings of Myron Stout. Through April 6. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by the sculptor David Smith. Through Sunday, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Fifteen paintings by Maurice Prendergast. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-one paintings and drawings by the Precisionist Preston Dickinson. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Jan Matulka. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Painting in Relief," a show of works by Ron Gorchov, Donald Judd, Nancy Arlen, and others. Through March 5. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3. Closed Lincoln's Birthday.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Approximately a hundred prints by the Optical artist Richard Anuszkiewicz. Through March 9. . . . ¶ A display of traditional folk-art textiles from Czechoslovakia and Russia. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. Through March 18. Note: Mondays through Fridays, this exhibit opens at 11:45. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Sunday, Feb. 10. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of more than two hundred craft objects by young metalsmiths from around the country. The show was chosen by three jurors, whose own work is also on view. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)



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Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of Chinese costumes from the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644 to 1911), on loan from the Royal Ontario Museum. Central to the exhibit is a selection of silk, embroidered dragon coats, designed to be worn only in the palace. Also, portraits of courtiers wearing the garments. Through March 16. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth. Through April 6. . . . ¶ In a show of thirty ceramic tiles there is one from thirteenth-century Persia and another (a Moravian one) from twentieth-century Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of about half of the Punchinello drawings by Domenico Tiepolo, who began his career as an assistant to his famous father. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a hammered-copper Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily except Mondays and Lincoln's Birthday. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A show of more than seventy nineteenth-century etchings and lithographs (by Daumier, Delacroix, Manet, Cassatt, Turner, Whistler, and others) from the library's S. P. Avery collection. Through April 15. (Open daily except Thursdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Diaghilev's influence on twentieth-century ballet is examined in a display of photographs (of Nijinsky, for example), original set and costume designs (by Benois, Picasso, and others), letters (from Balanchine, Debussy, Cole Porter), and scenario notes, all centering on twelve Ballets Russes productions. Through April 19. (Open daily except Sundays, Wednesdays, and Lincoln's Birthday. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions of paintings, photographs, and other works by several artists, including Patricia Caire, who paints life-size silhouettes of figures on panels of translucent acetate. Through Saturday, Feb. 9.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Betsy Damon (performance), Thursday, Feb. 7, at 7:30; Renate Bertlmann (performance), Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; Barbara Hammer (performance), Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:30; handmade books by Lois Polansky and Saribenne Stone, through Saturday, Feb. 9; handmade miniature books by sixteen artists, through Feb. 28.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Julius Eastman & Ned Sublette (music), Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 6: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Donald McIntyre; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 7: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Vern Shinall, William Wildermann, Catherine Malfitano, James Atherton, and Julien Robbins; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 9: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Richard Cassilly, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 9: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Kubiak, Benjamin Luxon, and Wieslaw Ochman; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 11: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, William Wildermann, Elizabeth Volkman, James Atherton, and Julien Robbins; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 12: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 13: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Patricia Payne, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 14: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Bruna Baglioni, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Juan Lloveras, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Malfitano, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, Allan Monk, and James Atherton. Richard Woitach conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 16: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 16: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Luciano Pavarotti, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, Feb. 14, at 7:15. Matinées Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2:30.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of the première of Edward Barnes' "Feathertop." Staged by H. Wesley Balk, with members of the Juilliard Philharmonia conducted by Richard Dufallo. (Juilliard Drama Theatre, 144 W. 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Henry Lewis conducting Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 6-8, at 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Morton Gould conducting a nonsubscription concert on Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8, with Mark Kaplan, violin. . . . ¶ Bernard Haitink conducting a Haydn-Shostakovich program on Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8; Friday, Feb. 15, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30 (no soloists).

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting—Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8: A varied program, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3: A program that includes the New York première of Shostakovich's "The Execution of Stepan Razin," with Arnold Voketaitis, bass-baritone, and the St. Louis Symphony Chorus.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. CARNEGIE HALL: Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8, a Mozart-Mahler program, with Miriam Fried, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8, a varied program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL: Friday, Feb. 15, at 8, a Richard Strauss-Mahler program, with Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano.

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Thomas Michalak conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Massenet's "Hérodiade," in concert form, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Bernadette Greevy, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and Juan Pons, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting an all-Mozart program, with Lilian Kallir and Claude Frank, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting, with Dorian Rence, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Chamber Orchestra of New York—Albert Catell conducting, with Carole Dawn Reinhart, trumpet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-3360.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a program that includes Fauré's Requiem and Poulenc's Mass in G, with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Richard Anderson, baritone; Heidi Lehwalder, harp; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

St. Olaf Choir—Kenneth Jennings directing a benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 7. For information about tickets, call 289-8070 weekdays between 6 and 9.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 8, with Misha Dichter, piano, and Jaime Laredo, viola. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Friday, Feb. 8, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Louise Schulman, Tina Chancey, and Robert Wolinsky—Violin, viola da gamba, and harpsichord, in a program of French and German baroque music. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in an all-Schumann program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Loren Glickman, bassoon, Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 5. . . . ¶ A different program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, Feb. 16, at 6, with Mr. Buswell and Syoko Aki, violin; Mr. Trampler and Scott Nickrenz, viola; Mr. Parnas; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Mr. Wadsworth, piano. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

New York Consort of Viols—With John Olund, tenor. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Alexandra Hawley and Robert Hagopian—Flute and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2:30.)

Borealis—Chamber music for piano and winds. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 5:30.)

Alexandre Lagoya—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer—Flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Radu Lupu—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano, in the second in a series of three recitals, this one with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Albert Genovese, oboe; Jascha Silberstein, cello; and Raymond Gniewek, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 4.)

William Parker—Baritone, in a program of American music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Charles Libove and Nina Lugovoy—Violin and piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Sequoia String Quartet—With Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Robert Beaser conducting a program of twentieth-century music by Luciano Berio, Charles Ives, Webern, György Ligeti, and Lukas Foss. With Mary Feinsinger, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Smithsonian Chamber Players—James Weaver conducting the ensemble in a Mozart-Handel-Haydn program, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

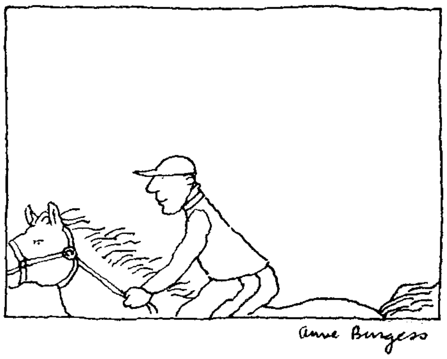
Bella Davidovich—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Henriette Kristhea—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.). . . ¶ The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Folger Consort—The first in a series of three concerts of early music by an ensemble from Washington making its first appearance here. This program is entitled "Triptych I: Germany." (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Montserrat Caballé and Alexis Weissenberg—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)



Julian Lloyd Webber—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Orford String Quartet—With Maureen Forrester, contralto. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music is devoted to works by Milton Babbitt, Marc Blitzstein, Mark Brunswick, and others, performed by Matthias Kriesberg and Beveridge Webster, piano; Anand Devendra, clarinet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Bradford Gowen—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—The final concert of the season is devoted to the works of Henry Purcell, with James Bowman, countertenor; members of the Grand Bande; and the Gleemen. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Utah, Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:05. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER: Nets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Feb. 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Seattle, Sunday, Feb. 10, at 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 11-12.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: The United States Olympic hockey team vs. the Soviet Union's Olympic hockey team, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 1. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Sunday, Feb. 10, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Thursday, Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Feb. 12. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Olympic Winter Games—At Lake Placid: Tuesday, Feb. 12, through Sunday, Feb. 24.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 14.

Track Meet—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 8, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Feb. 13. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, Feb. 14, through Thursday, May 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

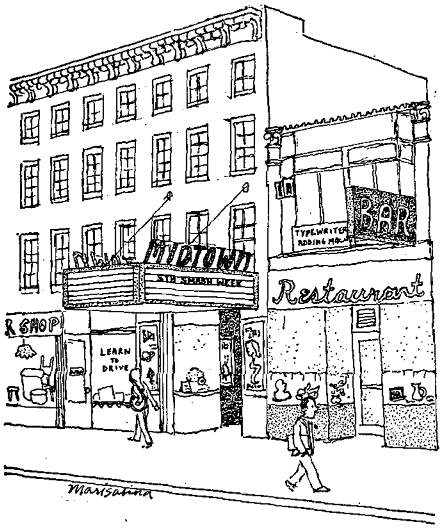
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; and Sunday, Feb. 10, from 11 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 10:15 and 2: *Objets de vertu*, chess sets, clocks and watches, and Continental and English silver. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 8, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau, including Burgun & Schverer French cameo glass (from the collection of Jules S. Traub) and Tiffany and Gallé glass. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2: English furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Feb. 14, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by Matisse, Renoir, Bellows, and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 2: Prints and preparatory drawings by Mary Cassatt. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:30.) Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 10:30: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 8.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; *theatre opens in the late afternoon.*)
"Que Viva Mexico!" (No performances on Monday, Feb. 11.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Feb. 14: "Don Giovanni."
From Feb. 15: "The Rose."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 7: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Cabaret."
Feb. 8-14: "Going in Style" and "The Goodbye Girl."
From Feb. 15: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Breaking Away."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Feb. 7: "Hair."
From Feb. 8: "The Last Married Couple in America."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 7: "Going in Style."
From Feb. 8: "Just Tell Me What You Want."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 14: "American Gigolo."
From Feb. 15: "The Fog."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 14: "Stay As You Are."
From Feb. 15: "Jaws 2."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Fatso."

Penthouse East (formerly the Trans-Lux East), 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 7: "Breaking Away."
From Feb. 8: "The Human Factor."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Feb. 14: "Gizmo!"
From Feb. 15: "Cruising."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Feb. 14: "10."
From Feb. 15: "Cruising."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Windows."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Being There."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Feb. 7: "The Silent Partner."
From Feb. 8: "Just Tell Me What You Want."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 7: "The Jerk."
From Feb. 8: "The Last Married Couple in America."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Black Stallion."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"All That Jazz."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Electric Horseman."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Chapter Two."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 7: "Cuba."
Feb. 8-14: "Going in Style."
From Feb. 15: "10."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Europeans."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 14: "Stay As You Are."
From Feb. 15: "Jaws 2."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 14: "American Gigolo."
From Feb. 15: "The Fog."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 7: "The Black Hole."
From Feb. 8: "Hero at Large."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Apocalypse Now."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Silent Scream." From Feb. 15: "Prize Fighter."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 7: "The Jerk." From Feb. 8: "The Last Married Couple in America."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Chapter Two."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fatso."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 14: "The Jerk."
From Feb. 15: "All That Jazz."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 7: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs." From Feb. 8: "The Electric Horseman."
Theatre 2: "The Europeans."
Theatre 3: "Stay As You Are."
Theatre 4: "The Apple Game."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Feb. 14: "The Rose."
From Feb. 15: "Saturn 3."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Harold and Maude."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 9: "Robert et Robert."
From Feb. 10: "A Simple Story."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"To Forget Venice."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Coup de Tête."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"All That Jazz."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Angi Vera."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Breaking Away."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Chapter Two."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Fatso." From Feb. 15: "All That Jazz."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 7: "Fatso." From Feb. 8: "The Electric Horseman."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 14: "Starting Over." From Feb. 15: "The Black Hole."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again, Sam."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Feb. 14: "Stay As You Are."
From Feb. 15: "The Rose."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 14: "Silent Scream."
From Feb. 15: "Starting Over" and "Pretty Baby."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through Feb. 7: "In Search of Historic Jesus."
From Feb. 8: "Just Tell Me What You Want." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Black Hole." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: "Going in Style." (†)
Theatre 4: "Fatso." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Chapter Two." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Feb. 6: "The Electric Horseman." (†)
Feb. 7: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 8: "Hero at Large." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Feb. 14: "American Gigolo." (†)
From Feb. 15: "The Fog." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Feb. 14: "Silent Scream." (†)
From Feb. 15: "Cruising." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Feb. 7: "Guyana, Cult of the Damned."
From Feb. 8: "The Last Married Couple in America." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Feb. 14: "Windows." (†)
From Feb. 15: "Prize Fighter."

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Jerk." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Feb. 7: "Roller Boogie."
From Feb. 8: "The Electric Horseman." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 6: "The Sorcerors" (1967), directed by Michael Reeves, with Boris Karloff and Catherine Lacey; and "Targets" (1968), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Boris Karloff and Tim O'Kelly.
Feb. 7: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977), in Italian, a six-episode animated and live-action film, directed by Bruno Bozzetto; and a group of Koko the Clown cartoons.
Feb. 8: "La Terra Trema" (1947), in Sicilian dialect, directed by Luchino Visconti; and "Stromboli" (1950), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman.
Feb. 9: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Rock Around the Clock" (1956), directed by Fred F. Sears, with Bill Haley and His Comets, The Platters, and other rock performers of the fifties.
Feb. 10: "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy; "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Nina Foch, and Oscar Levant; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980), directed by Yvonne Rainier.
Feb. 11: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (1953), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; "La Ronde" (1950),

in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971."

Feb. 12: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa; "Blue Mountain" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Sokei Matsubayashi; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971."

Feb. 13: "The Honeymoon Killers" (†); "The Night of the Hunter" (†); and "Journeys from Berlin/1971."

Feb. 14: "Volcano" (1976), directed by Donald Brittain; "Death in the Garden" (1956), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971."

Feb. 15: "Mondo Cane No. 2" (1965), an Italian documentary film, with an English narration, directed by Gualtiero Jacopetti; and "Fata Morgana" (1971), in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

Feb. 16: "The Passenger" (†); and "A Voyage to Italy" (1953), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Feb. 6: "Gertrud" (1965), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Nina Pens Rode; and "Winstanley" (1975), directed by Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo.

Feb. 7: "Fists in the Pocket" (1967), in Italian, directed by Marco Bellocchio, with Lou Castel and Paola Pitagora; and "Padre Padrone" (1977), in Italian, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani.

Feb. 8: "Saint Jack" (1979), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Ben Gazzara and Denholm Elliott; and "Macao" (1952), directed by Joseph von Sternberg, with Jane Russell, Robert Mitchum, William Bendix, and Gloria Grahame.

Feb. 9: "Variety Lights" (1949), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada, with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio; and "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.

Feb. 10: "The Age of the Medici" (1973), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.

Feb. 11: "The Naked and the Dead" (†); and "Objective, Burma!" (1945), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn.

Feb. 12: "Rio Bravo" (†); and "The Thing" (1951), directed by Christian Nyby, with Kenneth Tobey.

Feb. 13: "Thérèse" (†); and "Judex" (1963), directed by Georges Franju.

Feb. 14: "The Last Picture Show" (1971), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ellen Burstyn, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, Eileen Brennan, and Cloris Leachman; and "Lovin' Molly." (†)

Feb. 15: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Verboten" (1960), directed by Sam Fuller, with James Best, Susan Cummings, and Tom Pittman.

Feb. 16: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 7: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

Feb. 8-9: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Feb. 10-11: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.

Feb. 12: "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.

Feb. 13-14: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.

Feb. 15-16: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Apocalypse Now." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 6: "Ziegfeld Follies" (1946), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Gene Kelly; and "Reveille with Beverly" (1943), directed by Charles Barton, with Ann Miller and Larry Parks.

Feb. 7-9: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Cover Girl" (1944), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers.

Feb. 10-11: "Dancing Lady" (1933), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; and "The Great Ziegfeld." (†)

Feb. 12-13: "Down to Earth" (†) and "Give a Girl a Break." (†)

Feb. 14-16: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940), directed by Norman Taurog, with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 6: "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "El" (1952; "This Strange Passion"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Arturo de Cordova.

Feb. 7: "A Royal Scandal" (1945), directed by Otto Preminger, with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, and William Eythe; and "Dragonwyck" (1946), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan.

Feb. 8-9: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.

Feb. 10: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Cries and Whispers." (†)

Feb. 11: "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia." (†)

Feb. 12: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much." (†)

Feb. 13: "A Woman's Decision" (†); and "Story of Sin" (1976), in Polish, directed by Walerian Borowezyk.

Feb. 14: "Heaven Can Wait" (†); and "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Feb. 15-16: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "To Have and Have Not." (†)

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Feb. 6: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea; and "The Great McGinty" (1940), directed by Preston Sturges, with Brian Donlevy, Akim Tamiroff, and Muriel Angelus.

Feb. 7: "Jungle Book" (1942), directed by Zoltan Korda, with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke; and "Cobra Woman" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu.

Feb. 8-9: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Young and Innocent" (1937; "The Girl Was Young"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

Feb. 10-11: "Passport to Pimlico" (†); and "Tight Little Island" (1949; "Whiskey Galore"), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Basil Radford, Joan Greenwood, and Gordon Jackson.

Feb. 12: "Torn Curtain" (1966), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Paul Newman,

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NY-2-11

Julie Andrews, and Lila Kedrova; and "Topaz" (1969), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Frederick Stafford, John Vernon, John Forsythe, and Dany Robin.

Feb. 13: "The Bride Came C.O.D." (†) and "The Corn Is Green." (†)

Feb. 14: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "The Ghost Breakers" (1940), directed by George Marshall, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, Paul Lukas, and Richard Carlson.

Feb. 15: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (†); and "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.

From Feb. 16: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 7 at 2:30: "Divided Loyalties" (1978), "Amphetamine" (1966), "Hall of Mirrors" (1966), and "Where Did Our Love Go?" (1966), all directed by Warren Sonbert.... ¶ Feb. 7 at 6: "The Hobbs Case" (1979), directed by Allen Coulter (who will be present at this showing), with Guy Boyd and Ivy-Jo Naistadt.... ¶ Feb. 7 at 8:30: "12 Shots" (1978) and "Paradise Spy or My Vacation" (1978), both directed by Dana Gordon, who will be present at this showing.... ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: A program of works by Tom DeWitt.... ¶ Feb. 8 at 6: "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, with Sjöström and Edith Erastoff; English inter-titles.... ¶ Feb. 9 at noon: A program of animated films made between 1950 and 1954 at UPA, including "Robin Hoodlum" and "Fudget's Budget."... ¶ Feb. 9, at 2:30: A program of films by Tom DeWitt, who will be present at this showing.... ¶ Feb. 9 at 5: A program of films by Jerry Tartaglia, who will be present at this showing.... ¶ Feb. 10 at noon: A program of animated films made between 1951 and 1956 at UPA, including "Georgie and the Dragon" and "Captains Outrageous."... ¶ Feb. 10 at 2:30: "The Hobbs Case."... ¶ Feb. 10 at 5: "Born Reckless" (1930), directed by John Ford, with Edmund Lowe.... ¶ Feb. 11 at noon: "The Three Robbers" (1972), directed by Gene Deitch; "Toccata for Toy Trains" (1958), directed by Charles and Ray Eames; "Anansi the Spider" (1969), directed by Gerald McDermott; and "Angel and Big Joe" (1975), directed by Bert Salzman.... ¶ Feb. 11 at 2:30: A program of films by Jerry Tartaglia.... ¶ Feb. 11 at 6: A program of films made by Dwinell Grant between 1940 and 1949. The director will be present.... ¶ Feb. 12 at noon: "The Three Robbers," "Toccata for Toy Trains," "Anansi the Spider," and "Angel and Big Joe." ... ¶ Feb. 12 at 2:30: "Born Reckless." ... ¶ Feb. 12 at 6: "The War of Home" (1979), directed by Glenn Silber and Barry Alexander Brown.... ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30: "Bastien, Bastienne" (1979), in French, directed by Michel Andrieu; English subtitles. ... ¶ Feb. 14 at 6: "Funerailles à Bongo: Le Vieux Anai" (1979), in French, directed by Jean Rouch; English subtitles.... ¶ Feb. 14 at 8:30: "Merry Go Round" (1979), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette; English subtitles.... ¶ Feb. 15 at 2:30: "Très Insuffisant" (1979), in French, directed by Hervé Bérard; English subtitles.... ¶ Feb. 15 at 6: "Treasure of Arne" (1919), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller, with Eric Stocklassa and Bror Berger; English inter-titles.... ¶ Feb. 16 at noon: A program of animated films made between 1951 and 1956 at UPA.... ¶ Feb. 16 at 2:30: "Mes Petites Amoureuses" (1979), in French, directed by Jean Eustache; English subtitles. ... ¶ Feb. 16 at 5: "Le Soleil en Face" (1979), in French, directed by Pierre Kast; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 10: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" (1974), directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30.... ¶ Starting Feb. 12: A program of nine videotapes by Peter Campus. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Handmaidens of God" (1978), a Canadian film, in French, directed by Diane Létourneau; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Beekman, and Cinema 3.... ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 15.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy vines at Juschi's boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, while encouraging his audiences to become tourists of these expensive places and people, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; through Feb. 14.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 6, 8, 10-11, and 13-16.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (86th St. East, Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

The Apple Game—The first movie to reach us from Czechoslovakia in more than a decade seems politically bland (it's a romantic comedy about an affair between an obstetrician and a country nurse in a small Prague maternity hospital), which is why it got past the state censors there, but it is a funny, disturbing, sneaky sort of film that deals directly and movingly with some fundamentals of life and feelings. Director Věra Chytilová could have spared us a few of the broad comedy touches, but she does avoid most of the heavy irony implicit in these cheerful moral lessons, and the picture is made by Jiří Menzel's performance as a distracted, bespectacled Lothario who is deluged with women and sex and birth and emotion. There are some arresting, triumphant views of babies being born, which may not be to everyone's taste, but the movie is sunlit and sensuous, and it will probably leave you feeling extremely happy. With Dagmar Blahova and Evelyna Steimarová-Rytířová. In Czech. (1/21/80) (Quad Cinema.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 7-8 and 10-12.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Coronet.)

The Black Hole—The Walt Disney Productions' entry in the anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes is notable for some of the special effects but also for its unsurprising space characters, feeble plot, and brain-numbing dialogue. With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, and Yvette Mimieux. (1/14/80) (Embassy 1.... ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through Feb. 7.... ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 15.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Gemini 2, and Guild.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.... ¶ Plaza; through Feb. 7.)

The Bride Came C.O.D. (1941)—Bette Davis, taking time off from her big dramatic roles, as an eloping heiress in a screwball farce, with James Cagney opposite her. The heiress is about to marry an obnoxious bandleader (Jack Carson) when her father arranges with a pilot (Cagney) to kidnap her and bring her home. The plane makes an emergency landing in Death Valley, and Davis and Cagney battle each other with wisecracks, and her rump hits a bed of cactus. The material is very tired, and the production is so unpretentious it suggests embarrassment, but Davis shrieks her lines happily, and Cagney sticks out his ample gut and holds his ground. Both of them mug good-naturedly, and it's pleasantly fast. Directed by William Keighley, from a screenplay by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. With Stuart Erwin, George Tobias, Eugene Pallette, Harry Davenport, William Frawley, and Edward Brophy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical made, miraculously, without compromise; taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire of temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps the period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy,

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yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized. The movie does not exploit decadence; rather, it gives it its due. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; she has such gaiety and electricity that she becomes a star before our eyes. The metallic songs, by John Kander and Fred Ebb, have a distinctive acrid flavor. Adapted for the screen by Jay Allen, with the assistance of Hugh Wheeler, from Christopher Isherwood's "Goodbye Berlin" stories, the play and movie of "I Am a Camera," and the Broadway musical "Cabaret." With Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 7.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

CALIGULA—With Malcolm McDowell, directed by Tinto Brass. (Penthouse East.)

CHAPTER TWO—Familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

THE CORN IS GREEN (1945)—Bette Davis was only thirty-six when she played Miss Moffat, the aging spinster schoolteacher of Emlyn Williams' play. (Ethel Barrymore had done it on the stage here, Sybil Thorndike in England.) Lacking the moral authority and the solidity of age, Davis substituted an air of pedantic refinement that is too thin-spirited for the material. But the film lingers in the memory anyway. It's on the side of all our angels—education, liberalism, generosity of spirit—and in an emotionally affecting way. Miss Moffat, an Englishwoman, comes to teach school in an illiterate Welsh mining town in 1890, and discovers that one of her students, a young miner (John Dall), has unusual promise—genius, perhaps. It's a shame that the miner is importuned to become the savior of his country; it's also very apparent that Hollywood isn't Wales. But the director, Irving Rapper, rose to the occasion, and the supporting players—Joan Lorring, Rosalind Ivan, Rhys Williams, Nigel Bruce, Mildred Dunnock—have stronger personalities than in most Davis films. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13.)

COUP DE TÊTE—A broad, unsatisfying satire about an unjustly jailed misfit who is suddenly catapulted to fame and respectability by his overnight success as a soccer star in a provincial French town. The film suffers from jarring uncertainties of tone and from our own home-bred familiarity with the banalities and foolishness of contemporary sports madness. With Patrick Dewaere. In French. (1/28/80) (Paris.)

CRIES AND WHISPERS (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century, where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Thalia; Feb. 10.)

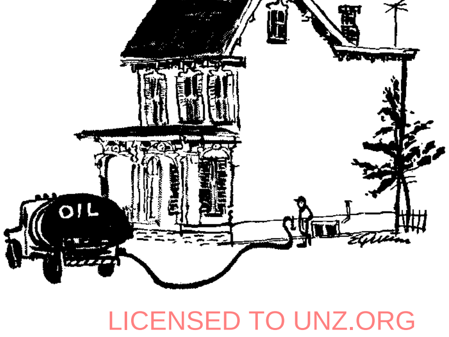
CRUISING—With Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino, directed by William Friedkin. (Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, and National; starting Feb. 15.)

CUBA—A lot of scenery and good chances are wasted in this unfortunate adventure story, in which Sean Connery looks fit (and properly worried) as a soldier of fortune trying to stand against history in the last days of the bad old Batista regime. The picture is notable for director Richard Lester's quick, energetic glimpses of the priests, gunmen, strippers, Fidelistas, corrupt generals, and wide-wing white Cadillacs, but it founders on its flabby politics (the Castro guerrillas resemble Outward Bound campers) and its dim love story—something about a sugar-and-tobacco heiress (Brooke Adams) who foolishly prefers to stay in Havana instead of fleeing with Mr. Connery—and slips away into farce. Lost in the shambles are Jack Weston, Martin Balsam, Hector Elizondo, Denholm Elliott, and Chris Sarandon. (12/31/79) (72nd Street East; through Feb. 7.)

DON GIOVANNI—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera, and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Art; through Feb. 14.)

DOWN TO EARTH (1947)—Celestial-whimsy musical, with arch acting and a dull score. Rita Hayworth is the goddess Terpsichore, who descends from Heaven in order to make a Broadway show called "Swinging the Muses" less offensive and more authentic. This was an attempt to cash in on the box-office success of "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," and it used the same director (Alexander Hall) and some of the same characters—Max Corkle and the Heavenly Messenger, played by the same actors, James Gleason and Edward Everett Horton. Mr. Jordan, a high executive on the Other Side, turns up in it, too, with Roland Culver replacing Claude Rains in the role. Larry Parks is the producer of the offending show; he does his own singing here, which jarred the sensibilities of viewers who had seen him in "The Jolson Story," dubbed by Jolson. (His own voice is much less convincingly his.) But it all balances out, since Hayworth's singing is dubbed by Anita Ellis. James Gleason does what he can, but his part is threadbare. With Marc Platt and George Macready. (Regency; Feb. 12-13.)

THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Loews New York 1. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria; starting Feb. 8.)



THE EUROPEANS—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish bestseller. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 6, 8-9, 11, and 13-16.)

FATSO—With Dom DeLuise and Anne Bancroft, directed by Bancroft. (Sutton, Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 14.)

THE FOG—With Adrienne Barbeau, Jamie Lee Curtis, John Houseman, and Janet Leigh; directed by John Carpenter. (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; starting Feb. 15.)

THE FRONT (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 6-8, 10-12, and 14.)

GIVE A GIRL A BREAK (1953)—An unusual M-G-M musical in that it is modest—but so modest that it has no particular flavor or distinction, despite the efforts of some talented people. Stanley Donen directed, and the cast includes Marge and Gower Champion, Bob Fosse, Debbie Reynolds, Kurt Kasznar, Helen Wood, Larry Keating, and Richard Anderson. The songs, by Ira Gershwin and Burton Lane, are remarkably uninspired; the choreography, by Donen and Gower Champion, is pleasant but not memorable. Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett wrote the negligible script—a backstage story. It all reeks of niceness. (Regency; Feb. 12-13.)

GIZMO!—A cheerful retrospective documentary about old-time amateur inventors and wacko performers (Americans, for the most part) and their feats, as recorded in many dozens of old newsreel clips and publicity films dating back forty or fifty years or more. The glimpses of motorized roller skates, rocket-powered sleds, dog-powered washing machines, tree-climbing bikes, human xylophones, spaghetti-winders, cellar-built robots, airborne bicycles, and paddle-wing ornithopters are by turns hilarious, tacky, and remorselessly boring, but there is also an underlying sadness to it all, which arises from the inevitable cruelty of our laughter and from a sense of lost American innocence. Take the children. Compiled and produced by Howard Smith. (1/28/80) (Manhattan 1; through Feb. 14.)

GOING IN STYLE—George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg are three old geezers in Brooklyn who decide to hold up a bank instead of dying of boredom and infirmity, and Burns and Carney then move along to Las Vegas to score a killing at the craps tables. Only the ending of this mild, sentimental little comedy is surprising, but the writing and direction (both by Martin Brest) keep things moving at the proper quiet pace. With Charles Hallahan and Anthony D. Call. (12/31/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; Feb. 8-14.)

THE GOODBYE GIRL (1977)—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. The forced snappiness of the ex-

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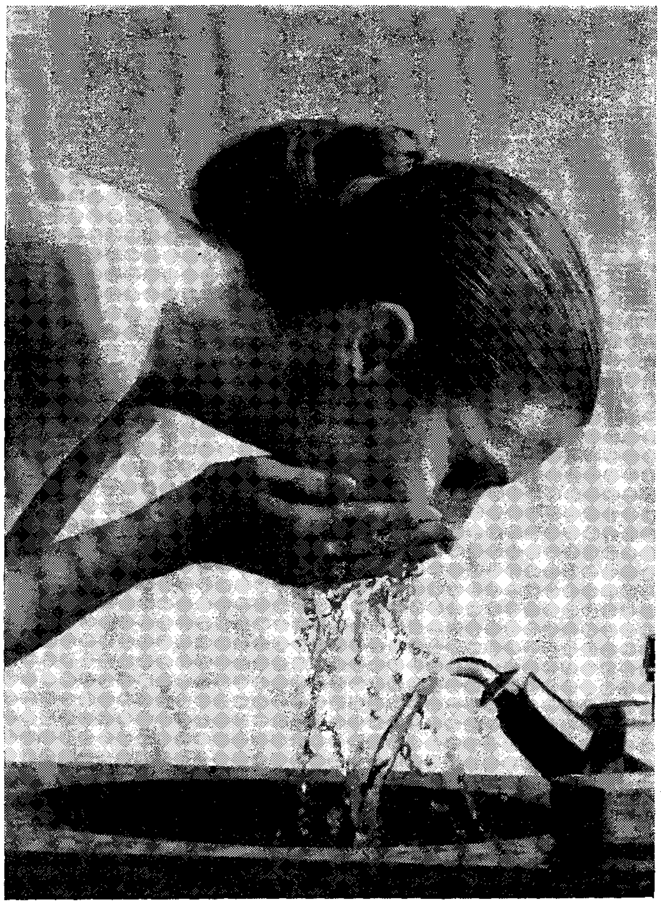

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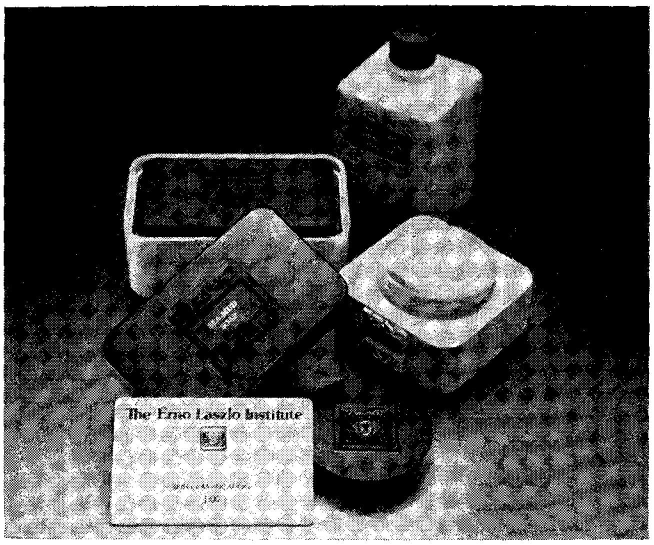

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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changes suggests two woodpeckers clicking at each other's heads. Herbert Ross directed. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 8-14.)

The Great Ziegfeld (1936)—William Powell plays Ziegfeld, and the two Mrs. Ziegfelds are played by Myrna Loy, as Billie Burke, and Luise Rainer, as Anna Held. Fanny Brice is herself, but she isn't on screen enough to vitalize this lavish, tedious, and ludicrously false musical biography. It goes on for a whopping three hours; inexplicably, it won the Academy Award for Best Picture, and Rainer, who did her heartbreak special—smiling through tears and looking irresistibly fragile—was given the Best Actress award. With Ray Bolger, who has some redemptive moments, and Gilda Gray, Harriet Hoctor, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen, William Demarest, Leon Errol, Stanley Morner (who became the singing star Dennis Morgan, though here his "Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" is dubbed by Allan Jones), and Virginia Bruce, who gets glorified to the tune of "You Never Looked So Beautiful Before." Directed by Robert Z. Leonard for M-G-M. (Regency; Feb. 10-11.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folktown of New York. (4/16/79) (Bay Cinema; through Feb. 7.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold falls in love with Maude, and their love is consummated on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly; maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. With Vivian Pickles, Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens. (Festival.)

Heaven Can Wait (1943)—Ernst Lubitsch produced and directed this whimsical, uneven, yet generally disarming comedy of manners (it lightly satirizes social and sexual conventions), from a screenplay by his frequent collaborator Samson Raphaelson. Perhaps it isn't well known because it stars the rather drab Don Ameche, who appeared in many forced and charmless routine pictures, but here he's reasonably engaging. He plays a well-born New Yorker, Henry Van Cleve—a lifetime dandy and stage-door Johnny—who thinks that his sexual improprieties are sinful and qualify him for Hell, but as he applies to Satan and tells his story we see his life in flashbacks, and become aware of his essential generosity and innocence. Gene Tierney plays the Kansas girl he steals from his stuffy cousin (Allyn Joslyn). Lubitsch's first film in color; with Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Laird Cregar, Spring Byington, Florence Bates, Eugene Pallette, Louis Calhern, and Signe Hasso as the French maid. Adapted from the Hungarian play "Birthdays," by Laszlo Bus-Fekete, this film has no connection with Warren Beatty's 1978 "Heaven Can Wait," which is a remake of the 1941 "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," which was taken from an American play called "Heaven Can Wait," by Harry Segall. (Thalia; Feb. 14.)

Hero at Large—With John Ritter, Anne Archer, and Bert Convy; directed by Martin Davidson. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Feb. 8.)

The Honeymoon Killers (1970)—Based on the lives of the multiple murderers Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez, who met their victims through Lonely Hearts clubs, and who were put to death at Sing Sing in 1951. The movie is so literal-minded that it resembles a *True Detective* account of the case; it's as if someone re-created the Grade Z movies of the forties and did so in absolute seriousness. The movie goes through the chronicle of the Beck-Fernandez crimes with pedestrian relentlessness; it's paced as if the actors were walking in lockstep. After the almost incredible lack of depth of the first half-hour, the film begins to acquire a fascination *because* of its total superficiality—it becomes something resembling Minimal art. The writer-director, Leonard Kastle, whose first (and thus far only) picture this was, keeps the images so brightly lighted and so exactly planned and worked out that every ugly detail is in place—the hammer blow on the head, the trickle of blood, the ludicrous tongues sticking out of dead faces. As the two-hundred pound Martha Beck, Shirley Stoler is much too shrill at the start but quiets down and improves as the movie plods on; as the sleazy charmer Ray Fernandez, Tony Lo Bianco is alarmingly authentic to the pulpy genre. The women victims include Marilyn Chris, Barbara Cason, and Mary Jane Higby. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 13.)

The Human Factor—With Richard Attenborough, John Gielgud, Derek Jacobi, Robert Morley, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson; directed by Otto Preminger. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza; starting Feb. 8.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Feb. 6, 9-10, and 12-16.)

Jaws 2 (1978)—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; starting Feb. 15.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Gemini 1, and R.K.O. 86th St.; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2; through Feb. 14.)

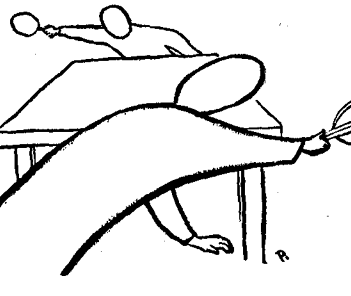
Just Tell Me What You Want—With Ali MacGraw and Alan King, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Cinema II, and Criterion; starting Feb. 8.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

The Last Married Couple in America—With George Segal, Natalie Wood, Richard Benjamin, and Valerie Harper; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Bay Cinema, Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting Feb. 8.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Nothing else like it. Bernardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 7.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 7-10, 12-13, and 16.)



Lovin' Molly (1974)—Woman as Earth Mother. Produced and written by Stephen Friedman from a much more coherently motivated novel by Larry McMurtry. Beau Bridges is fine as one of Molly's two lifelong lovers; he ages believably and looks right in the Texas landscape. As Molly, Blythe Danner's hair-aging jobs are a fright. Anthony Perkins, that subtle actor, looks rather elfin and urban when he is struggling with a plow. Simply directed by Sidney Lumet, with flashes here and there of his usual feeling for community, though you wish for more. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—This Hitchcock thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has the director's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes (a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version, which he made in 1955, in color, with James Stewart and Doris Day). (Thalia; Feb. 12.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn (beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis), experiences sudden and riveting changes of social and romantic fortune, but the slower, more affecting story is about her coming to terms with her own inexorable inner seriousness. The movie is sustained by a great number of splendidly drawn and well-acted secondary characters, and by the restraint of its director, Gillian Armstrong, who never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Cinema I.)

The Naked and the Dead (1958)—Norman Mailer's Second World War novel, turned into a third-rate action movie. Actually, under Raoul Walsh's direction, the action—the assault-craft landings on tropical beaches, the thick, steamy jungle where American patrols reconnoitre behind Japanese lines—is first-rate; it's the characterizations (plus the lack-lustre casting) that prevent this movie from being in any way memorable. The Denis and Terry Sanders script spells out the men's motivations; there's the maniacal sergeant (Aldo Ray), who steals gold from the teeth of dead Japanese; the starched, too-noble lieutenant (Cliff Robertson); the dedicatedly militaristic brigadier general (Raymond Massey); and assorted types played by Richard Jaeckel, Joey Bishop, Jerry Paris, L. Q. Jones, and, in flashbacks, Lili St-Cyr and Barbara Nichol. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 11.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 13.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Passport to Pimlico (1949)—British comedy with a fine flavor, though the whimsy is rather self-congratulatory. An ancient royal charter ceding Pimlico to the Dukes of Burgundy is unearthed in a London shell hole, and the people of Pimlico are "just British enough to fight for our rights to be Burgundians." Margaret Rutherford is the historian who gives scholarly sanction to an independent Pimlico; Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne are the protocol-ridden bureaucrats trying to handle the crisis; Stanley Holloway and Hermione Baddeley are shopkeepers. The ingenious author, T.E.B. Clarke, got the idea from a wartime newspaper item: the Canadian government transferred title to the room in which the exiled Princess Juliana was about to bear a child to the Netherlands; in this way the child would technically be born on Dutch soil and thus be a legal heir to the throne. Henry Cornelius directed; music by Georges Auric. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 10-11.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 6-7, 9, 11, and 13-16.)

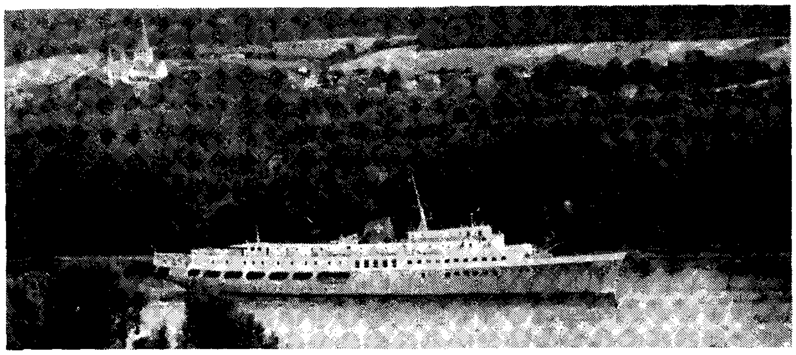
Pretty Baby (1978)—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Olympia; starting Feb. 15.)

Que Viva Mexico! (1932)—Sergei Eisenstein's unfinished film, recently assembled by Grigory Aleksandrov, an associate of Eisenstein. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Feb. 11.)

Rio Bravo (1959)—Howard Hawks directed this semi-satiric Western pastiche (mainly of old Hawks movies), with John Wayne as John T. Chance, Dean Martin as a drunk called Dude, Ricky Nelson as Colorado, Walter Brennan as Stumpy, and Angie Dickinson as Feathers. Jules Furthman and Leigh Brackett provided the script, Dimitri Tiomkin the score. Silly, but with zest; there are some fine action sequences, and the performers seem to be enjoying their roles. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 12.)

Robert et Robert—A self-defeating comedy directed by Claude Lelouch. It follows two

To be sure!



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Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonelyhearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch is more interested in pathos than in humor. In French. (12/10/79) (57th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 9.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Art, and New Yorker 2; starting Feb. 15.)

Saturn 3—With Farrah Fawcett, Kirk Douglas, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Stanley Donen. (Ziegfeld; starting Feb. 15.)

The Silent Partner—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Cinema II; through Feb. 7.)

Silent Scream—With Rebecca Balding and Cameron Mitchell; directed by Denny Harris. (R.K.O. 86th St., Olympia, and National; through Feb. 14.)

A Simple Story—With Romy Schneider, Claude Brasseur, and Bruno Cremer; directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 10.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 7-10, 12-13, and 15.)

Sorry, Wrong Number (1948)—Lucille Fletcher wrote this overextended treatment of her radio play about a bedridden hypochondriac who calls her husband at his office, overhears a couple of men arranging a murder, and slowly comes to realize that she is to be the victim. Barbara Stanwyck is the terrified and, finally, whimpering woman; Burt Lancaster is her morose husband. The director, Anatole Litvak, seems to be defeated by the extravagantly jumbled, shallow script. With Ann Richards. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 15.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 15.)

Star Trek—The Motion Picture—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise. (12/17/79) (Paramount.)

Stay As You Are—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this vapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (12/24/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and New Yorker 2; through Feb. 14.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Feb. 6-7, 9, 11-12, and 14-16.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Manhattan 2; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Feb. 15.)

Thérèse (1963)—Emmanuèle Riva (of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour") as François Mauriac's Thérèse Desqueyroux, the provincial bourgeois lady who attempts to murder her gross, prosperous husband (Philippe Noiret) for the best and worst of reasons: he is dull. Directed by Georges Franju, and filmed in the cold Bordeaux of marshes and moors. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13.)

30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia (1968)—Not only does Dudley Moore star in this movie—and he really eats up the camera, which holds him in closeup for unconscionably long periods—but he wrote the score and he collaborated on the script with John Wells and the director, Joseph McGrath. Everything in the picture is shaped to show off Moore's "multiple talents." He plays a pianist-composer who sells a musical—a puckish little fellow who goes through skit after skit, cavorting like crazy, with lots of wig changes and jokey dreams. Some of the gags aren't bad, but they don't further the plot, and McGrath's direction leaves almost every performer exposed in the desperate attempt to be hilarious. Shot in London and Dublin; with Eddie Foy, Jr., Suzy Kendall, John Bird, and John Wells. (Thalia; Feb. 11.)

To Forget Venice—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood, extended simultaneous impressions of Visconti and Bergman, and too many helpings of zabaglione—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. The picture, which is by Franco Brusati, was named the Best Italian Film of 1979 in its native country, but, as Dante said, "*Figurati un po'!*" ("Go figure it!"). With Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian. (2/4/80) (Little Carnegie.)

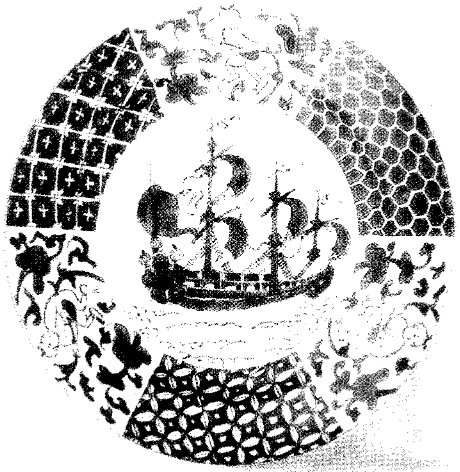
To Have and Have Not (1944)—In this picture, Humphrey Bogart, the greatest cynical hero of them all, found himself in Martinique, where a beautiful big cat of a girl named Lauren Bacall slouched across the screen for the first time and managed to make the question "Anybody got a match?" sound like the most insolent and insinuating of demands. Howard Hawks directed this slickly professional, thoroughly enjoyable Second World War melodrama, which was taken from what Warner Brothers advertised as Ernest Hemingway's novel, with William Faulkner listed as co-author (with Jules Furthman) of the screenplay—making this the only movie on record with two Nobel Prize-winning authors. Don't be misled: it's the Warners' mixture as before—sex and politics—but better this time. Asked to explain the genesis of this film, Hawks explained that once when he and Ernest Hemingway were hunting together, he had claimed that he could take Hemingway's worst story and make a movie of it. Hemingway asked which was his worst, and Hawks said "To Have and Have Not." According to Hawks, Hemingway then explained that he had written it in one sitting when he needed money. Hawks made good on his boast, but he and the screenwriters cheated a bit: the movie deals with what may have occurred in the lives of the characters before the novel begins. (Footnotes for somebody's Ph.D. thesis on "Novel Into Film": the novel's ending was used to polish off John Huston's film version of Maxwell Anderson's dreary play "Key Largo;" the novel's plot was used for another movie, "The Breaking Point," directed by Michael Curtiz, in 1950; and the short story "One Trip Across," which Hemingway had expanded into "To Have and Have Not," was used for an Audie Murphy movie, "The Gun Runners," directed by Don Siegel, in 1958. And no doubt the Hawks version altered the Hemingway original in order to combine elements that had made big box office of Curtiz's "Casablanca.") This film belongs to the movie era in which characters were clearly defined, and if a man was perverse, you knew he was a Nazi. The refreshingly, daringly sexy Bacall burst through the conventions of the era. A writer said of her that her "husky, underslung voice, which is ideal for the double-entendre, makes even her simplest remarks sound like jungle mating cries." Hoagy Carmichael provides the music and accompaniment for Bacall's facial exercises; the singing voice is that of Andy Williams, and it never sounded sexier than when coming out of her. Lauren Bacall's début had, in a sense, been pretested: Jules Furthman had worked out that good-bad girl act for Betty Compson in "Docks of New York" (1928), and perfected it on Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" (1930). With Walter Brennan, Dolores Moran, Sheldon Leonard, Marcel Dalio, and Dan Seymour (literally the heavy). (Thalia; Feb. 15-16.)

POPCO
POPCO

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 7.)

Windows—Gordon Willis, the distinguished cinematographer ("Manhattan," "Annie Hall," and both parts of "The Godfather"), suffers a disappointing directorial début with this slovenly thriller about a terrorized Brooklyn Heights museum worker (Talia Shire). Mr. Willis's breathtaking studies of the Brooklyn Bridge and environs are not quite enough to distract us from the deficiencies of a lopsided script (the one really scary moment comes in the first five minutes of the picture), which is modelled after earlier, better examples of the frightened-girl-in-the-big city genre, such as "Wait Until Dark" and "Klute." With Elizabeth Ashley (panting and slavering as a grotesquely drawn psychotic lesbian) and Joseph Cortese. (1/21/80) (Baronet. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Feb. 14.)

A Woman's Decision (1977)—A Polish picture (awful title), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, that has a touch of "Brief Encounter." An impetuous woman is married to a strict-faced, hide-bound man, and she foreseeably falls for a physical-education instructor who is the very symbol of spontaneity and ease. Much the best part of the film has to do not with marriage and reconciliation but with the beguilingly forthcoming woman's excessive emphasis on her own good opinion of herself. And Zanussi goes as far as he probably can go in Poland to draw a picture of a scared, line-toeing director of the office where the woman works. He is obviously a symbolic Communist official, and there is a fine, whining scene when, after manhandling the heroine for standing up for an older woman colleague, he complains of the strain on his own blood pressure. In Polish. (Thalia; Feb. 13.)



China export plate K'ang Hsi period.
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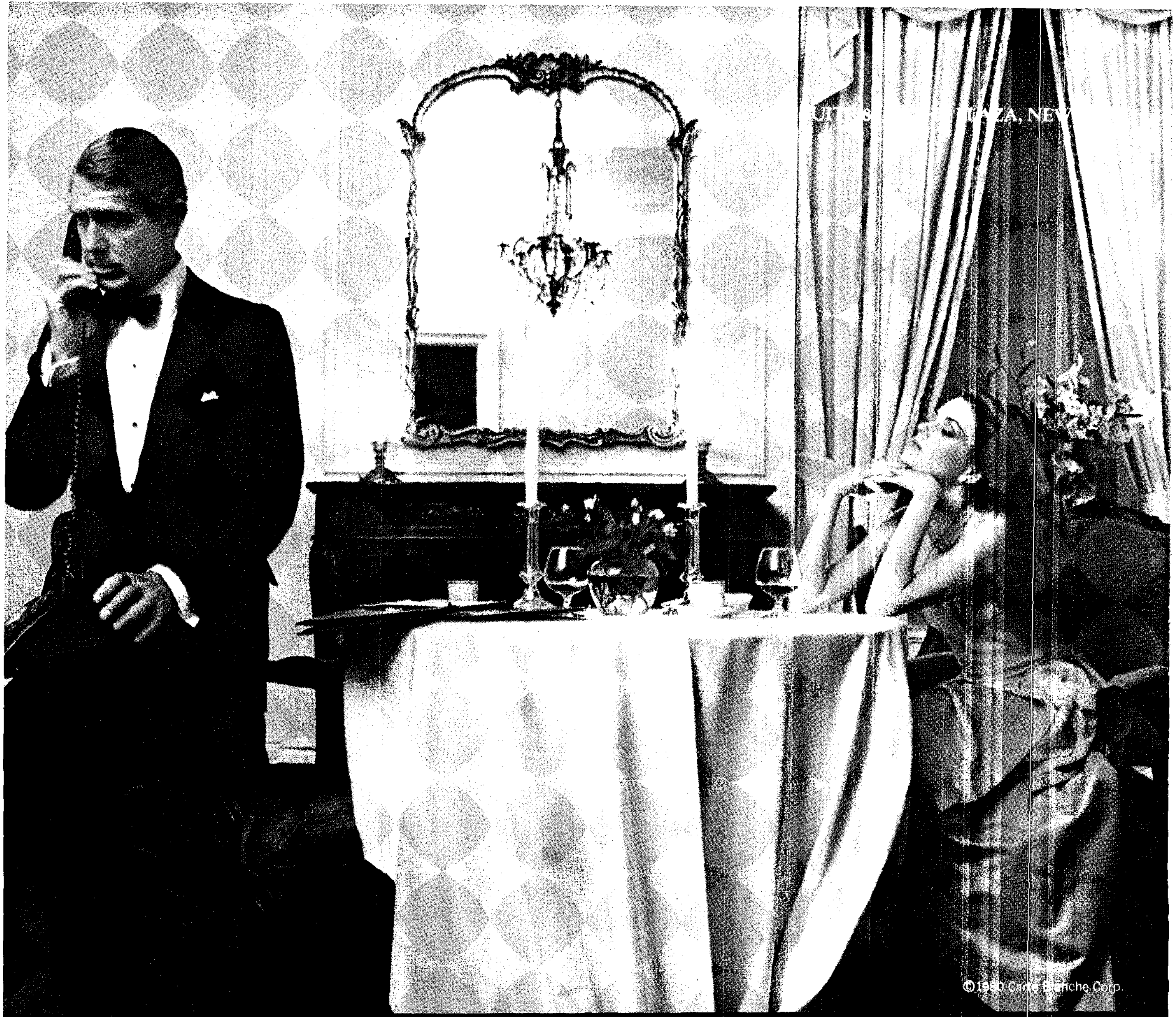
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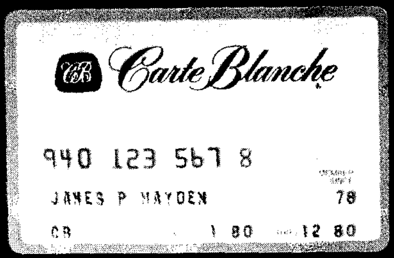
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who lives in the country writes:

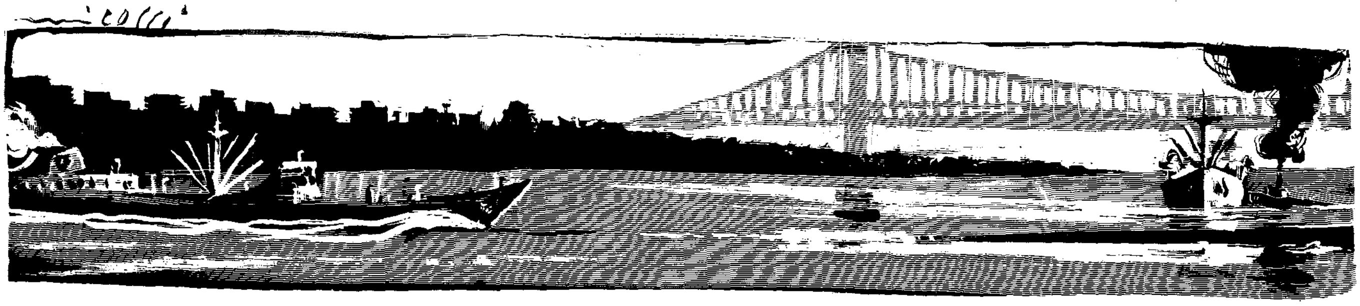
Oil and steel and shoes and wool and machinery and automobiles and technology and gourmet foods and boutique frivolities are not the only things that our formerly more than self-sufficient country now finds it necessary to import. While I was opening the mail in my study the other morning, a freak of sunlight directed my eye along the blade of my letter opener to a tiny patch of printing there. I took a closer look. The tiny print said "Japan." I went on and finished with my bills and appeals and credit-card solicitations, but something had stirred in my mind. I took off my glasses and gave them a close inspection. They, too, had a patch of tiny printing—on one of the earpieces. It said "France." My letter opener is not what has come to be called a collectible. It is a tool—stainless-steel blade, black plastic handle—and cost eighty-nine cents at the village store a year or two ago. My eyeglass frames were supplied by the village optometrist. I put away my Japanese letter opener and put on my French glasses and looked around the room. My birding binoculars hung on the wall near the window. They, I knew, were made in Japan. I picked up the wastebasket beside my desk. It was made of some woven or braided wood—in the Philippines. On the table near the door were my car keys, a dog whistle, and a pedometer. The car keys (though they might not have been) were U.S.A., but the whistle and the pedometer were both marked "Germany." In the table drawer were a chain dog leash from Germany, a dog comb from Japan, and a flashlight from Hong Kong.

This was getting interesting. I decided on a house search. I started out upstairs. Our bedroom (I didn't look in the closets or in our chests of drawers or on my wife's dressing table) yielded only a wooden shoehorn from Taiwan and another Hong Kong flashlight. Our bathroom was more international: scales from Sweden, hairbrush from England, comb from Austria, barber shears from Brazil, nail scissors from Sweden, nail file from England, electric heater from Germany, electric hair dryer from Germany, wastebasket from Taiwan. I looked into my wife's sewing room: sewing scissors from Finland, pinking shears from Japan, magnifying glass from Japan, embroidery needles from England. My wife's sewing machine is a Singer (U.S.A.), but its accompanying packet of assorted needles was marked "Made in Redditch, England." I went back downstairs. I passed through the living room (I wasn't interested in furniture and lamps and rugs and books and draperies and such) and on through the dining room (I wasn't interested in china and silver and such, either). I went into the kitchen: teakettle from Finland, radio from Japan, poultry shears from Italy, kitchen scales from Sweden, scissors from Germany, assorted knives from Germany, Japan, England, and the U.S.A., assorted pots, pans, and skillets from France, England, Belgium, and the U.S.A., pepper grinder from France, cheese slicer from Norway, corkscrew from Italy, apple corer from Germany, my breakfast coffee mug from England, my wife's coffee mug from Japan, ball of twine from Portugal, scouring brush from Holland, galvanized pail from Mexico, and whisk broom from Hungary. I knew there was more to be found. In the toolshed, for instance—the saw I use to cut up firewood is from Sweden, the wedge I use to split it for the fireplace is from Finland, the pruning shears are from England. But after an apple corer (that epitome of nineteenth-century Yankee ingenuity) from Germany, after a galvanized pail from industrialized Mexico, after a whisk broom from behind the Iron Curtain, I decided not to go on.

• • •

Sold

IT seems that when the publisher Nelson Doubleday and some associates were deciding recently to buy the New York Mets baseball franchise for twenty-one point one million dollars, nobody bothered to consult Tim McGinnis. Somebody should have. It would have been easy to do. McGinnis is right there in the Doubleday & Company headquarters, on Park Avenue, where he's an assistant editor in the Anchor Press division. He is also the captain of the Doubleday softball team. Last summer, under McGinnis's stewardship, the Doubleday entry in the Publishers'

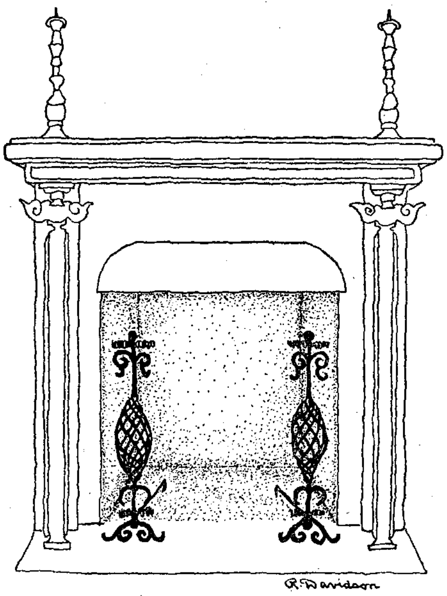


Softball League, which consists of eighty teams, won eight games and lost only one during the regular season. The team won twice more during the post-season playoffs, before losing the championship game to the Charter Publishing Company, whose team, according to McGinnis, "got lucky." In 1978, Doubleday's first season in the league, its team also made the playoffs. The New York Mets, on the other hand, have had a solid grip on last place in the National League East since the twilight of the Abraham Beame administration.

We went to visit McGinnis the other day in his office, where he occupies himself with line-by-line editing of nonfiction titles like "Children's Secrets," "Mary Frampton & Friends Rock 'n Roll Recipes," and "A Consumer's Guide to Cosmetics." He is well built and neatly bearded, prematurely graying in his mid-twenties. When it comes to softball, he understands the verities and vagaries of the game as it is played in the Sheep Meadow in Central Park. He knows, for instance, that while in theory there is no substitute for fundamentals—solid hitting, expert fielding, and flawless execution—you take what you can get; that it's not a good idea to let any of the first-stringers drink more than two beers during a game unless the score is really lopsided; that when things get a little crowded in the Sheep Meadow, and the right fielder from an adjacent game happens to be standing between your pitcher and your second baseman, you play around the obstacle; and that you play to win. With convincing sincerity, McGinnis says that he doesn't mind hailing a taxi to Central Park while toting the team's equipment in a duffelbag. He also claims that it doesn't bother him a bit that for the first game of each season about fifty Doubleday employees show up in Central Park pretending that they want to play but really wanting only to claim a free T-shirt. Culling a starting lineup from this horde might bear an unwelcome resemblance to casting "El Cid," but McGinnis knows that you have to go with your established talent. On the whole, he seems like an even-tempered field general in the Bob Lemon tradition. The manner in which he learned that Doubleday & Company had bought the Mets upset him only slightly.

"It was a memorandum," he told us. "It was sitting on my desk when I got to work the other day, and it said, 'Nelson Doubleday is pleased to announce that Doubleday & Company has acquired the major controlling interest in the New York Mets baseball team.' Just like that. Most of the memos around here are about personnel changes and thermostat settings. This one was peculiarly understated. All this is so new that I think a lot of us still regard the Mets as 'the other company team.' What I mean is that we're unsure how this affects our future in the Publishers' Softball League.

"Last summer, I took over as captain after Mike Casey, who worked in photocopying, and who ran the team, left the company in midseason. It was unusual for someone to do that. The unwritten rule is: Even if you get another job offer in April, you stick around until September for the sake of the team. Actually, though, it seems that every time we lose a good player we get two to replace him or her. We're a dynasty ball club. We play six men and four women at a time. That's a league rule—at least four women in the lineup. Who are our top women? Well, there's Patty Henderson, at second base. No relation of Steve Henderson, the Met outfielder. She batted about .360 last year, and I think he batted only .306. Then, there's Linda Dugan, who pitches and plays short center field. A very reliable glove. You know, you look at a guy like Lee Mazzilli, who's playing first base now for the Mets, and who hit .303 last season, and then you consider that we have four players who, although we don't have to face National League pitching, batted over .700. It makes you wonder. Ralph Mendoza, our first baseman, who works in the foreign-sales division, had a batting average of over .800. Basically, whenever he came to the plate and failed to get a hit, it was a shock to all concerned. But don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that we're better than the Mets. In fact, I think if it ever comes to our going up against them head to head, we'd prefer to play the Mets and their wives."



We asked McGinnis whether he anticipates major changes in the Doubleday & Company office routine.

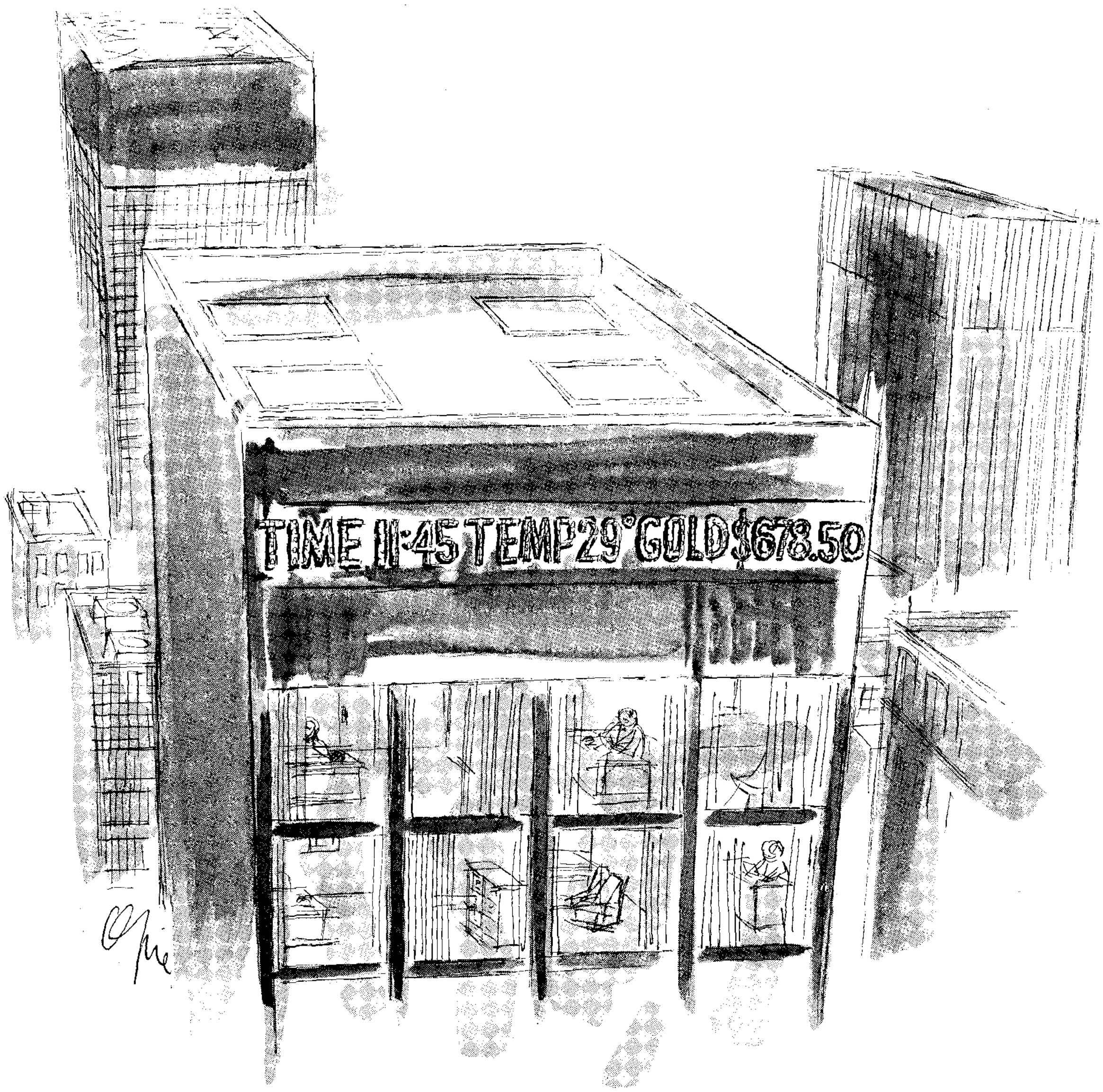
"I can't say for sure," he said. "Maybe from now on, instead of the usual Christmas gifts from the company—electric razors and popcorn poppers—they'll give us baseball gloves and batting helmets. Who knows? Maybe they should start having Book Days at Shea Stadium—you know, every child under the age of twelve who comes out to the ballpark gets a free novel. Let me think about this. What do you suppose Met fans read? Probably something in the self-help area. Maybe 'Your Erroneous Zones,' by Dr. Wayne W. Dyer. No, that's not a Doubleday book. We'll figure something out. Pretty soon, you'll probably see 'The Joe Torre Story' on the Doubleday list."

The telephone rang, and McGinnis excused himself to answer it. When he hung up, he said, "One more thing. Anyone who gets cut from the Mets is welcome to a free tryout with the Doubleday softball team. I mean that. And, to reciprocate, some of our better players might like a shot at the major leagues—you know, a chance to try out as an associate shortstop or junior vice-pitcher—in which case I think free trips to spring training, down in St. Petersburg, would be in order. At one point, I thought I personally might like to do some radio and television announcing for the Mets, but then I realized that I like the Met announcers the way they are. They're minimalists—although that may be because lately there hasn't been much to say. Finally, I wouldn't mind it a bit if the company changed the letterhead on its stationery—put the Mister Met mascot next to the Doubleday anchor. Mister Met is a cute little guy, with a baseball for a head and a big smile, and I think he'd look great perched right up there where it says 'Doubleday: A Communications Corporation.' "

Fame

JOHN N. LACORTE has announced that it is his ambition "to put Brooklyn on the map." He issued this manifesto while delivering some stirring remarks the other day during the Brooklyn Hall of Fame luncheon, at the Fort Hamilton Officers' Club, in

Bay Ridge. Whenever the moment seems ripe and Mr. LaCorte can find an opening in his schedule, he organizes a Hall of Fame induction ceremony. The most recent previous induction took place in 1973. This fact might lead some people to regard the Fort Hamilton affair as a *revival* of the Hall of Fame, but Mr. LaCorte would disagree. As far as he is concerned, the Hall of Fame is right where it has always been—in the drawer of a file cabinet on the ground floor of his brownstone, in Brooklyn Heights. He would feel overwhelmed with pride if the Hall of Fame were someday to occupy a more visible and more monumental site. Finding the ideal spot, however, requires a lot of work and effort—more, even, than selecting individuals worthy of enshrinement. Meanwhile, Mr. LaCorte has several other demands upon his energy. The Brooklyn Hall of Fame must share office space with the Italian Historical Society of America, the Genealogical and Heraldic Institute of America, the A Better World Begins with Me Institute, and several file drawers brimming with evidence of the achievement-studded quality of Mr. LaCorte's life. Because Mr. LaCorte is semi-retired from the insurance business, there is also some actuarial paraphernalia on the premises.



When John LaCorte seizes an idea, he doesn't like to loosen his grasp until he has worked it over thoroughly. It pains him to think that some people out there remain unfamiliar with the deeds of Giovanni da Verrazano, Antonio Meucci, and Charles J. Bonaparte. For many years, he has labored vigorously to usher these three men into the limelight. Unprompted, Mr. LaCorte will recite the details of his public-relations efforts in behalf of Verrazano, the Florentine explorer who sailed into lower New York Bay in 1524, eighty-five years before Henry Hudson discovered the upper West Side. Without Mr. LaCorte's urging, it would not have occurred to anyone to name the suspension bridge between Staten Island and Brooklyn in Verrazano's honor. Mr. LaCorte has had somewhat less success promoting the causes of Meucci, "the true inventor of the telephone" (1871, versus Alexander Graham Bell's 1876), and Bonaparte, who was a grandnephew of Napoleon I, and who—far too few people know this—founded the F.B.I., in 1908. At irregular intervals, Mr. LaCorte publishes the *Italian-American Review*, which he also writes and edits. Each issue contains extensive front-line dispatches from the pro-Verrazano, pro-Meucci, and pro-Bonaparte campaigns.

At the luncheon in Bay Ridge, two banners hung from curtains behind the head table. They said "Welcome to the Brooklyn Hall of Fame" and "A Better World Begins with Brooklyn, Better B'klyn Comm." To economize, Mr. LaCorte had decided to use the Hall of Fame gathering as an occasion to make a plug for the A Better World Begins with Me Institute. He also mentioned that he regarded it as celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of the opening of the Verrazano Bridge, although no banner proclaimed this. The objective of the A Better World Begins with Me Institute, which Mr. LaCorte founded last March, is a better world. Attaining this objective is a sizable chore—one that the founder believes should be organized at the grass roots. Therefore, the institute's motto is "A better world begins with me in Brooklyn, U.S.A." Cleaning up the present global mess and putting Brooklyn on the map go hand in hand. If everything proceeds smoothly, the job will take about twenty years: until the year 2000, at which point Mr. LaCorte will be ninety. If in the meantime he buys a white linen suit and allows his trim goatee to become shaggy, he will be able to greet the next millennium looking even more like Colonel Sanders than he already does.

Mr. LaCorte, whose voice does not require electronic amplification but who used a microphone anyway, made several brief speeches. During his main address, he said that "mankind is a very beautiful thing" and that the hundred and fifty-nine people who had gathered at Fort Hamilton—they included honorees, politicians, educators, and clerics—were particularly beautiful. Thirteen of the guests were college students—the new Brooklyn Hall of Fame College Student Award recipients. Their names were Patricia Allocca, Jack Dobson, Brian Flynn, Sharon Frommer, Thelma Gormezano, Sylvia Gurman, Rebecca Helmers, Palma Lilley, Mary Anne O'Callaghan, Armand M. Patella, Jr., Maxine Rozzi, Edward Strafaci, and Raymond J. Trentacost. Each student received a certificate and posed for a photograph with John LaCorte; until he came along, none of them had been really famous. There was one other honoree—Emanuel Celler, the former congressman, who served almost fifty years in the House of Representatives. Mr. Celler, who is now ninety-one years old, received a plaque from Murray Stein, the postmaster of Brooklyn, and then offered some extemporaneous remarks in the man-shall-prevail vein.

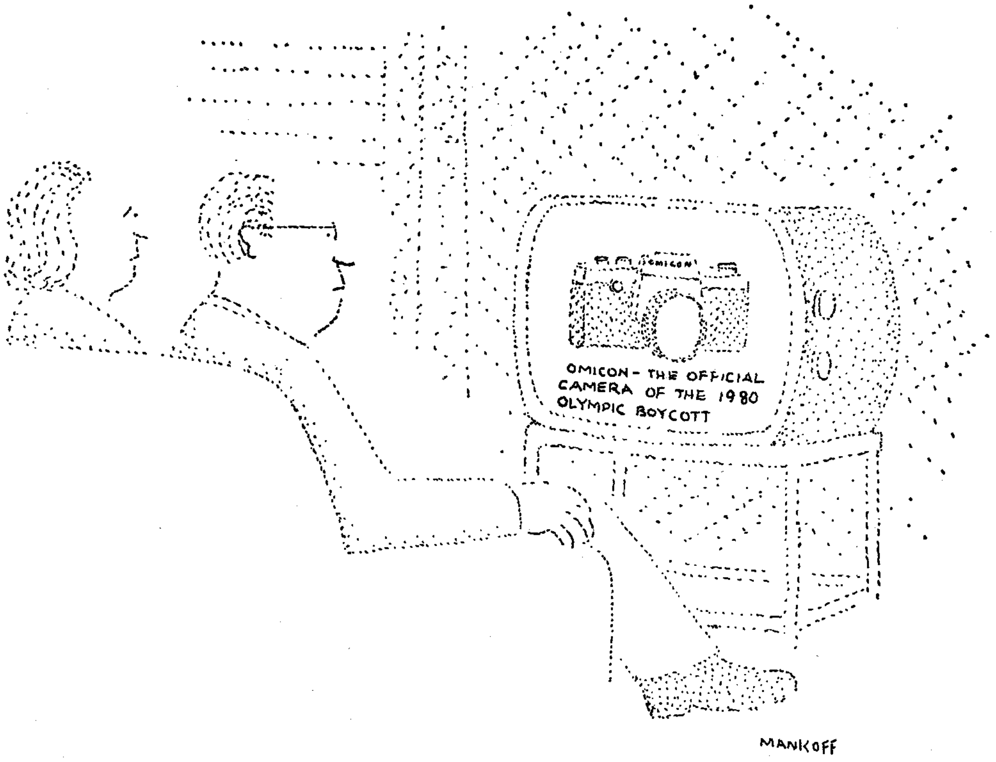
After the luncheon broke up, Mr. LaCorte seemed preoccupied—he might have been thinking ahead to the ninth annual Meucci luncheon, which was scheduled for two days later, at Gargiulo's, in Coney Island—but we managed to talk with him long enough to learn that he has high hopes for the future of the Brooklyn Hall of Fame. "We find it difficult to select people for this distinction, because we insist that an individual must have contributed to the borough *with honor*," he said. "You see, sometimes people want to be honored but they don't want to do the work. But I have hope. If possible, sometime during 1980 we will inaugurate the Staten Island Hall of Fame. If Staten Island gets good roots, then next year we will go to Queens. And if that bug catches we will go on to the Bronx. But don't commit me to Manhattan. I can't say for sure about that. That is a difficult question. There is some uncertainty about Manhattan. Manhattan is different."

Birgit Nilsson's Return

WHEN Birgit Nilsson ended her performance in Strauss's "Elektra" last Friday with a triumphant victory dance and a flood of incandescent sound, the Metropolitan Opera audience rose to its feet and responded with the kind of visceral roar that only a singer of extraordinary qualities can inspire. The occasion was Miss Nilsson's first American operatic performance in five years (her absence was due to a tax dispute with the United States government), and the cheers confirmed the fact that at an age when most singers are sliding gently into retirement Nilsson still has her formidable vocal equipment in topnotch working order. *Hoch-dramatische* sopranos, whose silvery, trumpetlike voices can ride over the heavy orchestration of a Wagner, a Strauss, or, in some cases, a Puccini opera, have always been as rare as snow leopards, and it is generally agreed that Miss Nilsson, a practical, earthy Swede with a voice of uncommon size, thrust, and brilliance, is the champion in the field. Her return as Elektra, which, because of its length, intensity, and stratospheric tessitura, is a killer of a role, provided a rigorous test of the operatic form that she has been displaying for almost thirty-five years. Moreover, because Miss Nilsson has appeared in a dozen other productions of "Elektra" since the Met staged its version for her, in 1966, simply remembering the staging was a considerable feat. We observed her in action a week before the première and can report that she is a cheerful, hardworking professional who has limitless energy and great charm.

The first rehearsal we attended was a sitzprobe for orchestra and singers which took place in a large basement studio at the Met. As Miss Nilsson—a short, trim, handsome woman with black hair, who was wearing black slacks, a black pullover, and a brown suède jacket—took a seat with the other singers on a wooden platform at the back of the room, James Levine, the Met's conductor, mounted the podium at the front and gave the orchestra some musical instructions. "Folks, the key word here is contrast," he said. "Let the really roof-raising moments happen. Then, where it goes from forte to piano, I want you to disappear immediately back to nothing. That way, we get a transparent texture; the singers come through, the text comes through, and the little details in the orchestration are alive and present even when they're soft. Secondly, we need a greater variety in tempo. Watch carefully for the little rubatos, the little calandos, the little accelerandos that Strauss has written, so that it's not a monotonous, metronomic pulse."

Mr. Levine gave a sweeping downbeat to bring in the monolithic chords that begin the opera, and, after a short introductory scene involving the palace servants, Miss Nilsson leaned forward in her chair and began the great invocation to the dead Agamemnon. As her enormous voice rang through the room, Mr. Levine adjusted his instrumental balances, taking the orchestra (one of the largest in opera) from brassy thundering climaxes down to soft, intimate lyrical passages, in which the individual instruments were clearly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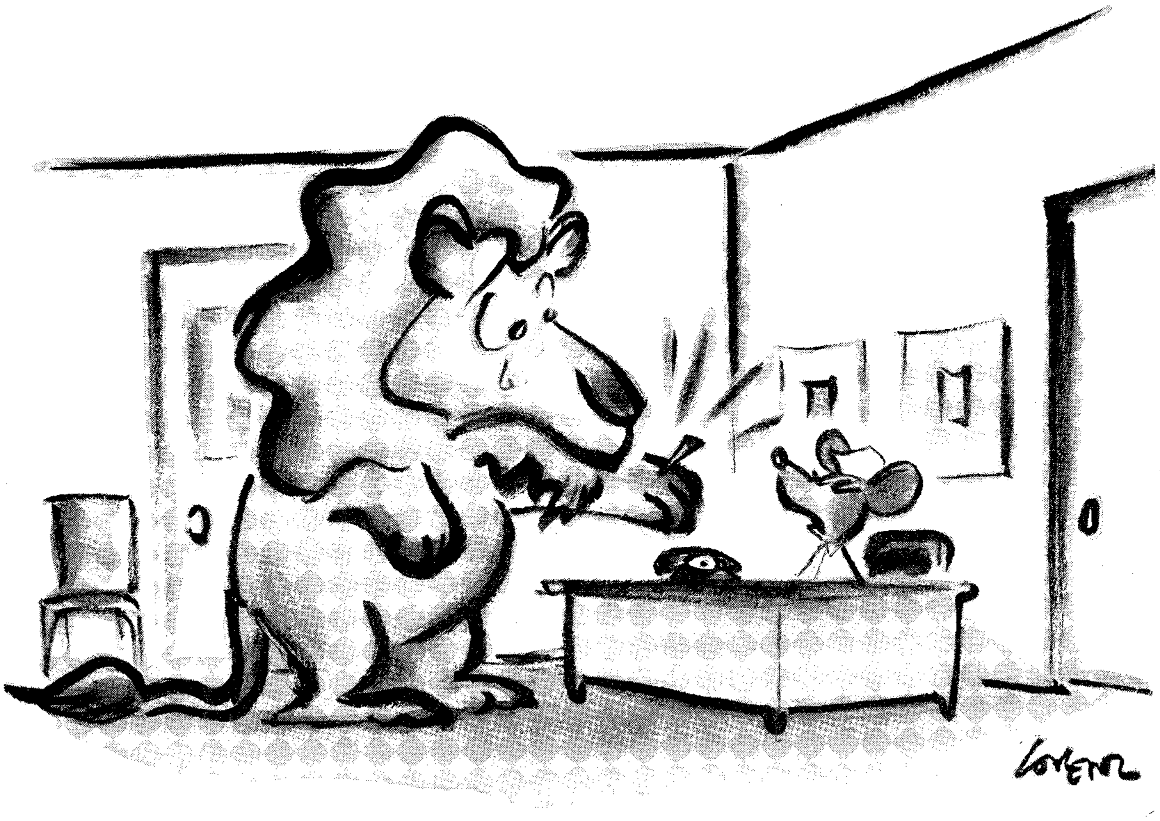
audible. The rehearsal proceeded with very few stops. Miss Nilsson, who had obviously established a close rapport with Mr. Levine, followed him carefully. The orchestra, caught up in the Nilsson spell, played half an hour beyond the allotted rehearsal time and, at the end, looked slightly stunned.

Mr. Levine hugged Miss Nilsson and said, "Birgit, that was absolutely phenomenal."

"Where have *you* been all my life?" Miss Nilsson replied, with a smile.

"When I was sixteen, I thought 'Elektra' was the greatest thing that had ever happened," said Mr. Levine. "Now here I am conducting it for the first time at thirty-six."



"Do you have an appointment?"

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As Mr. Levine dashed off down the hall, Miss Nilsson explained to us that this "Elektra" was the first opera they had collaborated on. "I've had so many bad experiences with conductors that I only work now with people I feel comfortable with," she said. "If you sing with a conductor who drags, who doesn't feel the pulse of the music, it destroys you. Halfway through the evening, you begin to feel that there is no way out. But Jimmy has such a feeling for voices that he really tries to help the singers. He breathes with us, he reads our intentions, he doesn't overwhelm us, and he's there when we need him. You know, there are two famous Strauss quotes about this opera. One time, he said to the orchestra, 'Louder, louder. I can still hear the singers.' Another time, he said, 'I want "Elektra" to be played like Mendelssohn.' "

We asked Miss Nilsson why the role of Elektra was so famously difficult.

"It's very high and very low," she said. "But I don't feel that it's as difficult as people think. With a good conductor, you don't have to shout fortissimo from beginning to end. There are lots of beautiful phrases that you can sing piano. But it's a very hard role physically, because there's no intermission to let you regain your strength. You are onstage for an hour and three-quarters, and since you must be very intense and always on the edge of everything, this takes a lot out of you. The only times to rest are the few moments when Elektra burrows down between the rocks, looking for the axe she wants to use to kill her mother, Klytemnestra. The stage manager puts some ginger ale there for me to drink at that point. But most of the time I'm so nervous that I knock the glass over."

"Is the victory song at the end the hardest thing in the score?" we asked.

"Not for me," replied Miss Nilsson. "I worry more about the fight that Elektra has with her mother in the middle of the opera. The vocal line there is very high—it lies around G and A—and the exposed high C that comes near the end is never easy. So when you finish you are worn out by the intensity of the acting and you're very dry in the throat. If you get past that scene, you can sing much more lyrically, more musically, with Orest. I always say to myself after the C, 'Now my screaming part is over. I will try and pull myself together and finish the opera.' That's also the point where you know if you have been overdoing things. If you give too much voice at the beginning of 'Elektra,' you will never find the lyric quality you need for the quiet scenes. Of course, you cannot go out onstage and sing with a computer in your head that says 'Save your voice.' You have to do these things by instinct. For the music that comes after the deaths of Klytemnestra and Aegisth, you give a lot again, but there it's O.K., because you know it's the end."

The next morning, we returned to the Met and found Miss Nilsson rehearsing the Orest-Elektra recognition scene with Donald McIntyre, a tall, gray-haired baritone, who plays her brother, and Paul Mills, a young, bespectacled man, who is the opera's stage director. As Mr. Mills cued the singers from the production book, Miss Nilsson froze in delight for a few moments, hurled herself forward into Mr. McIntyre's arms, and then pulled back from him and began to sing a tender lyrical passage.

Mr. McIntyre sank to his knees on a shallow step between two flat gray rocks, and Miss Nilsson stopped suddenly, looking puzzled. "I don't remember what I do next," she said, turning to Mr. Mills.

"You cross in back of Donald," Mr. Mills said, pointing down the steps to the edge of a large flat rock in the center of the stage, "and go down front to sing the next part of the aria."

"Oh, that's marvellous!" Miss Nilsson said, with a giggle. "I can sit! In this role, you need every bit of rest you can get."

A REVISED GUIDE TO PARIS

First Day

RATHER than spend his first afternoon in the hotel lobby with the rest of the charter group, watching a rerun of "Gunsmoke" dubbed in French, the wise traveller will set out without delay to replace the contents of luggage stolen from the airport bus. And what venue can be more suited to this than Paris—city where "everything can be had" (Anatole France)?

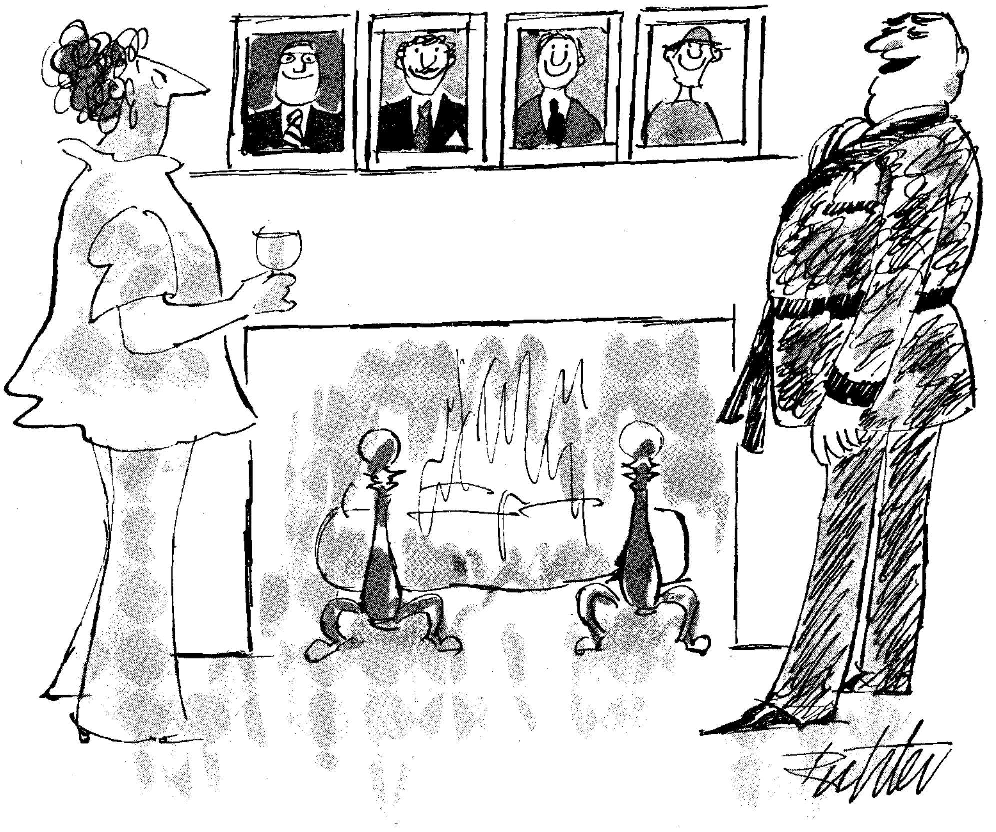
Leaving the hotel, he should not plunge at once into the Métro, tempting and convenient though it may seem, but be content to elbow his way along the bustling streets, absorbing the unique atmosphere of a metropolis "transported from Heaven and rebuilt stone by stone in Paradise" (François Mitterrand). In the Rue du Conseiller Municipal Aristide Rotonde, the traveller will observe a small russet stain in the gutter, commemorating the remarkable afternoon, 23 June 1977, when twelve armed robberies took place at intervals of six minutes. Farther along, just before the shop selling plastic buckles and buttons, a plaque indicates where Odilon Morasse had his vegetarian restaurant (1962-63). Below the plaque and a little to the left can be seen several interesting modern inscriptions, including "KEEP FRANCE FRENCH," "FOREIGN SCUM," "SWINE," "DEATH!," and "OUT!" M. André (Dédé) Bouge, owner of the butcher shop at No. 94, has no objection to being photographed standing in front of the inscriptions, wearing a clean butcher's apron.

Two doors beyond, the traveller will find the Café des Grands Mots, celebrated as the meeting place between the Nouveaux Philosophes and exponents of the Nouvelle Cuisine. It is said that one of the latter, returning from an exploratory tour of America, cried to one of the former, "*Mon vieux, c'est une mine d'or!*" As a result of this perhaps apocryphal anecdote, the café is now known to Parisian cognoscenti as "The Old Gold Mine." Typewritten notices signify the tables occupied by chefs and philosophers, respectively, while a plastic shroud marks the place where Philosopher Anthelme Rendu on 4 September 1978 turned his back on his American publisher and began to sulk.

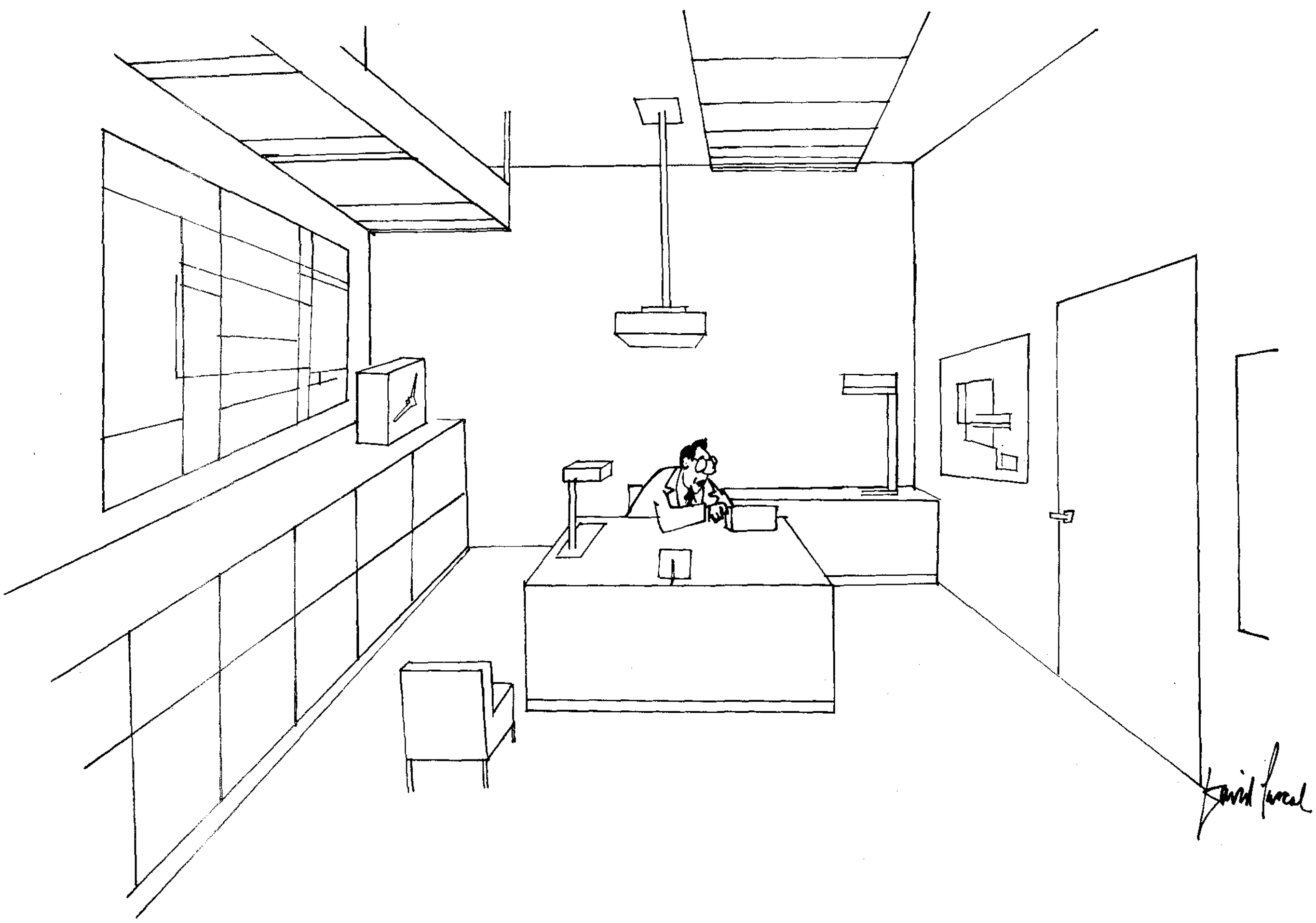
The tourist with a keen interest in quality souvenirs and artifacts can do no better than turn sharp right into the charming Rue du Dentiste Fernand Ladrerie. Here, at No. 22, all the crochetwork produced by wives of Cabinet ministers between 1908 and 1937 will at last have a fitting museum—that is, as soon as the present tenants of No. 22 have died off or have been coaxed into new quarters at some distance from Paris but handy to motels and auto routes. No evictions are performed in winter months, but in pleasant weather the sharp-eyed visitor can be sure of picking up many a "find" from among the motley effects grouped on the pavement: post-office calendars (about 7¢); paper roses (10¢ a bunch); gray or brown felt slippers (30¢ each). Knowledgeable Parisian antique dealers may well have got there first, skimming the cream; tufted bathmats and chrome-plated coffee grinders have a way of turning up in Faubourg Saint-Honoré shopwindows, quite disgracefully increased in price. Eviction aficionados have assured the author of this guide that cheap genuine French workmanship still abounds "if you know where to look," citing as examples a foam mattress, circa 1960 ($17.80), and an electric steam iron, attributed 1954 ($12). The firm of Contre et Tourtière, at No. 31, will arrange for shipping.

So far so good, but "no one ever enjoyed budget-priced craft on an empty stomach" (Pablo Picasso), and the hungry traveller may well at this point be asking himself a legitimate question: "How about lunch?" All eating places suggested here will be found within the area bounded by the Rue du Fonctionnaire Léonce Mou; the police station at the end of the street; the Old Clothes Depot, unused since the terrible winter of 1963, when garments collected for the frozen poor were abandoned, owing to a sudden thaw; the Chinese restaurant known as Au Joyeux Bol de Riz (*not* recommended by this guide); and the Cultural and Theatrical Center—a venerable edifice at the far end of the Rue de l'Inspecteur des Finances Romuald Lampiste, where two much-loved French classics, "Mother Courage" and "White Horse Inn," have been alternating ever since the theatre was inaugurated, in 1958.

Class A restaurants: Bien de Chez Nous, Jo-Jo la Bouffe, La Joie dans l'Assiette, and Paris Mon Paris are equipped with pinball machines, jukeboxes, and television sets—all in satisfactory condition. It is better to write



"I'd say we've done very well. Our oldest is a Reagan Republican, our second-oldest is a Bush Republican, our third-oldest is a Connally Republican, and our youngest is a budding shortstop for the Atlanta Braves."



"Miss Jenkins, would you please bring a round object into my office?"

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one's order on a slip of paper and hand it to the waiter, for an ambience of good cheer and lighthearted bantering sometimes makes it difficult to be understood. As this sample menu shows, even travellers whose language gifts are sketchy should have no trouble:

1. *1 hamburger avec petit pain, viande, ketchup, et cornichon.*
2. *1 hamburger sans petit pain.*
3. *1 hamburger sans viande.*
4. *1 hamburger entièrement fait de macaroni.*

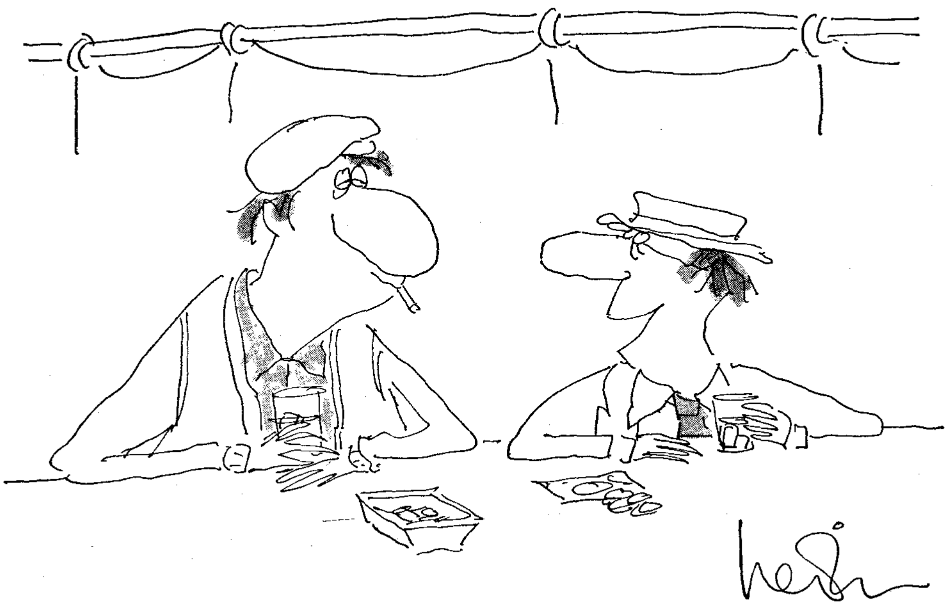
Price differences will be slight, hovering in the vicinity of $9, tip included. You may want to leave something extra if service has been particularly attentive, or if you plan to lunch here again. Try to produce a sum of money that can be counted at a glance, and do not sit smiling and waiting around for change. Your waiter, anxious to get back to his pinball game, will have little time for "the pain and ecstasy of simple arithmetic" (S. de Beauvoir).

Among Class B restaurants, Au Repas Exquis boasts only a small transistor radio, but the premises are fitted out with loudspeakers, and the baffles convey a pleasing echo. La Croûte de Pain has no acoustical advantages to offer; by making a cone of the menu and placing one end to your ear and the other against the wall, however, you can hear, from the back room of the police station next door, real-life French vignettes your stay-at-home friends will envy.

The Cultural and Theatrical Center, mentioned above, is well worth a pause. For a modest tip, the porter, M. Barnabé Ruse, will show you the poster advertising "White Horse Inn" and will also supply you with the key to the only convenience in the neighborhood. In exchange for the key, it is customary to leave a deposit of about $125. On leaving the center, turn left into the paved alley between Nos. 34 and 36. Facing the kitchen entrance to Au Joyeux Bol de Riz and just past the Bureau for the Verification of Sandpaper Regulations (Ministry of Commerce Annex) is the door you are seeking. Don't forget to return the key and collect your deposit. It might be wise to ask M. Ruse to call your hotel and make certain the rooms retained for your group were not given to the Japanese charter group after all.

Somewhat less impressive in appearance but a nonetheless spirited rival in the race for public funds and subsidies is the Center for Advanced Art and Culture, at the corner of the street. The original windows (1955), replaced after May, 1968, are notable for their iron grilles. Three wide iron bars traverse the front door. Visitors are usually allowed in one at a time. Having been frisked and admitted, the refined traveller will surely want to take part in the celebrated Monuments Competition, during which participants are permitted to sit down. In a darkened room, the visitor listens to the recorded description of a French architectural structure of historical importance—as, for instance:

> The good President Marius Mordre Gabin laid the foundation stone. The architect, Elias Poudre, was also responsible for the cocoa factory at Ermont-les-Vignes. The carved lintels depicting "Harvest Time" are the work of the same anonymous sculptor whose charming statue "Public Health" still graces the old abattoir at Mulhouse. The façade is red brick, harmoniously broken by one door and six windows. The roof, which caved in after the snowfall of 8 February 1947, was restored in 1979, the cost of



"It's certainly refreshing to meet someone with no energy policy."

the restoration furnished by a tax levied on all the dog owners of France. The tarpaulin that replaced the roof from 1947 to a recent date is now in the Architectural Museum at Biarritz.

(The cultivated reader has of course guessed by now that this is the description of the Maternity Hospital in Borgne-la-Villa, Dordogne.)

After inscribing his name and address and the answer on the ballot provided, and after the ballots have been collected, sorted, counted, and checked for fraud—"The state can't be too careful" (Landru)—the winner will receive at his home, in the course of time, an agreeable prize. Foreign competitors should remember that prizes fall under customs and excise regulations of most countries, and that a plastic reproduction of the immortal "Public Health" is of interest only to truly ardent connoisseurs, particularly when its value, set at $7, has unaccountably been translated into $700 in the home country—a sharp reminder for the erstwhile traveller that "the fun's not always in the winning" (Napoleon Bonaparte).

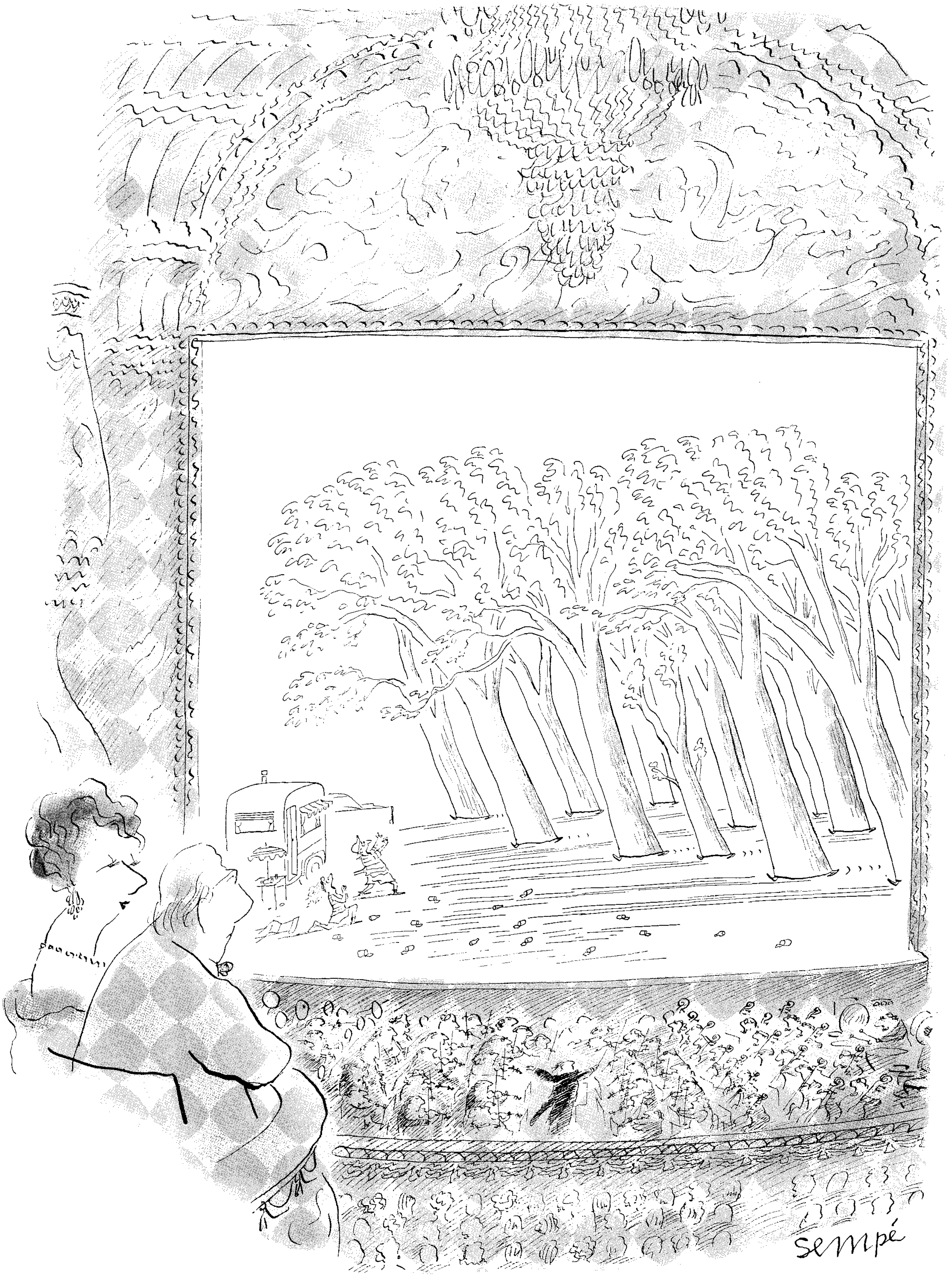
As dusk falls—"Dusk! One of the few institutions not yet under the management of Social Security!" (André Malraux)—the traveller, footsore but happy with his "finds," falls into the Métro to be whisked "home." With luck, he may be able to see a few rush-hour passengers taken hostage by a gang of *loulous*—sprightly youths from the industrial suburbs—and will observe, with unspoken admiration, the stoic faces of the other voyagers and their entire discretion with regard to their neighbors as these are knifed or slugged or kicked in the shins, and the words of Mme. de Sévigné may recur to remind him that "an ounce of minding your own business is worth a ton of mugging any day in the City of Light."

In the lobby of his hotel, cleared of all charter groups, including the Japanese, the East German, the Swedish, and the Australian, the traveller may notice the Action Committee of the striking hotel staff sipping Campari-and-soda and cracking jokes. A caution: After carrying his "finds" up the eight flights of the service staircase, the traveller often feels a slight letdown as he unlocks the door to the room. Perhaps here the author may be allowed to address the visitor directly: Work fast before falling into a black or discouraged mood. Stow your bargains in a safe place. Use a pillowcase to clean the washbasin and bath. Make a tidy heap of effects left by the previous occupant: pajama top with wine stain and torn collar; match folders from the Drug Store des Champs-Élysées; memo reading "Eighty—repeat eighty—thousand barrels per day unrefined;" scraps of paper napkin bearing the names "Vanessa," "Ingrid," "Julie," and "Sabrina" with scribbled numbers. ("Romy Schneider" or "Catherine Deneuve" means only that Julie or Ingrid *looked like* Schneider or Deneuve. According to Roland Barthes, "women's names can indeed turn out to be of mnemonic utility.")

Roll up for the night in the cleaner-looking of the two blankets. The unmistakable scent of Paris air-conditioning (fleur-de-lis and smoldering Gauloise) will remind you of different nights in other capital cities—how the air-conditioning in Rome tended to rumble rather than to whine, how in London it smelled of smoked haddock. Drifting off, you will ask yourself the questions that inevitably follow a satisfying first day in Paris: "How can I get on the Anglo-American volleyball team?" "When are the Anabaptist Church sing-alongs held?" "Will there be time to visit the bacon-and-sausage shop set up by Mathilde, discarded wife of the Under-Secretary for Colonial Interference, M. Gontran Clubbe—a shop said to have been patronized for a time (22 July 1970) by leaders of the Opposition?" It will then cross your memory that something important to your Second Day seems to be lost or missing. A clean bath towel? No. The missing something used to be in the secret compartment of your handbag or the inside pocket of your jacket, and it contained your passport, your airline ticket, your folding money, and your traveller's checks.

Do not hesitate. Roll out of the blanket, get into your clothes, and descend the eight flights of the service staircase. In the lobby you will notice some of the striking staff trying to have a game of billiards on the reception desk. Borrow a piece of chalk and make your way out to the street. Sit down on the sidewalk and think hard before you write. "I am a tourist who has been robbed to the marrow" will bring you two pay-phone tokens and a postage stamp. "Just released from jail after serving sentence of three months for talking back to a post-office employee. Who wants to lend a hand?" will encourage useless suggestions. "Hungry Yorkshire terrier at home awaits your generosity" is good for lumps of sugar. Strongly recommended by the author of this guide, who has been writing it to good effect on the pavements of Paris for the past twenty years, is this: "My five children, kidnapped and removed from France by foreign-born spouse, are now exposed to Anglo-Saxon culture. Please help raise jet fare to fetch them back." Within seconds you should acquire a bale of banknotes—more than enough to convey you, first class, champagne laid on, caviar around the clock, back to wherever you started from. For "does not the untrammelled mind know when to cut its losses and to look upon them as worthwhile, even at Paris prices?" (Marcel Proust).

—Mavis Gallant



"You may not like it, but it is the first ecological opera."

THE MAKING OF MORE AMERICANS

To visit grandfathers, we walked over three sets of railroad tracks, then on sidewalks cracked by grass and tree roots, then on a gray dirt path. The roadside weeds waved tall overhead, netting the sunlight and wild flowers. I wore important white shoes for walking to the grandfathers' house.

We children had never met our real grandfathers and grandmothers, who were in China. The two old men we visited were Sahm Goong and Say Goong, our grandfather's brothers. Grandfather had already come to the Gold Mountain (which some say is California, and we say is America), made money, and left. Although we must have gone to see his abiding brothers many times, these visits in memory seem the same time, time just one time, no time at all.

The black dirt in the grandfathers' yard set off my dazzling shoes—two chunks of white light that encased my feet. "Look. Look," said Say Goong, Fourth Grandfather. "A field chicken." I saw not a chicken but a toad with alert round eyes that looked out from under the white cabbage leaves. It hopped ahead of my shoes, dived into the leaves, disappeared, reappeared—maybe another toad. It was a clod that had detached itself from the living earth; the earth had formed into a toad and hopped.

"A field chicken," said Say Goong. He cupped his hands, walked quietly with wide steps, and reached behind a cabbage and caught it. On his brown hand sat a toad with perfect haunches, eyelids, veins, and wrinkles—the neatness and completeness of it, swallowing and blinking.

"A field chicken?" I repeated.

"Field chicken," he said. "Field chicken. Sky chicken. Sky toad. Heavenly toad. Field toad."

It was a pun, and the words the same, except for the low tone of "field" and the high tone of "heaven" or "sky." Say Goong put the toad in my hands—it breathed, and its heart beat, every part of it alive—and I felt its dryness and warmth and hind feet as it sprang off. How odd that a toad could be both of the field and of the sky. It was very funny. Say Goong and I laughed.

"Heavenly chicken," I called, chasing the toad. I carefully ran between the rows of vegetables, where many toads, giants and miniatures, hopped every which way. Which one was the toad in my hand? Then suddenly they were all gone.

But they clucked. So it isn't because toads look or taste like chickens that they are called chickens; they cluck alike! Dragonflies held still in the air, suddenly darted. Butterflies in pairs flew far away from their partners, then together again.

I stepped into a green hallway in the corn and sat in a tepee grown of vines over lattices; from ceilings and walls hung gourds, beans, tomatoes, grapes, and peas, winter melons like fat green prickly piglets, and bitter melons like green mice with tails. But the real marvel was the black dirt, which was clean and not dirty at all.

In one corner of the yard was a pile of horse manure, taller than an adult human being. "Aiya!" our parents exclaimed, their eyes open in wonder as they stood near the pile—neighbors and friends invited especially to view it. "Come here! Come look! Oh, just look at it!" they cried, and I could tell that the adults felt what I felt, that I did not feel it alone, but truly: this pile hummed, and it was the fuel for the ground, the toads, the vegetables, the house, the two grandfathers. The flies, which were green and turquoise-black and silvery blue, swirling into various lights, hummed, too, like excess sparks. The grandfathers boxed the horse manure as presents for us and their good friends to take home. They also bagged it in burlap. It smelled good.

Say Goong took my hand and led me to a cavernous shed—black from the sun in my eyes. He pointed into the dark, which seemed solid and alive, heavy, moving, breathing. There were waves of dark skin over a hot and massive something that was snorting and stomping—the living night. In the day, here was where the night lived. Say Goong pointed up at a wide brown eye as high as the roof. I was ready to be terrified but for his delight. "Horse," he said. "Horse." He contained the thing in a word—"horse," a magical and earthly sound. A horse was a black creature so immense I could not see the outlines. Grasping Say Goong's finger, I dared to walk past the horse, and then he pointed again. "Horse." There was a partition, and on the other side of it—another horse. There were two such enormities in the world. Again and again, I looked inside the stalls to solve the mystery of what a horse was.

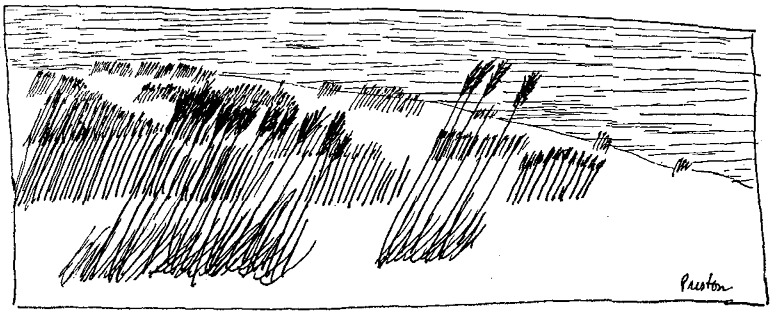
What I could see in its entirety because it was inanimate was the vegetable wagon, which was really a stagecoach. I climbed up a wheel and into the seat. I opened the compartments, drawers, and the many screened doors. A scale hung in back, and in front were reins and two long prongs.

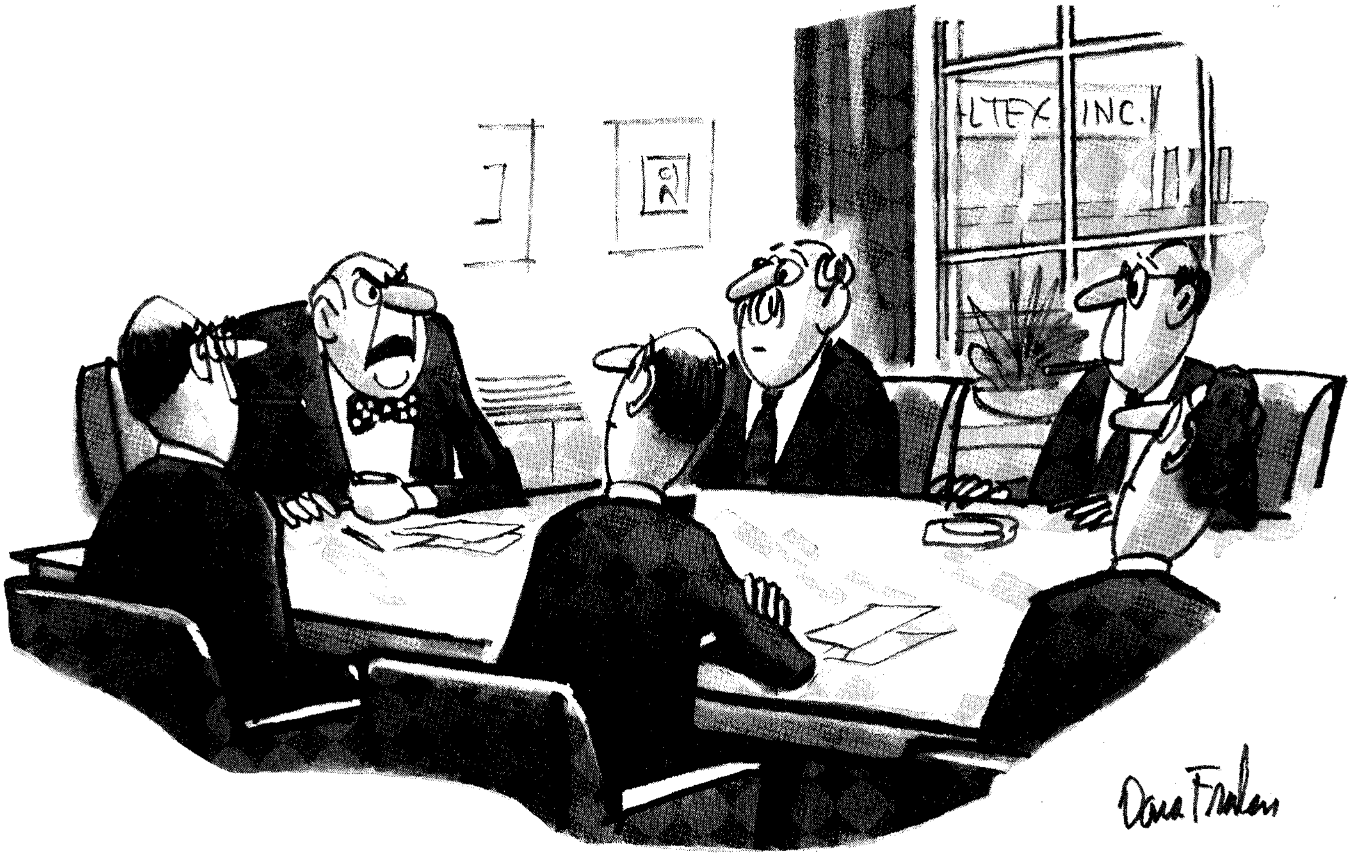
When at home I heard hooves clippity-clopping down our street, I ran to the upstairs window, and saw the two grandfathers and the two horses, which were contained between the prongs. They had blinders cupping their eyes. I had discovered the daily shape of horses. My mother opened the window, and she and I made up a song about grandfathers and horses; we sang it to them in the rhythm of hooves on the street:

Third Grandfather and Fourth
  Grandfather,
Where are you going?
Hooves clippity-clopping
  four by four,
Where are you going?

"We're going to the north side to sell lettuce," they said. Or, the horses facing another direction, "We're going to the feed store," or "We're going home." "We're going on our route of demonesses." The grandfathers could understand demon talk; they told us how the white ladies praised the tomatoes all the same size. "Allee sem," said the demonesses.

Sometimes, under our very windows, the grandfathers would fit nosebags of oats over the horses' muzzles. The water for the horses had run into two buckets from a block of ice that sat melting in the middle of the wagon. The grandfathers sprinkled the vegetables with a watering can while the horses drank. Neighbors who had waited until late in the day for bargains circled the wagon, looked shrewdly through the screens at the red, yellow, and green vegetables. The god with





“The public be damned! And, come to think of it, you guys be damned, too!”

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the gourd had a gourd like the ones the grandfathers sold. At New Year’s, tangerines hung by the branch from the roof of the stagecoach, and in the fall persimmons. In summer, the grandfathers sold watermelons, which grew in China, too—only there the meat was light pink, and nobody we knew had ever tasted it, because it was so expensive, sold by the slice and sitting in the sun all day at market among the flies. A railing along the top of the stagecoach kept the sacks of potatoes and yams from rolling off. Our family got what remained for free.

One time, I went to the shed to have a look at the horses, and they were gone. “Where are the horses?” I asked. “They’re gone,” said both my parents with no surprise or emphasis. Not satisfied with the answer, I asked them again and again. Such vastness could not possibly have disappeared so completely. But they said, “They’ve been gone a long time.” I walked inside each bare stall.

“Where are the horses? Where are they?”

“No more horses.”

“What happened to them?”

“They’ve been gone for a long time.”

No explanation.

Did they trot away down the street without the stagecoach and the grandfathers? Time must have gone by, then, since I’d last come to visit them. It must have been later, a last time. I looked inside the first stall, looked again in the other one, but found no aliveness there, bright now and not dark with horses. I could see boards and into corners—no vestige of horses, no hay spilling over the troughs, not a single yellow straw sticking out of a crack, the floor not covered with straw and horse shit, everything swept clean. Manure pile gone. Later, I looked for proof of horses, and found it in the family album, which has photographs of horses with blinders, though the men standing in front of the wagons are not the grandfathers but the uncles—the same ones who later had their pictures taken with cars and trucks.

The stagecoach was still there. I sat in the seat, shook the reins, and looked in the distance for Indians and bison.

One day, Sahm Goong, Third Grandfather, came to our house alone, and he said to my mother, “Say Goong is standing in the stable.”

“No,” said my mother. “He’s dead.”

“He’s in the stable. I saw him. I left him there just now, standing by the wall near the door.”

“What was he doing?”

“Just standing there. Not working.”

“You know he’s dead, don’t you?”

“Yes. It must be his ghost standing there. He comes to visit me every day.”

“What does he have to say?” she asked.

“Nothing. I talk to him, but he doesn’t answer.”

“You tell him to go home,” said my mother. “Scold him. ‘Go home!’ Loud. Like that. ‘Go home, Say Goong!’ ” They both called him that name, even though he was my fourth grandfather, not theirs.

Sahm Goong walked back home. He sat on a crate in the empty stable, the gray floorboards awash with afternoon sun. There, in the shade beside the door, stood his brother.

“How nice of you to visit me again,” said Sahm Goong.

Say Goong did not reply. He was wearing his good clothes, his new bib overalls, a white shirt, a tie, his cardigan, and his cloth cap, which he had worn when working in the yard or driving the stagecoach.

“Sit down,” invited Sahm Goong, but his brother did not want to. His body could not be seen through, and he was not floating; he had his feet on the floor. The high work shoes were polished.

Third Grandfather stood up and

walked over to Fourth Grandfather, the two of them the same size. They did not touch each other. "I am very well, you know," the live grandfather said. "My health is good. Yes, the rest of the family is fine, too. Though there are a lot of girls. We're all well."

Say Goong did not say a thing.

Sahm Goong walked sideways and examined him in profile; he certainly looked as usual. Then Sahm Goong sat down again, looking a moment into the garden. When he looked back, his brother was still there—no shimmering, no wavering, just as solid and real as ever before. The two brothers stayed with each other until suppertime. Then Sahm Goong went in the house to cook and eat.

After dinner, he took his flashlight and went again into the shed. He shone it into the place where the ghost had been. He was still there. He turned off the flashlight, so as not to glare it in his face, and sat in the dark with his brother. When he felt sleepy, he said, "Good night," and went back up to bed.

The next morning, he ate breakfast, then watered the yard, and left the hose trickling. He went into the stable and did not see his brother, but the next time he checked, there he was again. Again he sat with him for a while. Then he got up and looked into the familiar old face. They were alike, two wispy old men, two wispy old brothers.

"Do you need to say something to me?" Sahm Goong asked.

The ghost did not answer.

"You don't have something to tell me, then? No message?" Sahm Goong paced about.

"What are you doing here? What do you want?" He waited for a reply. "Why are you here?" he asked again and again. "What do you want to say to me?"

But Say Goong's ghost said nothing.

"It's time to go home, then," said Sahm Goong. He said it louder. "Go home! It's time for you to go home now. What's the use of staying here anymore? You don't belong here. There's nothing for you to do here. Go home. Go back to China. Go."

There did seem to be a flickering then. All was still—no sound of bird or toad, no aroused insect, only the humming that could have been the new refrigerator. "Go home," Sahm Goong said sternly. "Go back to China. Go now. To China." His voice was loud in the bare shed.

As if the vehement voice had filled the space he had been using, Say

DREAM FLIGHT

(Hawaii to Salt Lake City)

Mid-January, leaving Honolulu, we are all tanned and strange
with our secrets tucked away
under seats. Pillows spill from overhead. We lean into them,
as into clouds, and safely
sail past Pearl Harbor, a submarine and wake clear below

but inexplicable as history, or even our mute, cramped selves.
Over coral and mild miles of
sea dreaming, I wonder how men and women survive and explain
this world so vastly lavish.
Who are we, so constant in our going down, our rising up?

What news do we cart through the void above the cruising
unbreakable shadow of our United
hunchback? We feel in its low roar we can climb above all,
do, and light is shattering.
Many watch movies between worlds, but some glide in thought,

in the hiss of space where nothing is known except the selves
who sit, exiles of speech, humps
of flesh and fear and hope, unable for a long time to alight.
We see no streetlights, cars, roads,
no hills, no bowl of starhouses to remind us of anyone's life

in the home we dream. Great fish, down there, nose through
whatever falls on a wind
of water. In their lives there is nothing unremembered or known.
They go no place in love
or joy. If there is a shadow they enter it and become it

without fear, without knowledge that what they are always in
is themselves, that harmony.
Dreaming of fish, I drift: I imagine the loved ones we fly to,
the car that is waiting, soft
questions from runway to house. They do not want our secrets

exactly, only what we have bagged and brought back, the gifts
for children, what may be kept
from that other, illusory world. Coming home half asleep,
I remember faces I have left,
and left before, their quick eyes in love with whatever rises

out of a place not even dreamed, a word only, like sunlight.
Yet somehow I feel, floating,
I have become a bad gene they already harbor without knowing.
Mid-sea, ungrounded, I see
the plane move backward to start over. Snow smothers the peaks

of Utah, home valleys dark as the volcano on the big island
of Hawaii, where I have not yet
gone. Houses sunk and dormant seem to erupt in the black.
I stand at my child's window,
3 A.M., shadowy as a shark, from home light about to fly far

over the black bottomland that once was ancient Lake Bonneville.
Newspapers say the Salt Lake is
rising, the airport will go first, floodcrest only one, maybe
two thousand years off. Our
houses will become the spewn gray mist. I feel in my body

bodiless ancestors claw to a rock under star-spillage. I see
one who is speechless, a woman,
has just buried her children asleep in a mound of wool. Silver
currents of breath eddy from
faces small by the fire. She squints into the heartquaking

ripple of wind. It makes her eyes water for a man absent, loved.
Once he lifted her bonnet
by a pond and the sun flamingly poured. She felt herself charred.
Now she wonders what he has
discovered down there in the salt dark, blinks, shakes it off,

and tries, expressionlessly, to remember a day she pleased him.
They breasted the snow. He
roared for delight. The white spume was like clouds. She feels
unlike all others. Her prayer,
when it comes, comes wordless. It flickers from the fire, star,

and spruce, from the orange head-crowns of children growing fast.
It holds the land, unblooming, where
below she will walk, flinging seed from her pocket. Hard ground
waits unhoused like no-place.
Why, then, do tears glide? Does she feel she has already slipped

under the far black plain of air? On the rock she sits ghostly.
I, too, have stood and sat
in starless air, dizzied. I could not understand the enormous
roar like selves disembodied.
And once at my child's window heard it, saw a doe's uplifted face

swimming toward me in the yard's snow, ice-legged, and I felt
at my back some houselight
slowly spill into her knowing until she walked it and came near
and knew me there, all secret.
I put my hand on the sealed glass and hand-shadow fell into her

living so it lay upon her one great leap. I went with her, in dark.
Among fliers head-cradled I
see how a moment of joy looks in and out, always untold, always
known less than fully by anyone
who stands hard on the earth. But how say such a bitter thing

and not turn the worm that nightlong lies in the waiting hearts?
In time we feel ourselves shaken,
bells ring, we strap our bodies down. We look in the dark for
the place we must descend to.
So much pressure makes us believe we may not be the dreamed ones,

but, more than ever, we are. We remember what we have left behind,
yet try to think of naming
the little we bring for those we bring ourselves back to. We say,
as we must, everything was just
as dreamed: trees with houses living in their limbs, dreamed fish

and fruit to be freely picked, bird song and a horizon brilliant
as gold snow, a language of song
wonderful as natives whose skins stay honeyed in the mind, and rain
pouring like prayer its wild
surfeit on night-sleep. And from bags will come, like selves

promised, dresses of flowered silk, toys, figures slowly honed
from the visions of a blind
Chinese father, a hand-carved unleaping deer, a chain of sweets,
coral, snapshots of the black
self-sealed volcano. These ask for no explanation and give none.

They unfold the fullness of themselves, they stand in our houses,
on shelves, face up under stars.
They warn no one of anything, being dreamless, being only what
shines in the light of the world,
sent down, as we have been, into the black ancient lake of air.

—Dave Smith

Goong disappeared. He had been startled away, reminded of something. He did not come back again. Later, Sahm Goong couldn't say whether he had been looking directly at his brother at the moment of disappearance. He might have looked aside for a second, and when he looked again Say Goong was gone. A slant of light still came in at the door.

Then Third Grandfather, too, disappeared, perhaps going back to China, perhaps dead here like his brother. When in later years their descendants came to visit us from Canada and Boston, we took them to the place where the two grandfathers had had their house, stable, and garden. My father pointed out where each thing had stood: "They had two horses, which lived in a stable here. Their house stood over there." The aunts and uncles exclaimed, "Their horses were here, then," and said it again in English to their children. "And their house over here." They took pictures with a delayed-shutter camera, everyone standing together where the house had been. The relatives kept saying, "This is the ancestral ground," their eyes filling with tears over a vacant lot in Stockton. The women called their visit by the word used to refer to the special and rare occasions when a married daughter visits her mother.

Third Grandfather had a grandson whom we called Sao Elder Brother to his face, but for a while, behind his back, Mad Sao, which rhymes in our dialect. Sao firmly established his American citizenship by serving in the United States Army in the Second World War, and then sent for a wife from China. We were amazed at how lovely and kind she was, even though picked sight unseen. The new couple, young and modern ("*mo-dang*"), bought a ranch house and car, wore fashionable clothes, spoke English, and seemed more American than us.

But Sao's mother sent him letters to come home to China. "I'm growing old," she said, or the hired letter writer said. "If you don't come home now, you'll never see me again. I remember you, my baby. Don't wait until you're old before coming back. I can't bear seeing you old like me." She did not know how American he had looked in his Army uniform. "All you're doing is having fun, aren't you?" she asked. "You're spending all the money, aren't you? This is your own mother who rocked you to sleep and took care of you when you were

"Madeline plays strictly for her own amusement."

sick. Do you remember your mother's face? We used to pretend our rocker was a boat like a pea pod and we were peas at sea. Remember? Remember? But now you send paper boats into my dreams. Sail back to me." But he was having his own American babies yearly—three girls and a boy. "Who will bury me if you don't come back?" his mother asked.

And if she wasn't nagging him to return, she was asking for money. When he sent photographs of the family with the car in the background, she scolded him: "What are you doing feeding these girls and not your mother? What is this car, and this radio? A new house. Why are you building a new house in America? You have a house here. Sell everything. Sell the girls, and mail the profits to Mother. Use the money for ship fare. Why are you spending money on photographs of girls? Send me the money you give the photographers so I can send you *my* picture, the face you've forgotten." She did not know that he owned his own camera. His family was one of the first to own a shower, a lawn, a carport, and a car for passengers rather than for hauling.

"You're doing everything backward," his mother wrote. "I'm starving to death. In the enclosed picture, you can see my bones poking through the skin. You must be turning into a demon to treat a mother so. I have suffered all my life; I need to rest now. I'll die happy if you come home. Why don't you do your duty? I order you to come back. It's all those daughters, isn't it? They've turned your head. Leave them. Come back alone. You don't need to save enough money to bring a litter of females. What a waste to bring girls all the way back here to sell anyway. You can find a second wife here, too. A Gold Mountain Sojourner attracts ten thousand rich fat women. Sell those girls, apprentice the boy, and use the money for your passage." Of course, though Mad Sao favored his son, there was no question but that, being very American, he would raise and protect his daughters.

"Let me tell you about hunger," wrote his mother. "I am boiling weeds and roots. I am eating flowers and insects and pond scum. All my teeth have fallen out. The army drafted the ox, and soldiers took the pigs and chickens. There are strangers in the orchard, eating the fruit in its bud. I tried to chase them away. 'We're hungry. We're hungry,' they kept explaining. The next people through here will gnaw the branches. The sly villagers are hoarding food, begging it and hiding it. You can't trust the neighbors. They'd do anything. I haven't eaten meat for so long I might as well have become a nun who's taken a vegetable vow. You'd think I'd be holy by now and see miracles. What I see are the hungry, who wander lost from home and village. They live by swindling and scheming. Two crazed villages are stealing a dragon-king statue from each other. It goes back and forth, and whoever's doorstep it lands on has to pay for a party. There's no goodness and wisdom in hunger. You're starving me. I see you for what you are—an unfaithful son. Oh, what blame you're incurring. All right, don't bring yourself to me. I don't need a son. But send money. Send food. Send food. I may have been exaggerating before, but don't punish me for playing the boy who cried wolf. This time, there really is a wolf at the door."

He shut his heart and paid his house mortgage. He did nothing for her, or he did plenty and it was not enough.

"Now we're eating potato leaves," she wrote. "We pound rice hulls into paste and eat it. At least send money to bury me." (Oh, the terror in "bury," the sound of the dirt packing the nose, plugging the eyes and mouth.) "I've wasted my life waiting, and what do I get for my sacrifices? Food and a fat old age? No. I'm starving to death, alone. I hold you responsible. How can you swallow when you know of me?" Some letters were long and some short. "The beggar children who came to the door on your sister's wedding day were the worst-looking beggars in many years," she wrote. "Give them food? Huh. I should have kidnapped them and sold them. Except that people don't buy children anymore—not even boys. There's a baby on the rich family's doorstep every morning. Oh, it's so pathetic. The mother hides behind bushes to watch the rich lady bring the baby inside. There are people eating clay balls and chewing bark. The arbor we sat under is gone, eaten. No more fish in the rivers. Frogs, toads—all eaten. I am so tired. I can't drive the refugees off our property. They eat the seeds out of the dirt. There'll not be a harvest again."

Other relatives wrote letters about their hunger: "We'd be glad to catch a rat, but they're gone, too," a cousin wrote. "Slugs, worms, bugs—all gone. You think we're dirty and depraved? Anything tastes good fried, but we can't buy oil." "We're chewing glue from hems and shoes," wrote another cousin. "We steal food off graves if people are rich enough to leave some. But who tends the dead anymore?" "Starving takes a long time." "No more dogs and cats. No more birds. No mice. No grasshoppers." "We've burned the outhouse for fuel. Didn't need it anyway. Nothing comes out because nothing goes in. What shall we do? Eat shit and drink piss? But there isn't any coming out." "I can't sleep for the hunger. If we could sleep, we'd dream about food. I catch myself opening cupboards and jars, even though I know they're empty. Staring into pots." "I searched under my own children's pillows for crumbs." "Soon I won't be able to concentrate on writing to you. My brain is changing. If only the senses would dull, I wouldn't feel so bad. But I am on the alert for food." "There are no children on some streets." "We know exactly which weeds and berries and mushrooms and toads are poisonous from people eating them and dying." "Fathers leave in the middle of the night, taking no food with them." "The dead are luckier."

When the relatives read and discussed one another's hunger letters, they said, "Perhaps it's more merciful to let them die fast—starve fast rather than slow." "It's kinder either to send a great deal of money or none at all," they said. "Do you think people really go into euphoria when they die of hunger? Like saints fasting?"

"How can you leave me to face famine and war alone?" wrote Mad Sao's mother. "All I think about is you and food. You owe it to me to return. Advise me. Don't trick me. If you're never coming home, tell me. I can kill myself then. Easily stop looking for food and die." "The neighbors heard rumors about food inland to the north," she wrote next. "Others are following an army their sons joined. The villages are moving. Tell me what to do. Some people are walking to the cities. Tin miners are coming through here, heading for the ocean. They spit black. They can't trade their tin or money for food. Rich people are throwing money into the crowds. I've buried the gold. I buried the money and jewels in the garden. We were almost robbed. The bandit used the old trick of sticking a pot, like his head, bulging against the curtain, and when I clubbed it it clanged. At the alarm, he fled. I had nothing to steal anyway."

Hearing that money couldn't buy food relieved Mad Sao of feeling so guilty when he did not send money.

"Since everyone is travelling back and forth, I might as well stay put here," wrote his mother. "I'm frightened of these hungry eaters and killer soldiers and contagious lepers. It used to be the lepers and the deformed who hid; now the fat people hide.

"Shall I wait for you? Answer me. How would you like to come home and find an empty house? The door agape. You'll not find me waiting when you get here. It would serve you right. The weather has changed; the

PLEASE HOLD RAIL
Chas Addams

world is different. The young aren't feeding the old anymore. The aunts aren't feeding me anymore. They're keeping the food for their own children. Some slaves have run away. I'm chasing my slaves away. Free people are offering themselves as soldiers and slaves.

"I'm too old. I don't want to endure anymore. Today, I gave my last handful of rice to an old person so dried up I couldn't tell whether it was man or woman. I'm ready to die."

But she wrote again: "The fugitives are begging for burial ground and make a cemetery out of our farm. Let them bury their skinny bodies if only they give me a little funeral food. They ask if Jesus demons have settled nearby; they drop the children off with them. If you don't have stories that are equally heartrending, you have nothing better to do with your money than send it to me. Otherwise, I don't want to hear about your mortgage payment or see photographs of your new car. What do you mean mortgage payment? Why are you buying land there when you have land here?

"If only I could list foods on this paper and chew it up, swallow, and be full. But if I could do that I could write your name, and you'd be here.

"I keep planning banquets and menus and guests to invite. I smell the food my mother cooked. The smell of puffed rice cookies rises from tombs. The aunts have left me here with the babies. The neighbors took their children with them. If they find food, they can decide then what to do with the children—either feed them or trade them for the food. Some children carry their parents, and some parents carry their children."

Mad Sao wished that his mother would hurry up and die, or that he had time and money enough to pay his mortgage, raise all his children, and also to give his mother plenty. He wanted to have an American life and a Chinese life. He wished the politics would change so that he could go to China for vacations.

Before a letter in a white envelope reached us saying that Sao Elder Brother's mother had died, she appeared to him in America. She flew across the ocean and found her way to him. Just when he was about to fall asleep one night, he saw her and sat up with a start, definitely not dreaming.

"You have turned me into a hungry ghost," she said. "You did this to me. You enjoyed yourself. You fed your wife and useless daughters, who are not even family, and you left me to starve. What you see before you is the inordinate hunger I had to suffer in my life." She opened her mouth wide, and he turned his face away not to see the depths within.

"Mother," he said. "Mother, how did you find your way across the ocean and here?"

"I am so cold. I followed the heat of your body like a light and fire. I was drawn to the well-fed."

"Here, take this, Mother," he cried, handing her his wallet from the nightstand.

"Too late," she said. "Too late."

With her chasing him, he ran to the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator. He shoved food at her.

"Too late."

Other people did not see her. All they saw was Mad Sao talking to the air, making motions to the air, talking to no voice, listening to someone who moved about, someone very tall or floating near the ceiling. He yelled and argued, talked and sobbed. He lost weight from not eating; insomnia ringed his eyes. That's when people began to call him Mad Sao.

He knew how his grandfather had helped Fourth Grandfather by scolding him on his way. "Go home, Mother!" he was heard to scold, very firm, his face serious and his voice loud. "Go home! Go back to China. Go home to China, where you belong." He went on with this scolding for days and nights, but it did not work. She never left him for a moment.

"I'm hungry," she cried. "I'm hungry." He threw money at her; he threw food at her. The money and food went through her. She wept continually, most disturbingly loud at night; though he pulled the covers over his ears and eyes, he heard her.

"Why didn't you come home? Why didn't you send money?"

"I did send money."

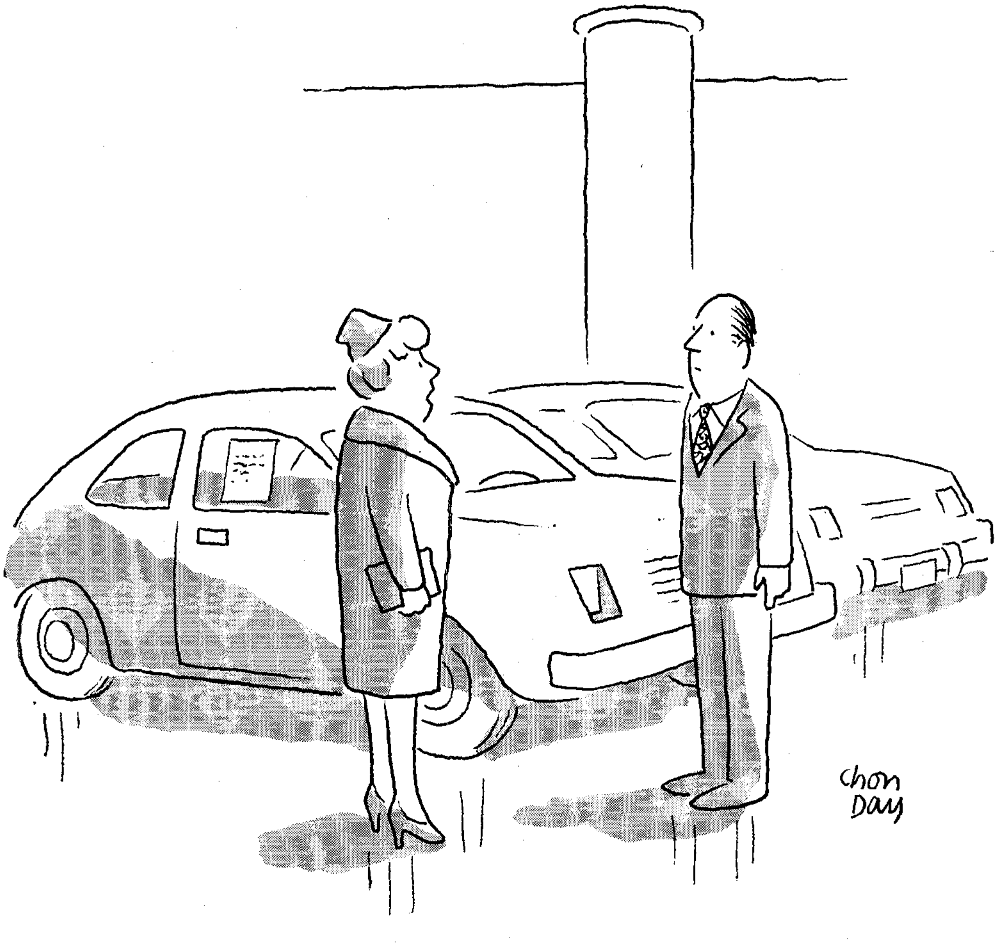
"Not enough."

"It's against the law to send money," he told her—a weak excuse. "But even so, I sent it. I'm not a rich man. It isn't easy in this country, either."

"Don't lie to me," she said. She pointed toward the kitchen—where the refrigerator and freezer were filled with food—at the furniture, the radio, the TV. She pointed with her chin, the way Chinese people point.

He tried to bribe her. "Since you're here, Mother, you may have all the food I have. Take it. Take it."

She could see her surroundings ex-



"How does it perform in adversity?"

actly, but though she could see food, she could not eat it. "It's too late," she mourned, and passed her hand through the footboard of his bed.

He drew his feet up. He could not bear it if she should pass her hand through his feet. His wife, in the bed beside him, saw him gesturing and talking, sleepwalking and sleeptalking, and could not calm him.

"I died of starvation," his mother said. She was very thin, her eye sockets hollow, like a Caucasian's. "I died of starvation while you ate."

He could not sleep, because she kept talking to him. She did not fade with the dawn and the rooster's crowing. She kept a watch on him. She followed him to work. She kept repeating herself. "You didn't come home. You didn't send money."

She said, "I've got things to tell you that I didn't put in letters. I am going to tell them to you now. Did you know that when children starve they grow coarse black hairs all over their bodies? And the heads and feet of starving women suddenly swell up. The skin of my little feet split open, and pus and blood burst out; I saw the muscles and veins underneath. One day, there was meat for sale in the market. But after cooking and eating it the villagers found out what it was—baby meat. The parents who had sold their children regretted it. 'We shouldn't have, we shouldn't have sold her,' they said. The rich people had bought the babies and resold them to butchers."

"Stop it, Mother," he said to the air. "I can't stand it anymore."

Night after night, she haunted him. Day after day. At last, one morning he drove his car to the bank. She sat in the back seat, directly behind him. He took a lump of money out of his savings. Then he ran to a travel agency, his mother chasing him down the street, goading him. "Look, Mother," he was heard to say, sounding happier as he showed her the money and papers. "I'll take you home myself. You'll be able to rest. I'll go with you. Escort you. We're going home. I'm going home. I'm going home at last, just as you asked. I'll take you home. See? Isn't it a wonderful idea I have? Here's a ticket. See all the money I spent on a ticket, Mother? We're going home together." He had bought an ocean-liner ticket for one, so it was evident that he knew she was a ghost. That he easily got his passport proves that he was indeed an American citizen and in good standing with the Immigration and Naturalization Service. It was strange that, at a time when Americans did not enter China, he easily got a visa also. He became much calmer. He did not suddenly scream anymore or cry or throw food and money.

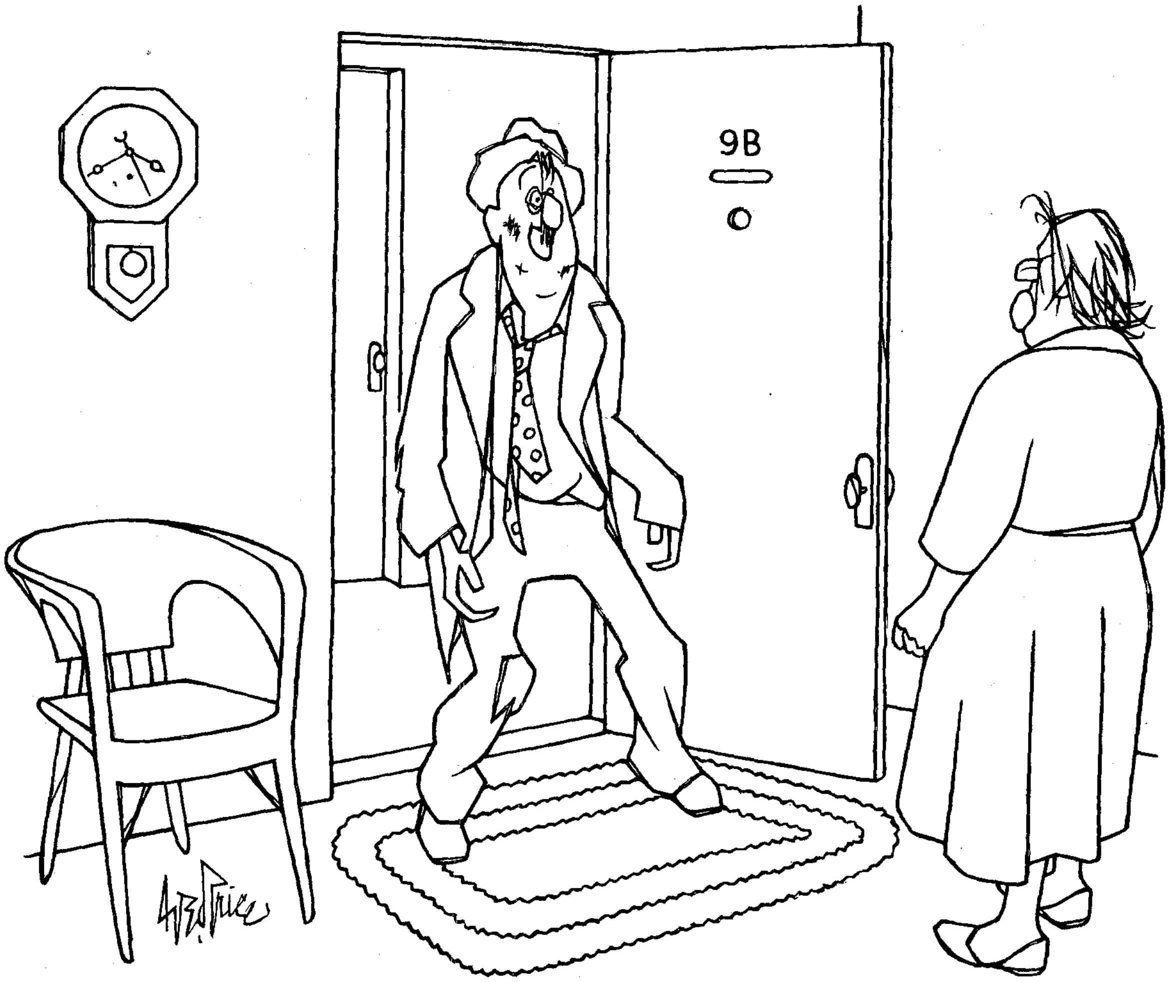
"Well, you were the only one who thought it a danse macabre. The rest of us had fun."

• •

The family told him that there were no such things as ghosts, that he was wasting an enormous amount of savings, that it was dangerous to go to China, that the bandits would hold him hostage, that an army would draft him. That he endangered all of us by applying for a passport; the F.B.I. would use our interest in China to prove our un-Americanness and deport us. The family scolded him for spending a fortune on a dead person; why hadn't he mailed her the money when she was alive if he was going to spend it anyway? Why hadn't he gone to see her earlier? "Why don't you give the money to some wretch instead of wasting it on a vacation for yourself, eh?" He reminded them of a ghost story about a spirit that refused ghost money but had to have real money. They shook their heads. When my father saw that Mad Sao would not be swayed, he bought two Parker 51 fountain pens for fifty-five dollars, kept one for himself, and told Mad Sao to deliver the other to a most loved relative in China.

Mad Sao packed a small bag, all the time talking: "See, Mother? We're on our way home now. Both of us. Yes, I'm going home, too. Finally going home. And I'm taking you home. We're together again, Mother." He hardly heard the live people around him.

All the way up the gangway, he was waving her on. "This way, Mother," he said, leading her by the hand or elbow. "This way, Mother. This way." He gave her his bed and his



"It's a long story, but it's got everything—mystery, suspense, intrigue, two extremely spirited confrontations—plus some bits of dialogue that I think will provoke a few chuckles."

• •

deck chair. "Are you comfortable, Mother? Yes, Mother." He talked to no other passenger, and did not eat any of the ship's meals, for which he had already paid. He walked the decks day and night. "Yes, Mother. I'm sorry. I am sorry I did that. Yes, I did that, and I'm sorry."

He returned his mother to the village. He went directly to her grave, as if led by her. "Here you are, Mother," he said, and the villagers heard him say it. "You're home now. I've brought you home. I spent passage fare on you. It equals more than the food money I might have sent. Passage is very expensive. Rest, Mother. Eat."

He heaped food on her grave. He piled presents beside it. He set real clothes and real shoes on fire. He burned mounds of paper replicas and paper money. He poured wine into the thirsty earth. He planted the blue shrub of longevity, where white carrier pigeons would nest. He bowed his forehead to the ground, knocking it hard in repentance. "You're home, Mother. I'm home, too. I brought you home." He set off firecrackers near her grave, not neglecting one Chinese thing. "Rest now, heh, Mother. Be happy now." He sat by the grave, and drank and ate for the first time since she had made her appearance. He stepped over the fires before extinguishing them. He boarded the very same ship sailing back. He had not spent any time sightseeing or visiting relatives and old friends, except for dropping off the Parker 51. He hurried home to America, where he acted normal, continuing his American life, and nothing like that ever happened to him again.

ANOTHER grandfather we had was Kau Goong, an ex-riverboat pirate, our grandmother's brother. When a neighbor boy called him Kau Goong, too, I saw rush across the old man's face pleasure at being called the Great Uncle, a title with loft, but he said, "I'm not *your* kau goong," scornful of an American boy, a Ho Chi Kuei, who did not know the titles. Kau Goong was the longest-lived and biggest human being I have ever seen, and my mother said that Grandmother had been the same size; in fact, this was her younger brother. He had to duck under doorways. We tied rags around the pipes in our basement to cushion him when he hit his head; we let strips hang down to warn him. He carried trunks, stones, trees, railroad ties. He was lucky, and won for us a TV set and a vacuum cleaner, which were raffled off at the Chinese Community Fourth of July Annual Picnic. He also gave us Nabisco wafers—one entire box for each kid. This same Great Uncle had been a murderer in Cuba and a second-story man in New York, a city he had climbed the way King Kong climbed the Empire State Building. That killing must have been done not in stealth but in a hand-to-hand fight—no weapons but his enormous hands. A second-story man, we learned, clamps his mouth shut when jumping, so that he doesn't bite his tongue off upon landing. He ate at our house and worked at our laundry without pay, doing the heaviest work, which was pressing overalls and Levi's. At night, he went back to his room at the Benevolent Association.

Another of his chores was to walk my youngest sister from kindergarten. Once when she had come home alone, a wino knocked all afternoon on the doors and windows. She barricaded herself under the dining table, with chairs tight all around. When we found her in there among the legs, she was still scared. After that, Kau Goong met her at school and walked her to the laundry.

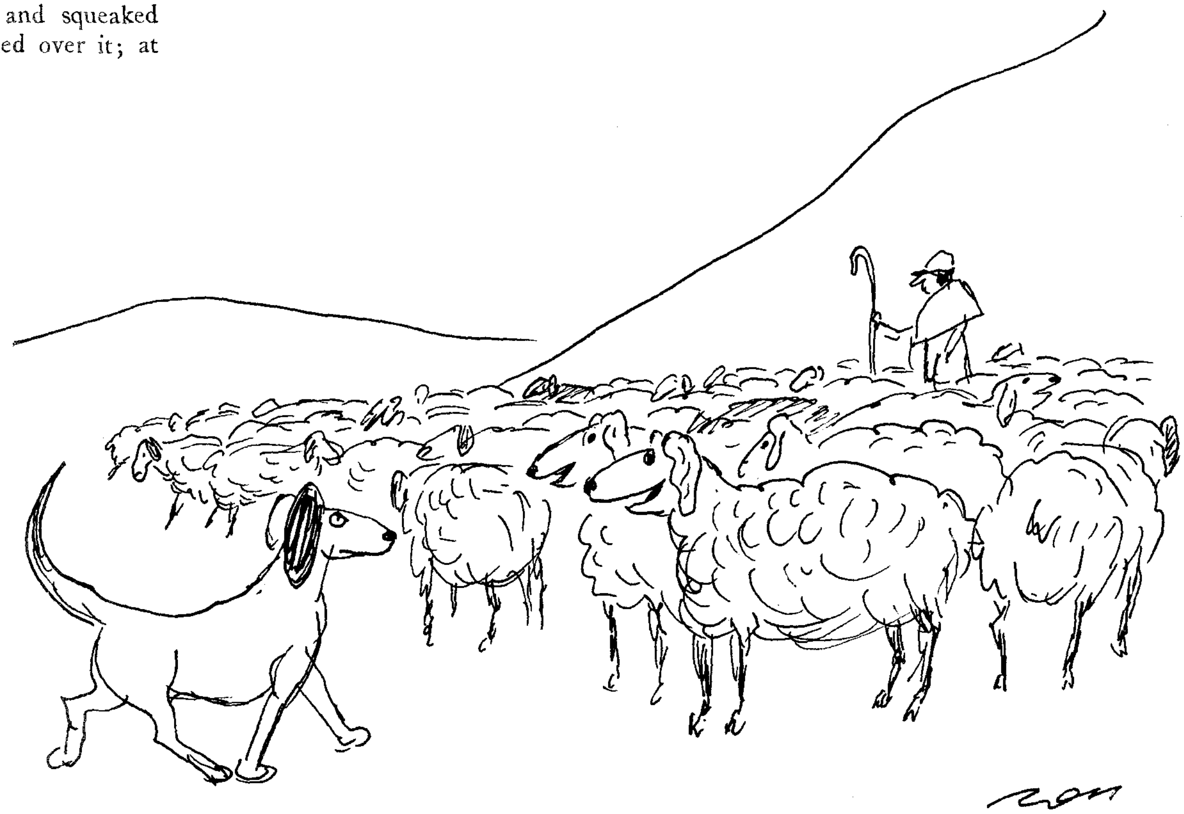
My brothers remember him as a generous old man; he took them to a smoking place, where men with silver and wood pipes gave them presents and praised them. The only time he spoke to me was to scold and to give orders. "Bad girl," he said.

There was a day when he was shouting for me, probably to do some chore: clean house or wash dishes, rinse the rice—some routine work, which I did not want to do. I did not want to hear him order me to make a phone call or address an envelope; I would not fill out a form or take something to the laundry or whatever. I did not want to see him or hear him or be in his bossy presence. I dashed downstairs into the basement, where I locked myself into the storeroom and sat on the stairs under the cellar door as if in "The Wizard of Oz." I liked hiding in the dark, which could be anywhere. The cellar door sloped overhead—almost a little room within the storeroom within the basement. I listened to footsteps above the ceiling beams. He would not come down to the basement, where he had to duck the pipes and walk stooped. I was safely tucked away among the bags of old clothes and shoes, the trunks and crates the grownups had brought with them from China, the seabags with the addresses in English and Chinese, the tools, the bags and bottles of seeds, the branches of seeds and leaves and pods hanging upside down, and the drying loofahs. Outside the cellar door, the pigeons purred, the chickens squawked, and a turkey or a dog, a rooster, a train made their noises. In the middle of the basement, the swing my father had hung from a beam bounced and squeaked when Kau Goong walked over it; at night, ghosts played on that swing.

I thought over useless things like wishes, wands, hibernation. I made decisions for London Bridge when the arms fell down and you had to choose: pie over cake, oranges over apples, green over blue, rivers over oceans, hail over rain. Basically, life was hot and cold, bright and dark, up and down, hard and soft, large and small; I needed to tune it on the side of warm, dark, down, soft, and small—oh, yes, near and far was another pair; I preferred near. Back and forth were not to be chosen between; they were like the daruma, the doll with the lead in its bottom which always rights itself when knocked down. An important toy. The first, and for a while the only, toy. At the point between back and forth, I saw a road and followed it. Sometimes at its end, on top of a hill, I found a house with all its doors and windows open to the air and light. Other times, the way was hedged with brilliant yellow flowers, and I arrived at a pyramid with little steps up to a door just my height. Rarely, everything rushed away into a white or occasionally yellow or sometimes blue star, the white star being the simplest and happiest. I talked to people I knew were not really there. I became different, complete, an orphan; my partners were beautiful cowgirls and also men, cowboys, who could talk to me in conversations. I named this activity Talking Men.

But today, interrupting the decisions, the movies, and the conversations was the stomping and roaring overhead: "Children. Children. Where are you?" Kau Goong sounded angry. But that was his usual voice. The basement ran the length of the house, and his footsteps went everywhere across the ceiling. He was stomping from room to room, opening and slamming doors—closet doors, too. I stretched my legs out on the cement and put one elbow on the highest step, my back against one wall and toes against the other. I belonged here; everything was my size. The air smelled of anise from the drying stalks. I tried returning to my mind movies, replaying the shows I liked best. But Kau Goong was calling out our names, one by one. I wondered where my brothers and sisters were; one of them ought to be answering by now. If one of them answered, Kau Goong would forget about me. But I heard no reply. Maybe they were hiding in other places—the ledge along the top of our neighbor's goose pen, which was roofless but tall enough so the lazy geese could not fly away; or under the grape leaves on top of the pigeon coop; or on top of the wardrobes, behind the boxes. We had many special places. My brothers and sisters were good at chores, too, but Kau Goong mostly called me because I was the oldest and took blames. His calling wove in and out of my movies. A long time had passed, and he was still calling. He did not give up. We had to be there somewhere; the front door had been open—that was how he had gotten in—and so somebody had to be home.

The longer he looked, I realized, the less plausibly I would be able to step out of the basement and say, acting natural, "Yes, Kau Goong, were you calling me?" I tried the appropriate facial expression—erased guile and worry from my face, and casually said, "Here I am." But then he would say, "Where have you been?" And then what would I say? I couldn't say, "I



"Morning, Chief."

was in the bathroom." He had checked every room. I couldn't say, "I was watering the yard," or "I was feeding the chickens and rabbits," because he had made the rounds of the yard, too. I had seen his legs at the basement windows.

Then his footsteps came across the kitchen and down the basement stairs. He would know I was in the storeroom—I had latched the door from the inside. Trapped. How dumb. Stupid. If he found me while I was doing something of use, like sweeping out the basement or restacking the lumber or roller-skating on the concrete or drawing on the walls, then all would have been right, but to be found doing nothing, to be found hiding, I could not explain. He walked past the storeroom door. Through its screen I saw him from the shoulders to the waist, his sleeves rolled up over his long arms. He growled; he lumbered past. I darted out of my corner, unlatched the door, and hid again. Even if he opened the door and looked in, maybe I could count on his eyes not being used to the dark. He walked to the end of the basement. He shouted into the corners. He walked over to the pile of sawdust, which we used to outline borders when we played Cities, walked around the Texas rice, the onion pile, the potato pile, and the woodpile of boards and railroad ties. The upright stakes were transfixing vampires. Over where there were treasures buried, underneath the front stairs (I had buried some myself in cigar boxes), he roared my name several times. I should either stay hidden or come out. Miraculously, he passed the door again without looking inside.

I didn't feel sorry for him, calling through an empty house, and it was not as if my name were a tether to me, but I got up, opened the door, and said to his big back, "Hello, Kau Goong. Did I hear you calling me?" Then scooted around him and ran up the stairs.

"Yes," he said. From the basement he would be able to see only my feet.

"Oh, here and there," I mumbled, in case he was saying, "Where were you?" "I was just on my way to finish my work," I said, sweeping something into the dustpan I'd grabbed.

He did not scold me for taking so long to answer. I must have fooled him.

When he was over ninety years old, and his forehead had grown very high, his wife, Great Aunt, who had never left China, wrote to him, "Now we're surely in our old age. Why don't you come back, and let's spend a few years together before we die." But in China he would have to have a hole drilled in his head and warm soapy water sloshed through—brainwashed into a Communist. He would have to stand up night after night without sleep, until his brain turned Communist. Great Aunt wrote, however, that the Communists had quit breaking up families; men no longer lived in separate houses from women. Some children had been taught to inform on their parents, but many were only pretending they'd do so. Now that families were reuniting, couldn't the two of them also meet again? "You only have a few years left anyway," she wrote, "so don't be afraid of plane crashes or ships sinking. Haven't you had your life of adventure? Now it's time to come home."

"What are you going to do?" asked my mother, who read him his letters.

"Who knows?" he roared, and stomped out of the house to his room at the Benevolent Association, so he wouldn't have to discuss this going back to China.

"What do you think he should do?" MaMa asked behind his back. "If he goes back to China, he'll see his wife again, but he may have to suffer Communism and famines. And we'll never see him again." We children thought about Kau Goong's finding his way street by street to an ocean, then over the Atlantic or the Pacific, then distinguishing the coast of Asia from that of Africa. Finding was a power not one of us had, and we had to go someday on that same quest for which our mother had made us memorize the directions in syllables. "If he stays here," MaMa analyzed, "he'll grow old and never see his wife again. But he'll always have food to eat." There was no question of Great Aunt's coming here; it was against the law to leave Communist China, and also against the law to enter the United States. "She's so old, too," MaMa said. "On the other hand, they saw each other when they were young and not again for the rest

"It's the most assertive thing I've ever done."

"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to Myers's Rum."

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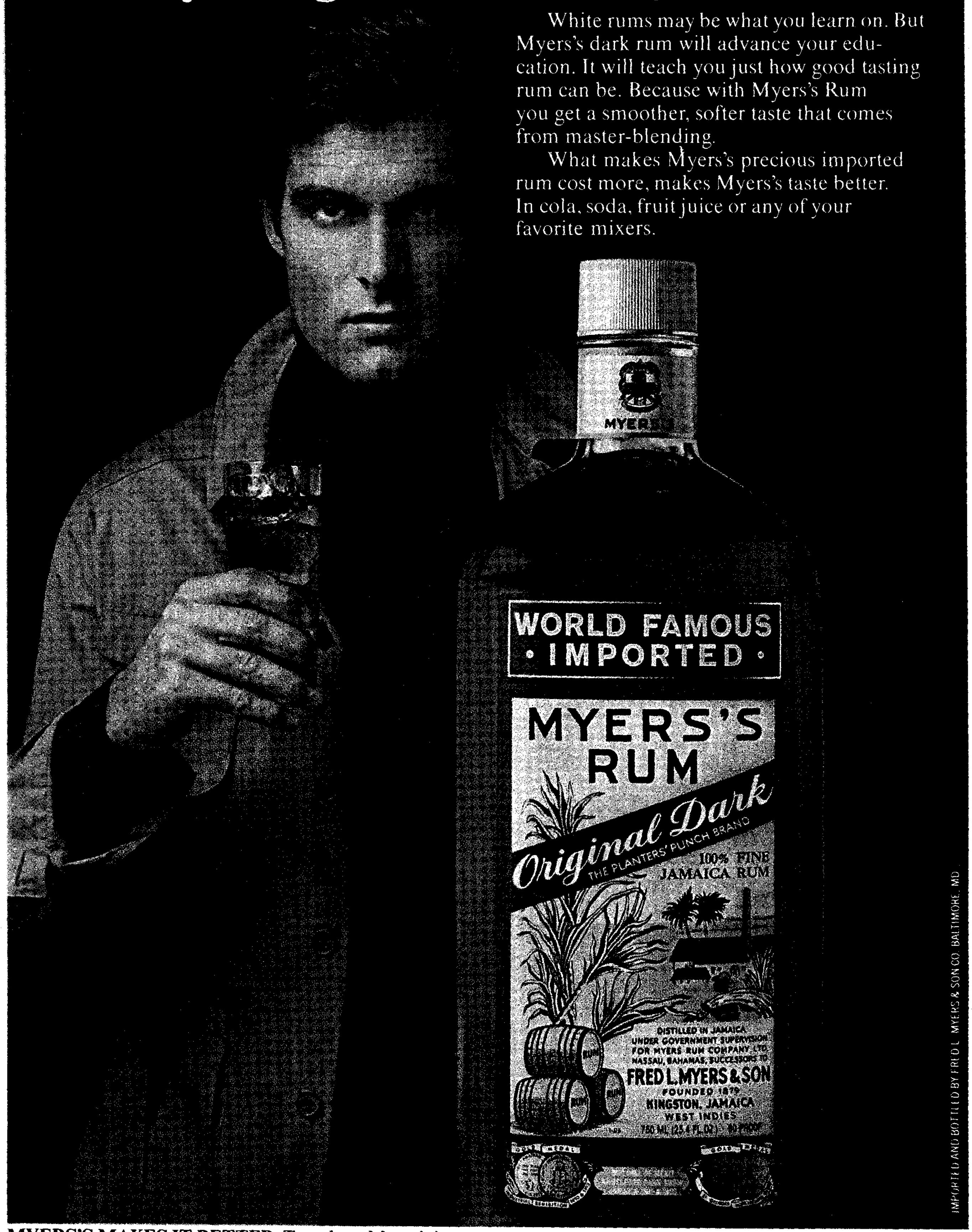
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of their lifetimes; what difference does it make if they don't see each other a little longer? It would only be a sentimental indulgence." "If," "old," "but"—terrible words. Two old people with a planet between them, and the planet unfathomable, with its hunger and wars and laws.

One day, MaMa said, "He ought to go back," and I did not see how she came to this conclusion, what bridges of reasoning she took to arrive at it, why this conclusion was better than the other possibility. It must have been Father who decided, and she was doing the announcing. "You must go back, Kau Goong," she said. "Here you're all alone. *What use are you here?*" She asked him several times, "What have you decided?" But his growl didn't sound like a yes or a no. He left the house without talking about the decision he had to make and did not visit again for a week or two.

Then she told us, "Kau Goong has decided he's not going back." "Never," "forever"—two more terrible words.

"Why?" I asked. "How did he decide that? Why? How come?"

So Great Aunt, who was also more than ninety years old, saved seventy-five dollars and bribed a farmer, who hid her under the potatoes in his cart and smuggled her out of Communist China. "I could hear the border guard talking with the farmer," she wrote. "They even talked about people hiding in sacks—under potatoes. 'Eyes among the eyes,' they said. Then they laughed, and we went on. A donkey drew the cart. I'm now in Hong Kong. You don't have to worry about Communists anymore. They're not of any consideration whatsoever. We can spend our old age in Hong Kong. I'll wait for you here." I wondered if she had been hiding under corn would they have said, "Ears among the ears," whether Chinese also think corn comes in ears. More weeks passed while the adults thought over this new development. He has to go now, I thought; he cannot leave her alone and old (and dying) in a foreign country. But Great Uncle, who was standing by the window, the profile of his big head against the glass and peach trees, the long tendons of his neck stretching, his big Adam's apple bobbing, said, "I've decided to stay in California." He said, "Califoon."

My mother wrote Great Aunt about the decision. Not much later, Great Aunt wrote that she had bribed another farmer to smuggle her back into China. Another seventy-five dollars. She said she was not going to spend the rest of

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her life alone in a strange city. Her return was a clue that Red China couldn't have been as horrible as everyone made out.

Not many years after his decision, Great Uncle grew shorter and thinner, though he was still bigger than most people. He did not appear for dinner one day, and he was dead.

We and the old men sat in rows at the funeral. Among the old men were: the storekeeper who had torn up his accounts and stopped keeping them when he saw he was not getting ahead, the deliveryman who whistled on leaves, the hatchet man who sang opera, the artist uncle who said how paper and pencil are cheap and how inexpensive it is to be an artist, the piano player who lived in the basement and played without depressing the keys so as not to disturb the people upstairs, the Old Man of the North disguised as Uncle Camel Face, the uncle who lived with the Mexican lady, and Uncle Bing Sun Who Laughed Twice (which rhymes). They wore their brown or blue jackets and sweaters; some took off their tweed caps and others kept them on. Only my father wore a matching suit. I thought about myself dying and about parents dying. We were the only children; the old men marvelled at children.

MaMa sat for a moment, then left and hurried back with four dented buckets filled with sand. She stuck incense sticks any old how into the sand and put the buckets around the coffin. She lit the incense and sat down, having filled the room with smells and broken up the symmetry of the demon mortuary, with its plain crosses. I looked at the mortician demons, who stood in the back of the room, to see if they were going to admonish her and remove the buckets. The coffin was brown and very long, as if it were made of doors nailed together. He was that tall; he was inside. One old man, then another one, stood up, walked in front of the coffin, and made a speech. They seemed to speak in a more difficult language than when talking to children; I did not understand most of what they said. Perhaps on this serious occasion they did not put things into many synonyms until they hit on one a kid could understand. I listened to find out more about Kau Goong's pillages, his plunders and sackings, and for some details about how he had killed a man, but they did not mention his crimes, though he was safe from deportation now. He was almost a hundred years old; Chinese live a long time—to do many things and to make

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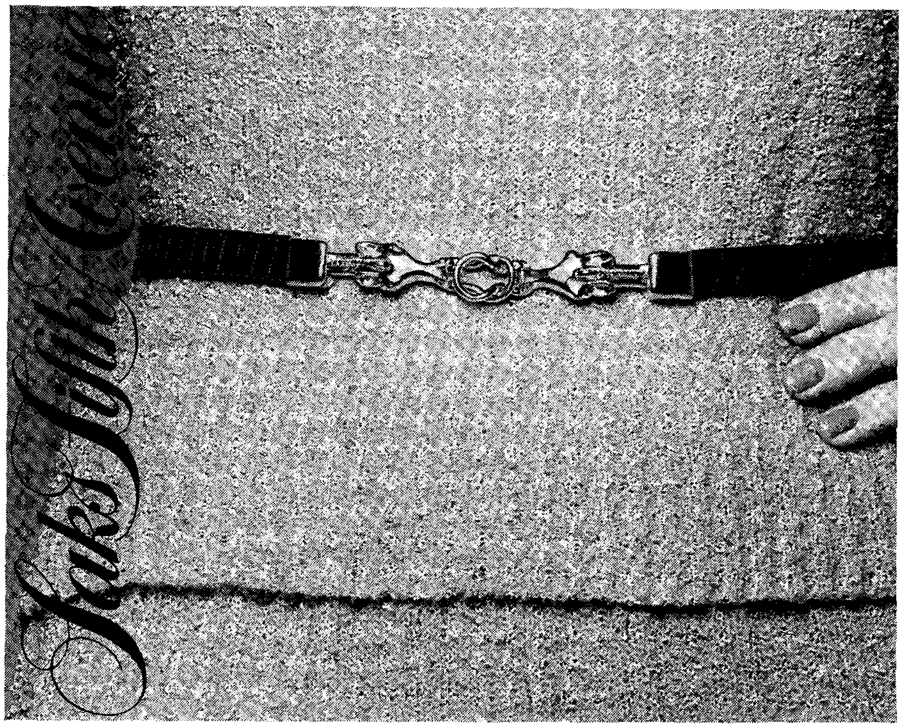
their ages span the legal immigration dates. The old men and a politician said how he had come to the Gold Mountain and stayed. He was a Gold Mountain Man. They said "Gold Mountain" a lot, "Gum Sahn" many times. "Long time Califoon," they said in English.

Mad Sao wept. I did not think that men had feelings; it was women who missed people, minded the distances, the time, and cared about whether or not they saw someone again. But Mad Sao was an unusual man.

After the speeches, the mourners got up to go, but when the demons saw everybody leaving they started nabbing pallbearers. We hadn't known we were to designate some. My parents asked the old men to carry the coffin, my father asking and my mother tugging them by the sleeves. They were doing us a favor saying yes, not wanting to do it, reluctant to associate with death. The white demons handed them white gloves, which the men shoved their splintery hands into. There must have been a demon taboo against touching a coffin with one's bare hands. Father, Mad Sao, and four men not in our family each took a coffin handle and, fumbling and stumbling, jostled it between the chairs and out the door. It wasn't like the processions in the movies but like moving furniture, some pallbearers facing forward and some backward, bumping out the door and down the steps, then lifting the big coffin into the hearse.

The limousine unfolded inside; jump seats came up out of the floor and the walls. My mother walked around to the windows in back—we were like the children who ride in station wagons—and gave us strips of white paper the size of dollar bills. "Throw this money out the window," she said, but she was unceremonious; I thought it would be better to dole the money out, scatter it at intervals along the way, not just dump it. "Use it up" was all she said. We would not have to save any of it. Luxury.

We divided the paper evenly among us. "Wait until the car starts, so that it'll fly," we instructed one another. When the car began to move, we flung out a few white bills, budgeting them so that we would not run out before reaching the cemetery. For lack of adult explanations, we children made up what was happening. "It's for him to spend in Heaven," we said. It may have also been for the waif ghosts lining the streets, or it may have been like a carrot on a stick to entice Kau



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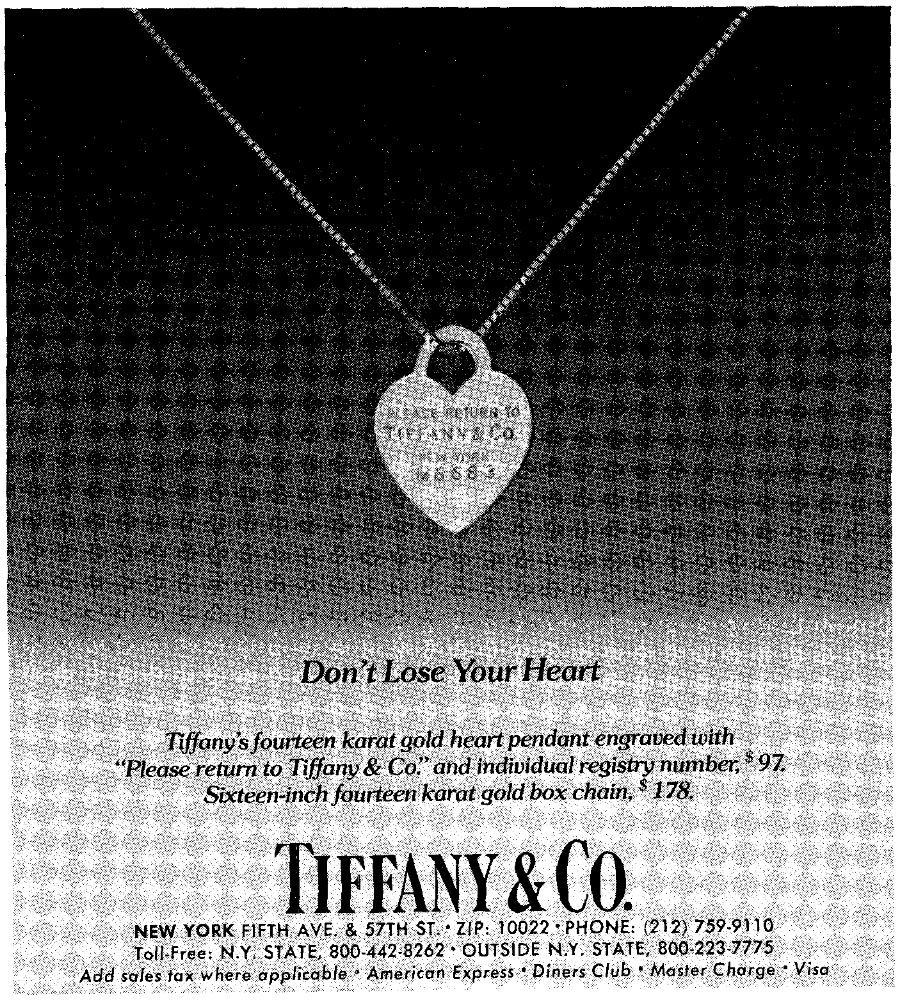

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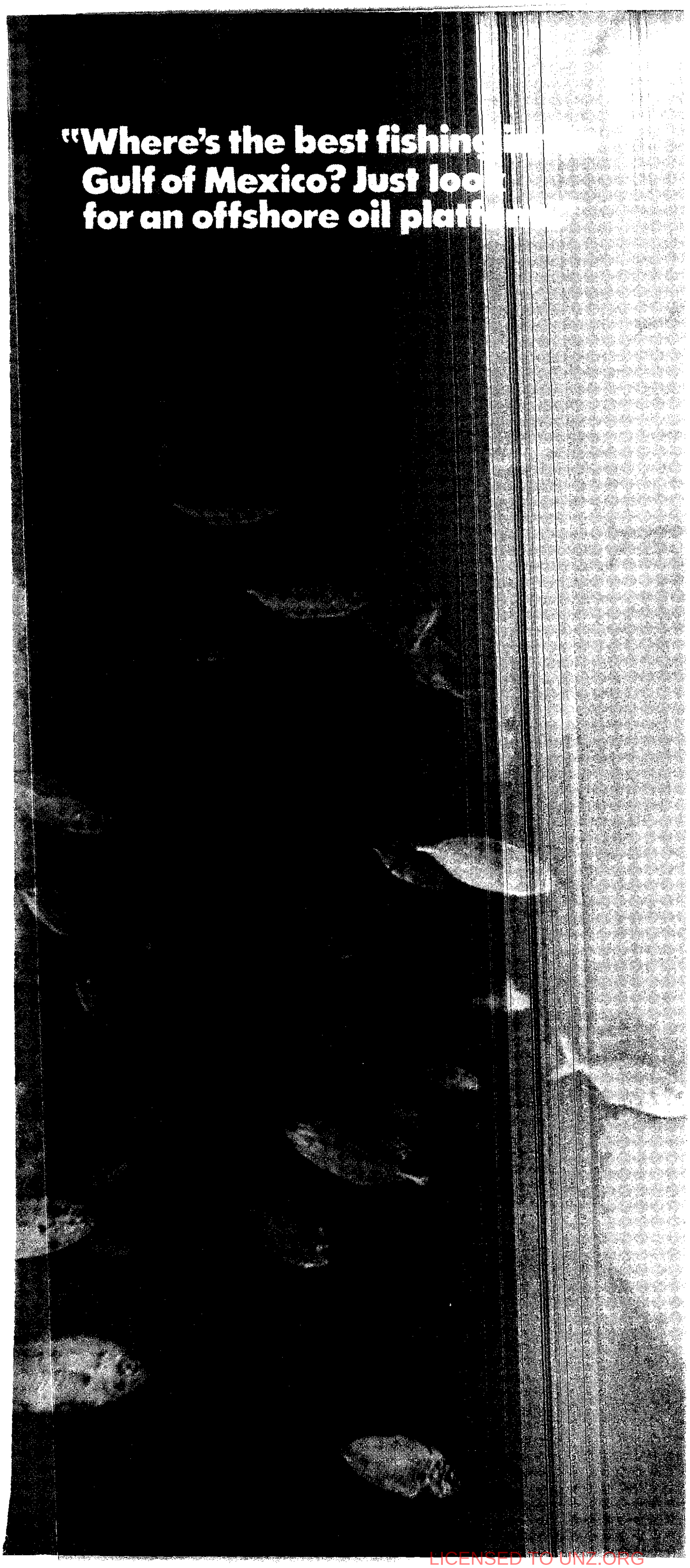

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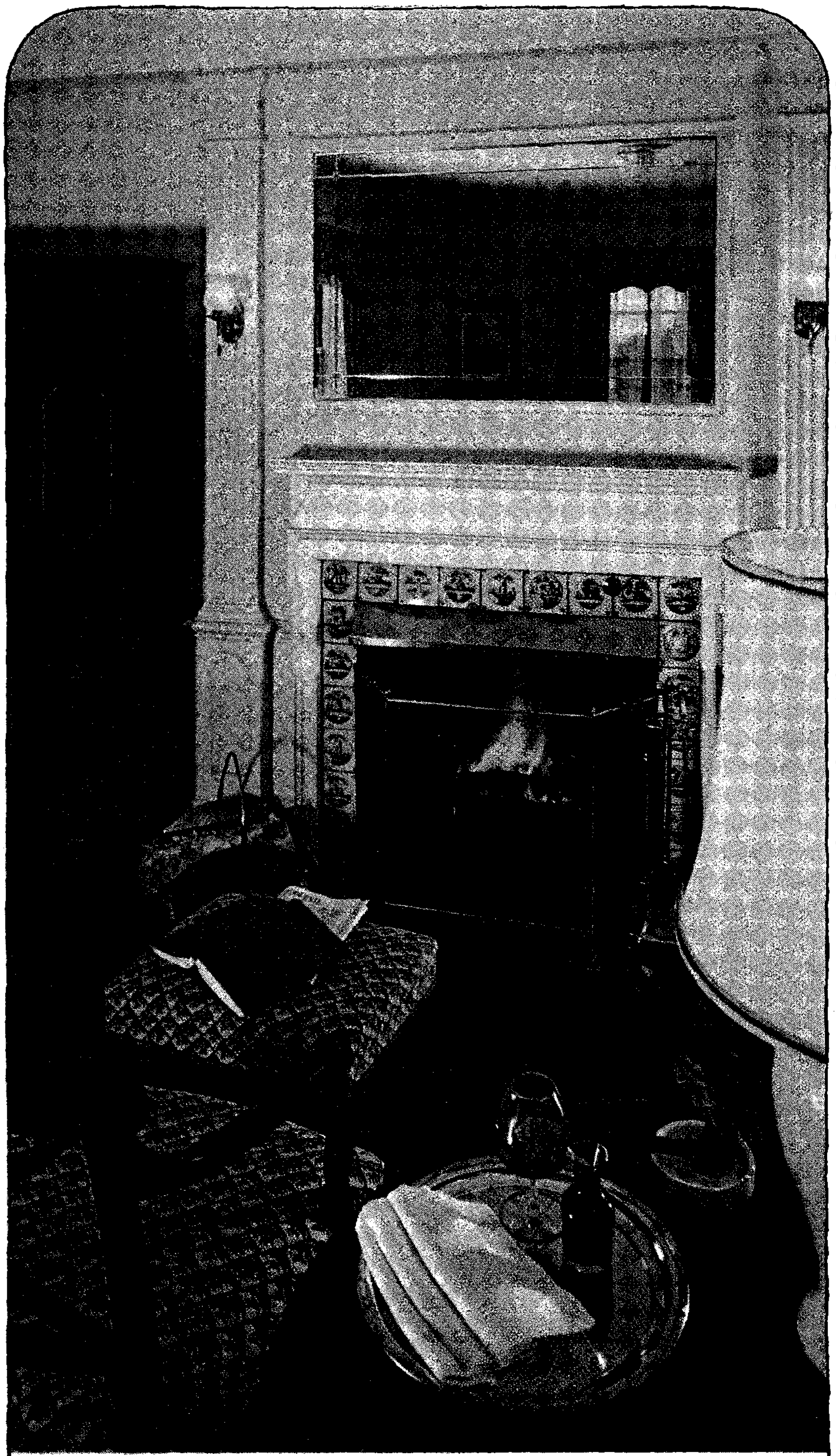
Goong, who was lingering behind or hovering overhead, to the cemetery. The hearse, the vegetable trucks, the pickup trucks, and Mad Sao's automobile moved in procession through Stockton. We drove to the places where Kau Goong went when he was alive, as if we were following him on his rounds, very slowly, as if gathering him in. His ghost was not to stay at the club where he smoked his water pipe, or at the school, where he waited to pick the youngest up. We drove to our house and paused there, engines running. Perhaps he'd come for his things: the trunk and wicker baskets that he had brought from China, his water gourd, his ceramic jug, the rags on the pipes, the TV set, the vacuum cleaner—that is, the invisible duplicates of these things—or he'd left some of his anima in them and was collecting that. "We're taking him on a last look," we explained to one another, "or we're looking for him."

We next drove to Chinatown, where we idled in front of the Benevolent Association. In the window of his room on the second floor, the gauze curtains were slightly parted and still. His room overlooked the square where the hoboes and winos slept under the palm trees. On one side of the square was the Chinese school, whose classrooms were also on the second floor; he had heard us at our lessons and seen us lean on the balconies. On the other side of the square was the Catholic church, where the hoboes and winos were lined up for lunch an hour ahead of time; a cop walked by with his dog, and the poor men stiffened to attention like an army. One of them drank water out of the gutter. Beneath Kau Goong's room was the store where the old men sat out on the sidewalk among the big tin cans full of tofu and bean sprouts and live snails and turtles; the bench between the parking meters was empty, the sitters being at the funeral. Next to the store was the closed-up place that used to be our gambling house. Next to that was the herbalist's, and at the corner was the Filipino grocery store. At the other corner was the demon liquor store all lit up, no matter what time of day or night; in the window a black Scottie and a white Scottie, run by batteries behind the cardboard, wagged their tails and tongues. A loudspeaker mounted above the door played country music loud enough for everyone to hear. We did not drive through the middle of Chinatown, which was the one block with the uncles' businesses on both sides of the street. The cars crossed Washington Street, and



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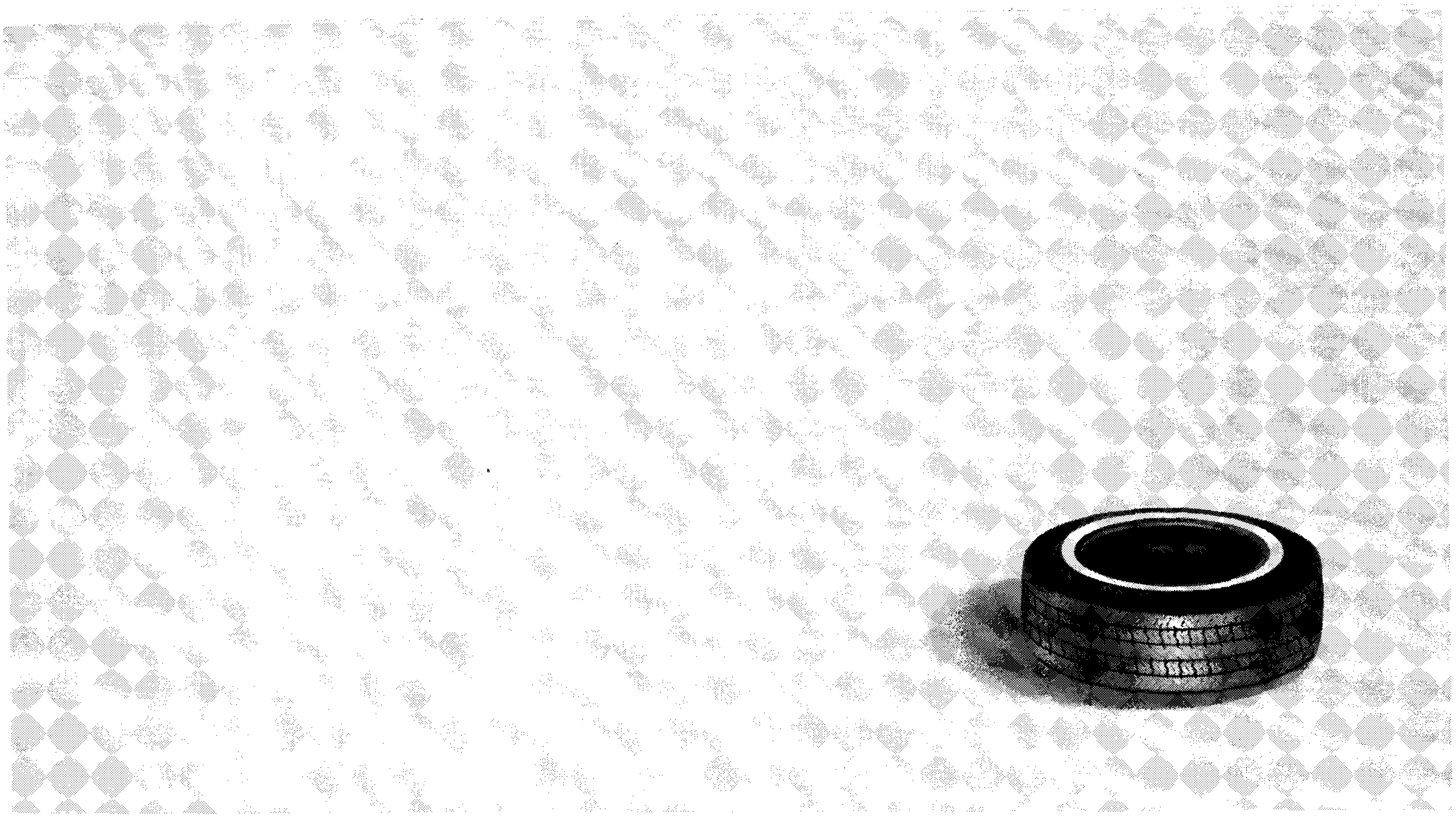

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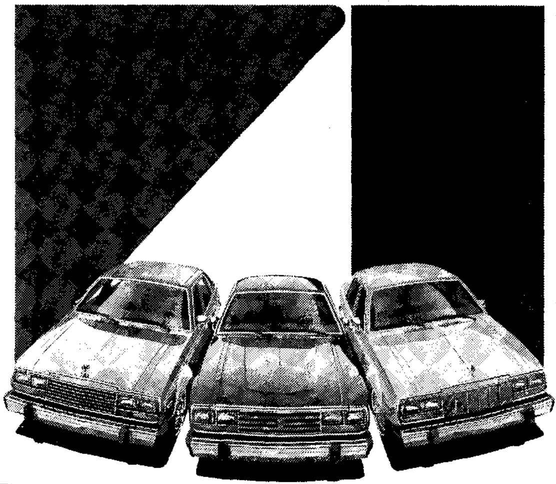

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from the intersection we looked down Chinatown at the grocery stores, the butcher shops, the shoe store, the restaurants, the candy-and-tobacco store. Leaving Skid Row, we drove to the laundry, where we slowed a moment and then sped on to the highway. The wind twisted the white money, pulled it out of our hands, and carried it away. It went whipping and spinning over the alfalfa fields, and caught in the fruit trees and the tumbleweed.

We stopped at the Chinese cemetery, which is not on a hillside in China but beside Interstate 5 on the flat San Joaquin Valley floor. The pallbearing uncles carried the coffin and lowered it into the grave. We may have been one man short, but a demon helped carry. The mortician demons threw their white gloves into the grave, and so the uncles did, too. As she does wherever she goes, my mother had brought food, which she arranged on the ground around the grave. It was like birthday food—the whole chicken, with its head thrown back and eyes closed; pork, beef, and vegetables. She filled a shot glass with whiskey; my father poured it into the grave and bowed three times. She refilled the glass and did that, too. Then, according to her directions, starting with my eldest brother, who was younger than I, and ending with the girls, each of us kids poured a glass of the amber and fumy whiskey into the blackening dirt and on the coffin and bowed three times. Whenever we had to do this bowing at political meetings or assemblies at Chinese school, we kids giggled. Now I felt my body slop and shuffle, lean crooked on one foot, like an informal American punk—there being something wrong with bowing, something embarrassing, awkward. Not looking at one another, we did some quick nods.

My mother burned Kau Goong's clothes and shoes in the black incinerator at the end of a row of graves. I looked inside the grate; I saw black shoes and red mouths, blood and eyes. She shut the lid before I finished looking. She gave us and the pallbearers red paper with money inside; it was to end the death and begin the luck again.

We went to the big expensive restaurant in the middle of Chinatown, where my parents ordered a moderate amount of food—not like the profusion at wedding banquets; I thought it typical of us to order stingily, but it was only lunch, and we had the grave food left over. As if there were no funeral

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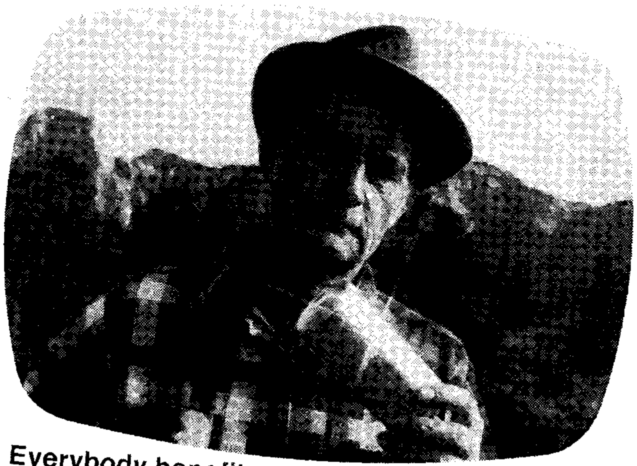

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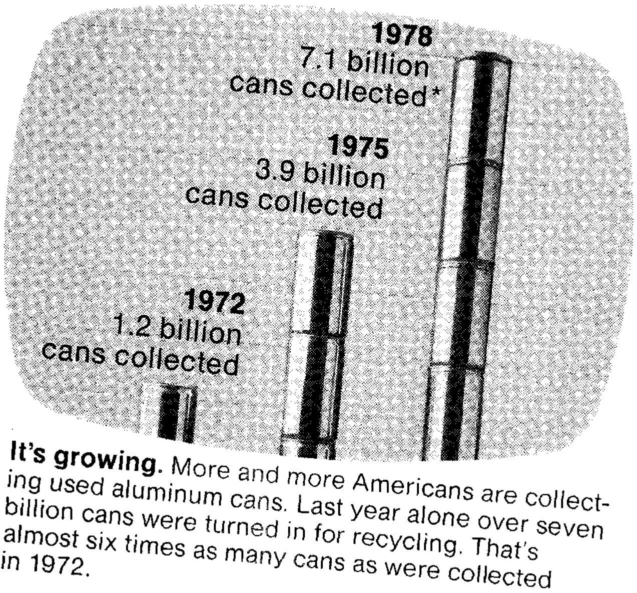

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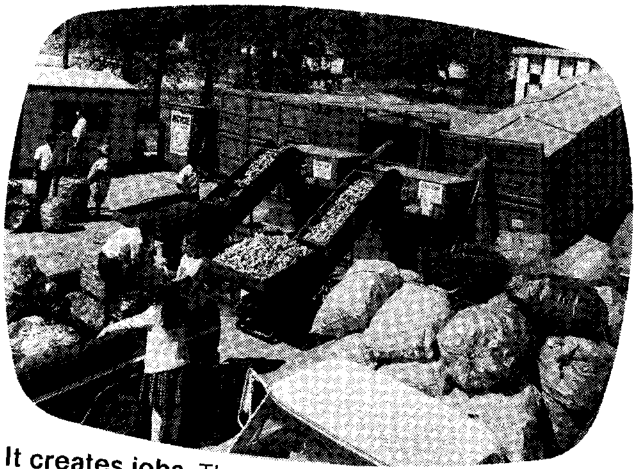

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a moment ago, the adults laughed, talked, ate.

When we got home, we did not burn a pile of leaves and newspapers at the curb. We were modern. We children had seen such piles, and women stoking them; when we asked, "Is it so that the ghost won't follow you in? Is it so that you're no longer contagious?" the adults would scold. "It's nothing. Don't talk about it." We went directly indoors—a relief not to be jumping over fire like Indians or Africans or South Sea Islanders in front of the neighbors and passersby.

That was the only time our family went to the cemetery. Other families go every year and even twice a year to bring food, flowers, and paper to their relatives. They eat with or for the dead. "Superstitious backward peasants," my parents say. "We don't have that custom in our family," MaMa says proudly. "Nothing happens to you after you die. You just disappear. No afterlife. Right?" "Right," says BaBa. We treat Kau Goong and any other grandfathers who may be in that cemetery like any American dead.

I had a dream about Kau Goong one morning. MaMa asked, "What did he say?" I couldn't remember and was tempted to make up something extravagant. "Sometimes there's a message," she said. In another family, a grandfather came to one of them in a dream and said that the kids were to bury their parents correctly, and after that they would be absolved of all duties to ancestors, since they were now Americans. —MAXINE HONG KINGSTON

•

ON THE MERIDIAN

Your feints are choreographed . . .
by the ice.
Cactus crowds the red ravine,
lightning bridges the mountains,
yesterday's sky slides in,
solidifying the props, like definitions:
white table with a pestle,
twin plates of shrivelled fruit,
salt rimming a glass.
Sitting back, carnation moon
in your lapel, irises changing
color to a metronome click,
you claim that fog carries
the brighter light, rising
behind you and following the slow
bend that rustles like a river
where there is no river.
The other light is still darkening—
the real moon, a half-moon,
making us see half of what we might be.

—NICHOLAS CHRISTOPHER

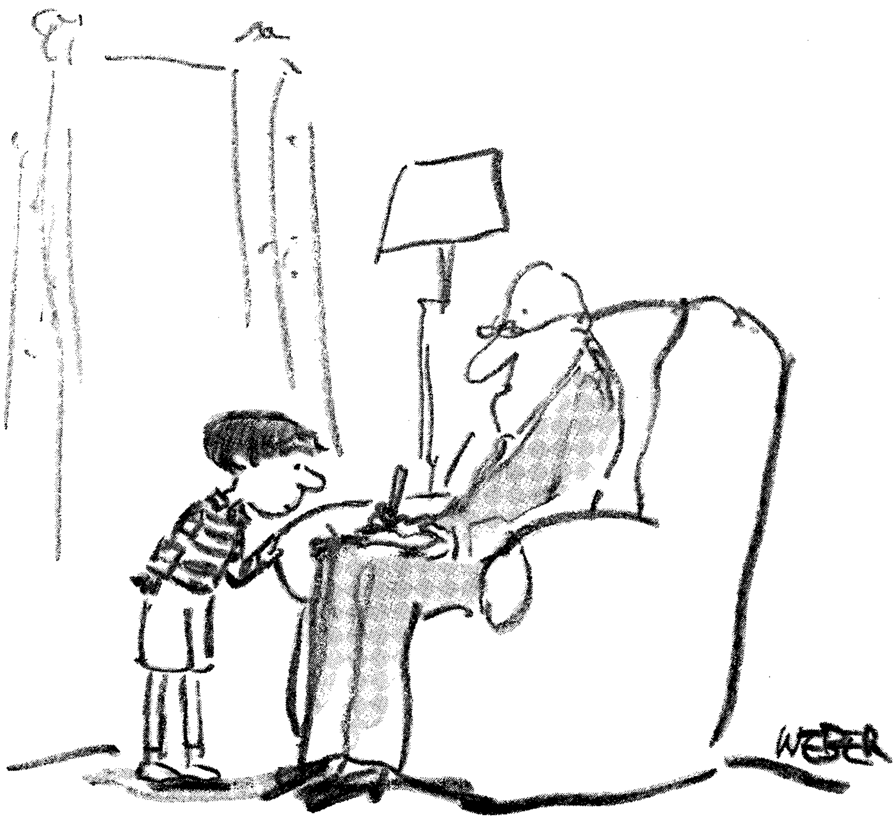
THE THEATRE

Out There and Down Here

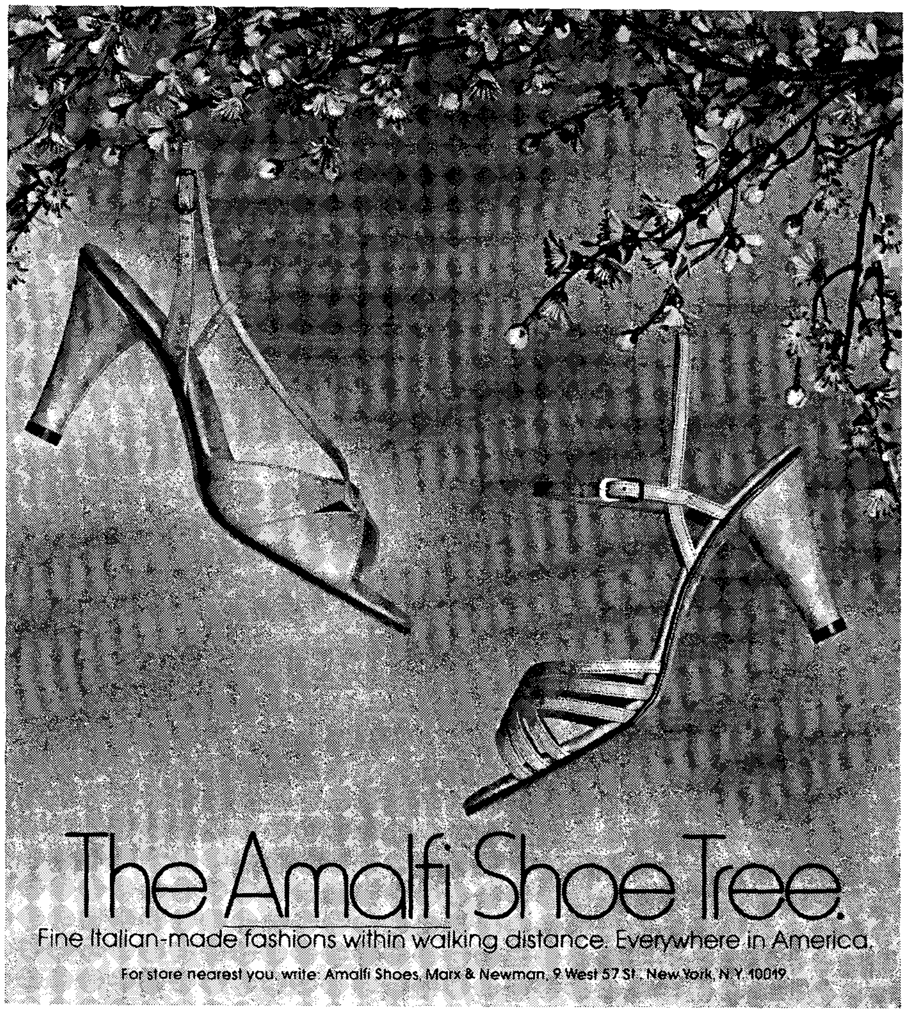
IF it should prove to be the case that I like Edward Albee's new play, "The Lady from Dubuque" (at the Morosco), less well than other people do, one reason may be that the play is of a sort that I find particularly unsympathetic. Mr. Albee's intentions and my prejudices confront each other with an immediacy that has, if nothing else, the virtue of appropriateness, for in Albee's œuvre a confrontation, usually within the bonds of a formally affectionate relationship, soon leads to collision, out of which a pinch of painful truth is expected to emerge. In the present instance, the truth *I* think I see emerging can be stated as a dictum: Plays that begin in a naturalistic vein risk losing credibility and the interest of their audiences if at the halfway mark they suddenly introduce characters who turn out to be personifications of states of mind or conditions of existence (and perhaps of a Higher Existence), not unlike Sloth and Gluttony in some medieval morality play. I resent the insertion into a play about real people—about people, that is, whom we have been invited to pay attention to because they share with us the burden of being human—of creatures who pretend, for reasons that they may or may not consent to reveal, to be of our species but who are, we gradually perceive, embodiments of Death, or Life-in-Death, or one of a hundred other tiresome hand-me-down literary abstractions. Death is the harshest fact we know, not to be mitigated for us by the presence of superior Others from Out There; my intelligence, as well as my good nature, is taken advantage of when death is depicted as a creaky knight in armor, or a nice old man in a tree, or (who knows?) a lady from Dubuque who is neither a lady nor from Dubuque.

The setting of the play is the living room of a house in some unnamed suburb of New York. It is a spare, gray-walled room—please do not trouble to inform me that it is Hell—with a well-stocked bar and overstuffed furniture upholstered in black plastic. The time is late on a Saturday evening, and three couples are engaged in drinking more than is good for them. (Nobody believes more fervently than Albee in the maxim "*In vino veritas.*") Sam, the host, rather truculently insists on playing a game of Who Am I? His wife, Jo, who is dying of an unnamed disease, would prefer to go on savaging her old schoolmate Lucinda, who is known to be stupid, and whose husband, Edgar, remains loyal to her only because martyrdom is the hard trade he chooses to practice. Fred, an old friend of Sam's and Edgar's, is a foul-mouthed swine, thrice married and thrice divorced and now hoping to marry a sensual young woman named Carol, whose failing it is to be ignorant but not stupid—she has never heard of Marx and Engels and finds it hard to distinguish them from Abbott and Costello, of whom she also hasn't heard, to say nothing of Romulus and Remus, of whom ditto. As the talking and drinking continue, we see that Carol alone among them is a person with whom it might be agreeable to spend an evening; she is young and warmhearted and unafraid of what she has discovered about herself. Jo is a merciless scold; evidently, her bitchiness was perfected while she was still in good health. In the course of an hour's quarrelsome banter, we learn little of substance about these people; if the suburb they live in and Jo's disease go unnamed, so do the jobs by which the men support themselves. Questions abound and remain unanswered, and the first act ends with a superb *coup de théâtre:* The three couples having gone their separate ways, the stage is empty for a few moments; then a handsome white woman of indeterminate age, accompanied by a handsome black man of equally indeterminate age, strides boldly into the living room. A pair of gorgeously apparelled apparitions, they are at once perfectly at home. Where have they come from at that hour? How have they managed to enter the house? Why are they so pleased at finding themselves there? "Yes," the woman says. "This is the place." And the curtain falls.

Difficult as it may be to believe, the second and final act devotes itself not to dealing with questions already asked but to encouraging new ones. For with never a word of warning we have been pitched headlong into the maddeningly calculated ambiguities of all those plays—one thinks of Eliot's "The Cocktail Party"—that make audiences ashamed of their ineptitude. What unworthy simpletons we must be not to savor the delicacy of these delightful theologicometaphysical games of cat and mouse! Oscar and Elizabeth—that much we find out about them; for a wonder, they bear ordinary-sounding names—are, one deduces, aspects of a single extraterrestrial creature, black and white and male and female. It is plain that it/they have come to carry Jo literally over the threshold of death, and it/they do so, but Sam's first words upon encountering Elizabeth—"Who are you? Who are you? Who *are* you?"—though repeated a score of



"Watch closely. This is how you write checks."



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times, receive no suitable reply. Elizabeth claims to be Jo's mother; Sam thinks he knows better, since Jo's mother lives in New Jersey and Elizabeth lives in Dubuque. But then who can argue ably with an apparition?

"The Lady from Dubuque" (a title that appears to have nothing whatever to do with the old lady in Dubuque about whom Harold Ross wrote in the prospectus for this magazine) is a curiosity, and one that strikes me as needing no further exploration by its author. It has been given an admirable production, with an ideally various cast: Irene Worth, Earle Hyman, Tony Musante, Frances Conroy, Celia Weston, Maureen Anderman, David Leary, and Baxter Harris. The set is by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, the costumes are by John Falabella, the lighting is by Richard Nelson, and the direction is by Alan Schneider.

IF Albee's play hints obscurely at spiritual matters Out There, "Marie and Bruce," a new comedy by Wallace Shawn (at the Public), speaks forthrightly of physical matters Down Here, most of which have to do with the picayune daily miseries of married love. The young couple for whom the comedy is named are first glimpsed in bed—an unlovely-looking couple, in a bed that appears to have gone unmade since the day they purchased it, no doubt from the latest of many previous owners. Bruce, who is small and hairy, is contentedly asleep; Marie, who is much bigger than Bruce, wakes, rises on one elbow, shifts portions of her body from one place to another, and begins to excoriate Bruce in a vocabulary that would buckle steel. It appears that she finds their marriage unendurable and is planning to put an end to it. The precipitating factor in her eyes was Bruce's unmanly distress when, the day before, she threw away his "two-hundred-year-old" typewriter. (Like Albee, Shawn never bothers to tell us what his characters do to earn a living. Since the typewriter meant so much to Bruce, one assumes he is a writer. Marie is obviously unemployable, except as a stevedore.) On waking to a shower of scatological imprecations, Bruce mildly volunteers to make breakfast. They will spend the day apart, meeting in the late afternoon at the house of a friend who is giving a cocktail party.

The heart of the play is the party, and it is very funny indeed. The set is built on a turntable, and as it revolves we encounter again and again, in advancing stages of intoxication, a classic assortment of New York partygoers.

Here are the loners who keep silent, and here are the gregarious ones who never stop talking. Here is the pretty Oriental girl, whose seductiveness surely embraces some secret sexual practices out of the mysterious East. Here is the middle-aged businessman bore, who is bumped from group to group and yet never fails to find a fresh group of victims. Marie and Bruce drink a lot at the party. Bruce believes himself to be having a marvellous time and takes advantage of the opportunity to tell Marie that she doesn't make love to him enough. Marie spills drinks—and has drinks spilled—on her sleazy red dress, which she resolutely squeezes dry from time to time, often into a glass and often not.

Marie and Bruce leave the party to have dinner at a Chinese restaurant and talk over their marital problems, and here the play nervily shifts its ground and threatens to become a different play altogether. For Marie is seen to be in earnest in her attempt not merely to leave Bruce but to destroy him. She launches an attack so devastating in its cruelty that we can scarcely believe our eyes when Bruce, in however agitated a state, goes on skillfully manipulating his chopsticks. They finish their meal, get to their feet, and suddenly come to blows; no less suddenly, they are locked in a passionate embrace. To our astonishment, Marie has been transformed into a sort of Manhattan Molly Bloom, speaking a long and poetic soliloquy, wifelike and motherlike, over her little Bruce. There is a sadness in the innumerable "little"s that big Marie has uttered; the marriage is terrible and will last forever. It is a daring chance that the playwright has taken, and I find it imperfectly realized, but what an ending it gives us!

Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban are exemplary as the bullying Marie and the wistful, dogged Bruce. The large cast includes the artist Frank Modell, who makes a highly successful début as an actor in the rôle of the businessman bore. The ingenious set is by Jim Clayburgh and Wilford Leach, the costumes are by Patricia McGourty, the lighting is by Martin Tudor, and the direction is by Mr. Leach.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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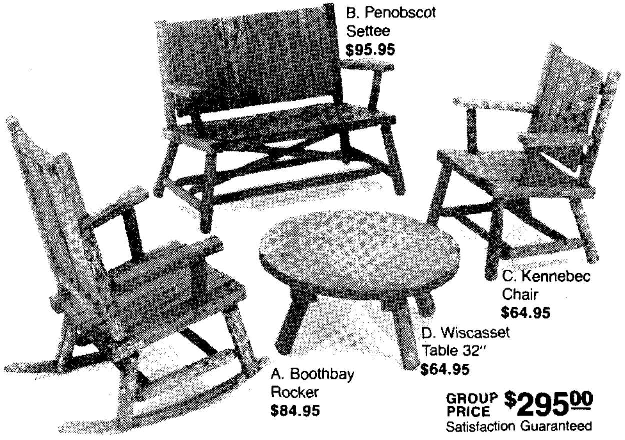

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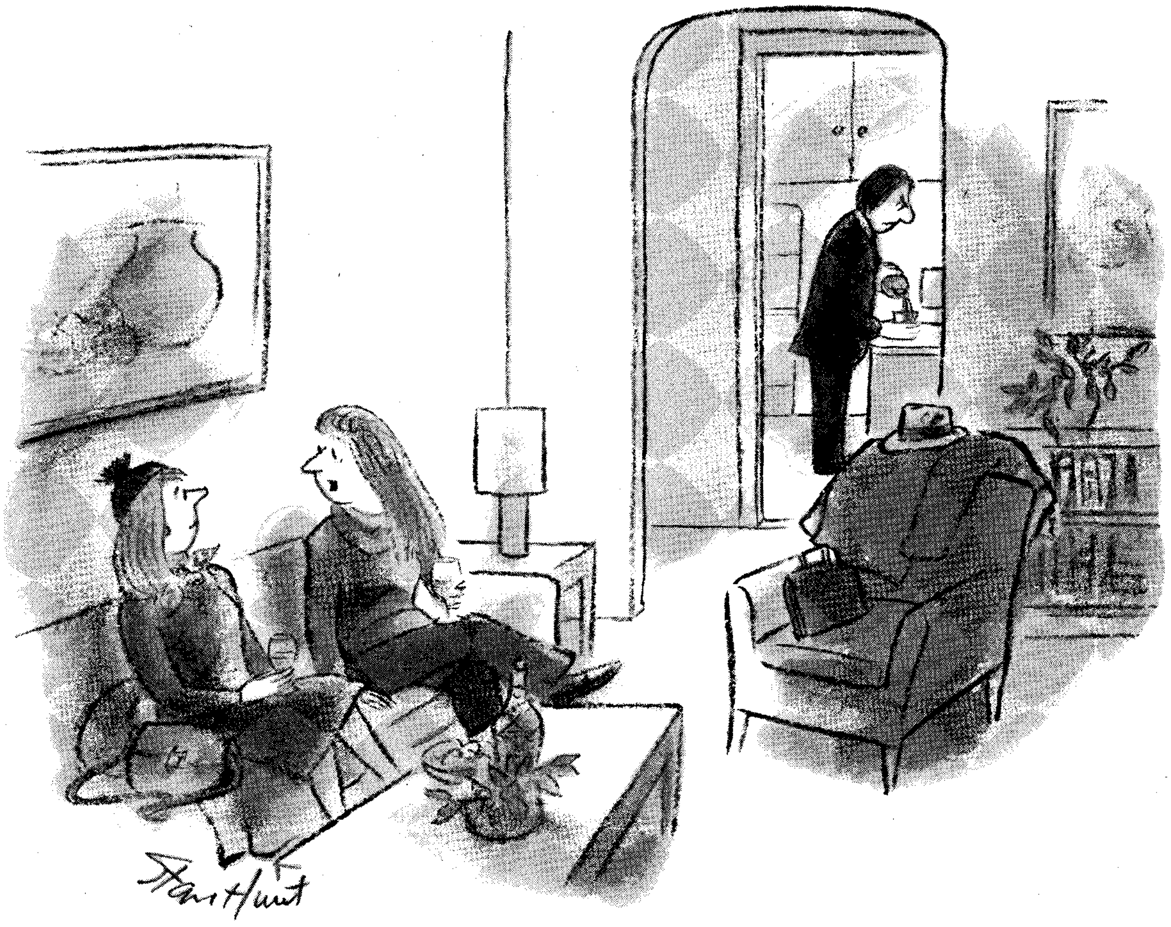
TRANSITION

WARS known only from newspaper accounts seem quite unreal, especially guerrilla wars of the kind that went on for seven years—until the ceasefire that took effect in December—in what is now called Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. The casualty figures never seemed enormous; they just trickled in. And even the atrocity stories about the destruction of whole villages or the massacre of missionaries did not really bring the war home. But proximity breeds reality. To a visitor arriving in Salisbury on a South African Airways flight from Johannesburg three weeks before the ceasefire, signs of the war were evident. Three-quarters of the passengers were carrying bags from the duty-free shop at Jan Smuts Airport. Because of trade sanctions that were imposed by the United Nations in 1966 and 1968—the sanctions were lifted just before the ceasefire took effect—Scotch was hard to come by inside the country, so travellers were taking whiskey home. Another sign of the war was the amount of time it took to get into the country. All male citizens of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia between the ages of eighteen and fifty had to produce military-registration forms at airport immigration desks, and the process was slow. Only after a visitor was exposed to the minds of the people and to the broken bodies of some of the men, however, did it become clear how much the war had bled the country and wearied its people. Driving along a road outside Salisbury, a white school administrator talked wistfully about her brother, who is now in his early twenties. "Ever since he was eighteen, he has been in the Army, with ten weeks on duty and ten days off," the woman said. "That has kept him from beginning a career or finishing college. It has also ruined his marriage and made him a drunk. He was a clever youngster, and attractive. But by the time he was nineteen he'd had twenty-six parachute drops into Mozambique to attack guerrilla bases there. Now he looks very old."

White people spoke often about the effects that the war had had on their young men. Soldiers came home for their ten-day leaves full of violence, people said, and they drank continually, and talked about their hatred for the blacks they had been fighting, about the death they had seen, and about the damage they intended to inflict when their ten days at home were over. These young men were said to be so full of anger and racial hatred that in many cases their parents had lost emotional contact with them. The problem was evident in the broad lobby of Meikles Hotel, a luxurious place in downtown Salisbury, where, late on any afternoon before the ceasefire, clusters of sturdy young men could be found drinking with women friends. One afternoon, a man wearing a brown T-shirt, mottled fatigue pants tight across his hips, and combat boots was drinking beer and talking with some people. Suddenly he lashed out and knocked a drink from the hand of a woman standing nearby. "Damn them!" he cried. "I want to kill them all. And you can't tell me I shouldn't."

At Seke, a Red Cross camp for black refugees about twenty-five miles from the center of Salisbury, a black woman spoke, through an interpreter, about her life. She had come to the camp from the eastern part of the country some months ago, she said, because government security forces had killed her husband, suspecting that he was a Patriotic Front guerrilla. Her brother had been killed soon afterward by guerrillas, who suspected that he was a supporter of the Prime Minister, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who presided for six months over a coalition government that was voted into power last April in an election that excluded the Patriotic Front and its leaders—Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe. The woman now lived in a three-room wooden house no bigger than the living room of a small apartment. There was no plumbing—just the walls, the roof, and a floor. Fourteen people lived there, the woman said, all of them related and all of them refugees. Three adults slept in each of the side rooms, and eight children slept in the slightly larger central room. As the woman talked,



"He's mad as hell. He has this need to fail and he keeps getting promoted."

a baby was sleeping on a straw mat on the concrete floor of the central room. The family got by on vegetables grown from seeds that the Red Cross provided, on trinkets that one of the men made and took to Salisbury to sell, and on the salary of one of the women, who had been lucky enough to get a job as a domestic in the city. The woman who talked of all this was pleasant, open, and friendly. With no trace of bitterness, she said, "I won't go back home until I know the war is over."

One night, a group of white Zimbabwe-Rhodesians gathered to sing and hear Rhodesian folk songs. A beautiful young matron named Fiona played a guitar and raised a thin and lovely voice in a ballad that asked why a man never brought flowers anymore. Suddenly a rough male voice cut across her lyrics and answered the question: "Because of the sanctions." These harsh words came from a young man whose face had been brutally disfigured and whose eyesight had been burned away by flames in battle.

On another day, at a gathering of black political figures in a Salisbury suburb, a man who is a high official in the Ministry of Agriculture said, almost as an aside to the point he was making, that he couldn't go back to his tribal homeland anymore, for guerrillas had killed three members of his family because of him. "I am regarded as a puppet of a white-controlled government," he remarked. "So the guerrillas kill members of my family or extort money or food from them. When I was home, I was on good terms with the guerrillas, and the government security forces sent me away. Then I got this job, and the sadness began for my family."

ZIMBABWE-RHODESIA is a small country. There are about seven million black Africans, two hundred and twenty-five thousand whites (there were two hundred and sixty thousand before the war), and a smattering of Asians—Indians, mostly—and "coloreds," or people of mixed blood.

"We are so small here, and we all have family tragedies from this war, and we know about all of our friends' tragedies, too," an English academic who has lived in the country for five years told me.

"No matter where your sympathies lie, you are just dreadfully tired and sick of this war," said a white woman who supports the political movements spearheaded by the Patriotic Front guerrillas.

Salisbury is a pretty city, and it has

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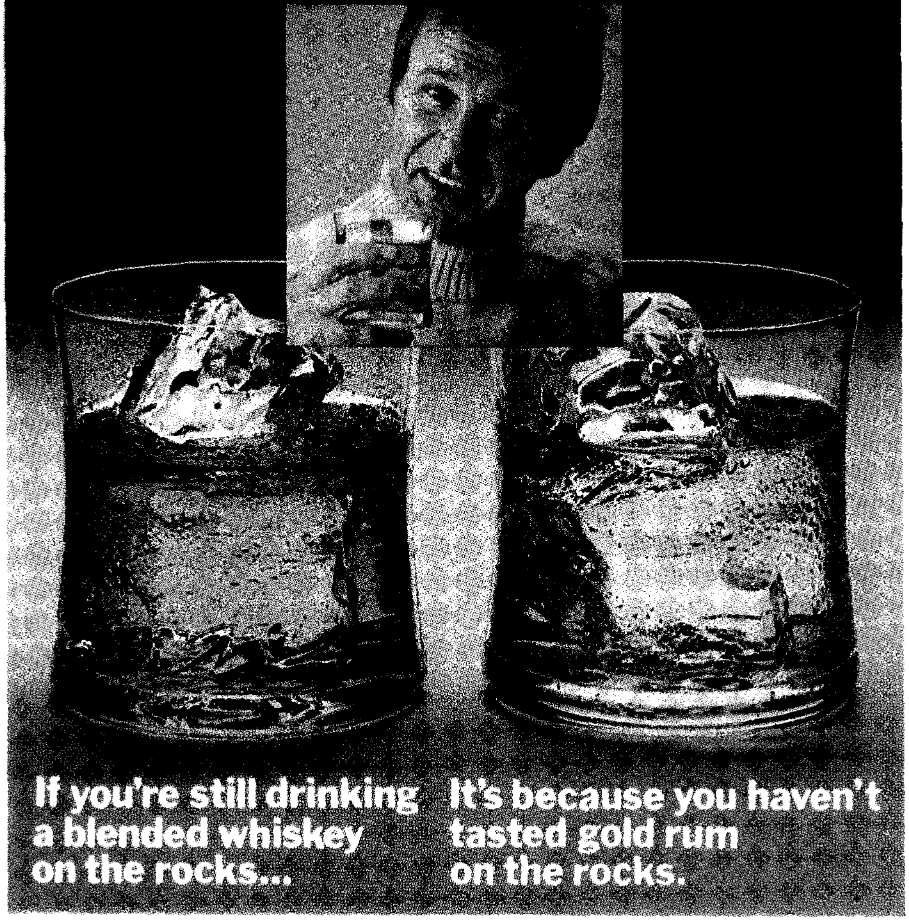
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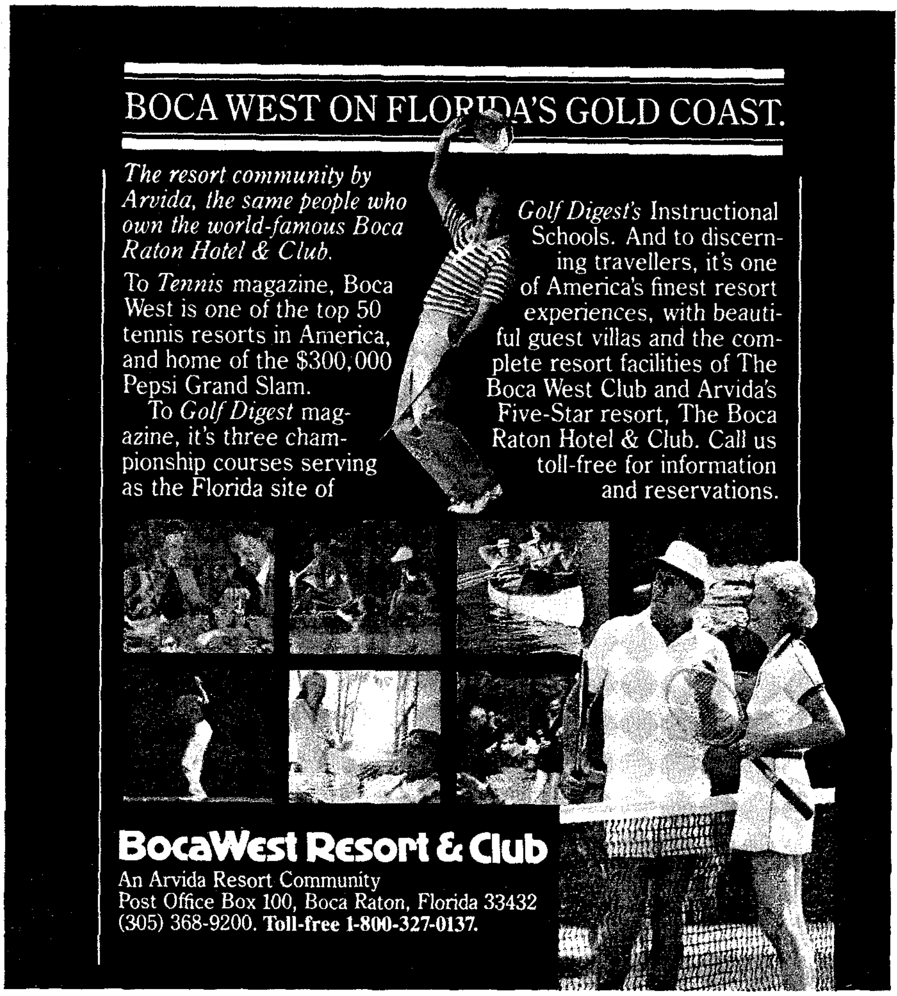
no physical scars from the seven-year war that has been waged to win its heart, to determine definitively the colors of the flag that is to fly over Cecil Square, and to decide its future name, which will probably be Harare. The marks of colonialism are everywhere. A large statue of Cecil Rhodes standing in a plaza on Jameson Avenue, wearing, incongruously in the African heat, a three-piece suit, and staring into the distance, made a passerby wonder what Rhodes would have thought about the war, about the Patriotic Front and its fierce black-nationalist ambitions, and about the fact that his name was soon to come off the country that his vision helped to establish. Farther down Jameson Avenue, a black woman wearing a heavy black sweater, a red skirt, and white sneakers and carrying a large paper bag of groceries on her head walked past the courtyard of the Foreign Ministry, where a statue of Livingstone appeared to watch her stately passage. There were flowers and gardens everywhere, well tended and beautiful, giving the city the aura of a Yorkshire town except for the presence of the blacks walking on the streets on a lazy Saturday afternoon. At such a time, a stroller on King's Crescent, dawdling past the windows of the Galleon, where copper and antiques are sold, and past Catherine Rodda's Tutti Fruiti Chicken Shop and Bridget's Florist, could hardly remember that he was in Africa, much less in a nation at war and in torment.

A reminder soon came. Down at the corner of Kingsway and Jameson Avenue, near the Piccadilly Center, which includes the Arizona Steak House, a military truck carrying twenty soldiers, black and white, in fatigues roared by. Though it was said that the white soldiers hated the blacks they fought, they seemed to care for their black brethren in arms. The men in the truck had their arms thrown across each other's shoulders, and race did not seem to matter. Almost everyone in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia—from conservative whites who have been staunch supporters of Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front to tough black intellectuals who support the Patriotic Front guerrillas—says that the blacks and the whites need each other. The whites, unlike those in the Republic of South Africa, accept the inevitability of black majority rule. And the blacks exult in it. The only question for all concerned is the nature of the government to be created by the election this month, which is to be conducted under the agreement hammered out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in the closing months of last year at Lancaster House, in London, under the guidance of Lord Carrington, the British Foreign Secretary, and is to be supervised by Lord Soames, who, also under the agreement, has been installed as the country's temporary governor.

One of the major imponderables in Salisbury before the ceasefire took effect was whether the Patriotic Front—the uneasy fighting alliance of two Zimbabwe liberation movements—would hold together through the election or whether Nkomo and Mugabe would run independently. Their supporters in Salisbury had no answer to that question before the ceasefire, but they were convinced that the Patriotic Front would win if it remained unified. After the ceasefire, however, Mugabe decided that he would run alone. Last month, he and Nkomo returned to Salisbury separately, and each was greeted by crowds estimated at a hundred and fifty thousand people.

The history of the liberation movement throws light on how a split among the major black leaders came about. In 1957, Nkomo assumed the leadership of the organization that ultimately became the Zimbabwe African People's Union, or ZAPU. The Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole later joined ZAPU, serving as one of Nkomo's deputies until 1963, when he broke away and formed his own organization—the Zimbabwe African National Union, or ZANU. In the early nineteen-sixties, hostility between ZAPU and ZANU led to civil unrest. In August of 1964, the government of Ian Smith banned both movements and arrested eight hundred black leaders. The ZAPU leaders were held in a remote rural area of the country, and the ZANU leaders in Salisbury. They were kept in prison or in detention for a decade.

In 1965, Smith's government made a Unilateral Declaration of Independence from Britain, in an effort to forestall British attempts to give the colony the kind of independence that would lead to black majority rule. Smith's explicit aim was to preserve control of the country by the tiny white minority for "a thousand years." The world community was appalled by Smith's policies, and in 1966 and 1968 the United Nations voted its economic sanctions against his government in an attempt to isolate it economically, and so force it to recognize the human and political rights of the black majority. A few years later, guerrilla operations based outside the country began. The ZAPU operation had its base in Zambia. The Zimbabwe

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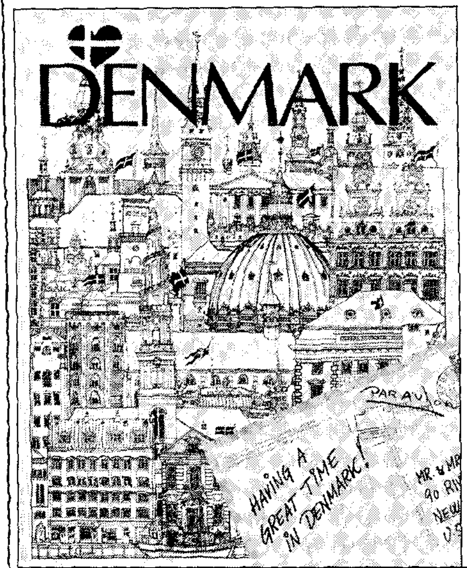
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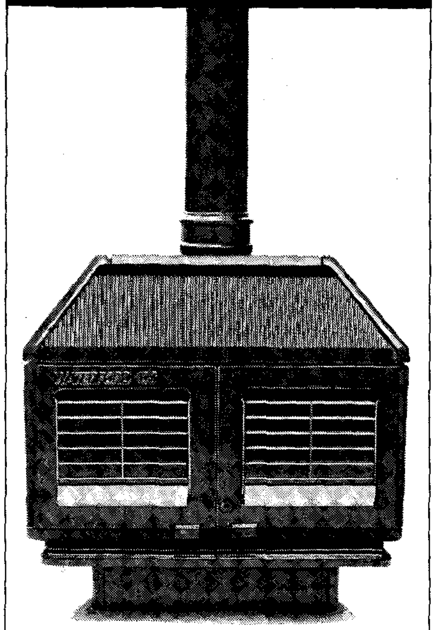

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African National Liberation Army was eventually established in Mozambique, and was directed by Mugabe, a lesser-known ZANU leader. Both the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China moved in to support the fight for the liberation of Zimbabwe. The Soviet Union backed Nkomo's forces, and China supported Mugabe's.

Following the release of the prisoners, in 1974, both Nkomo and Mugabe left the country to direct the operations of their respective forces. In prison or out, Sithole was never able to exert control over the Mugabe-led force and was thus never a part of the Patriotic Front. A brief attempt to create a unified Zimbabwe liberation movement was sponsored by Zambia's President, Kenneth Kaunda, but the proposed alliance between Sithole, Nkomo, and Bishop Muzorewa, who had never been incarcerated but had been a quiet and effective force for black liberation within the country, failed.

In April of 1979, Muzorewa and Sithole participated in the election that was Smith's attempt to forge an "internal settlement" acceptable to the world community. The Patriotic Front, by then waging a fierce guerrilla war, was excluded from participating; Nkomo and Mugabe were not in the country. Muzorewa, a small, mild, indecisive man, became Prime Minister, and Sithole, who had been one of four men at the head of a transitional government, left, claiming that the election had been unfair. By all accounts, Mugabe's forces bore the brunt of the fighting, putting many more men in the field than Nkomo ever deployed. Bitterness and resentment resulted from the disparity. Then came Lancaster House and the agreement under which Lord Soames would attempt to bring all these parties together.

The electoral scheme devised at Lancaster House prescribes separate voter rolls for blacks and whites—for the election, Asians and coloreds are to be treated as white—and, given the prevailing racial split in the country, black voters will be voting for black candidates and whites will be voting for whites. This means that white voters—for whom twenty seats of the hundred in Parliament have been reserved—can vote for Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front or for a few independent white candidates, whose prospects are poor. If they prefer one of the black candidates, as some clearly do, they will have no way to express their choice. The black voters, by contrast, have a rich selection of candidates

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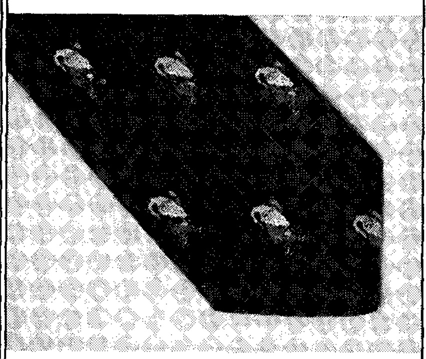

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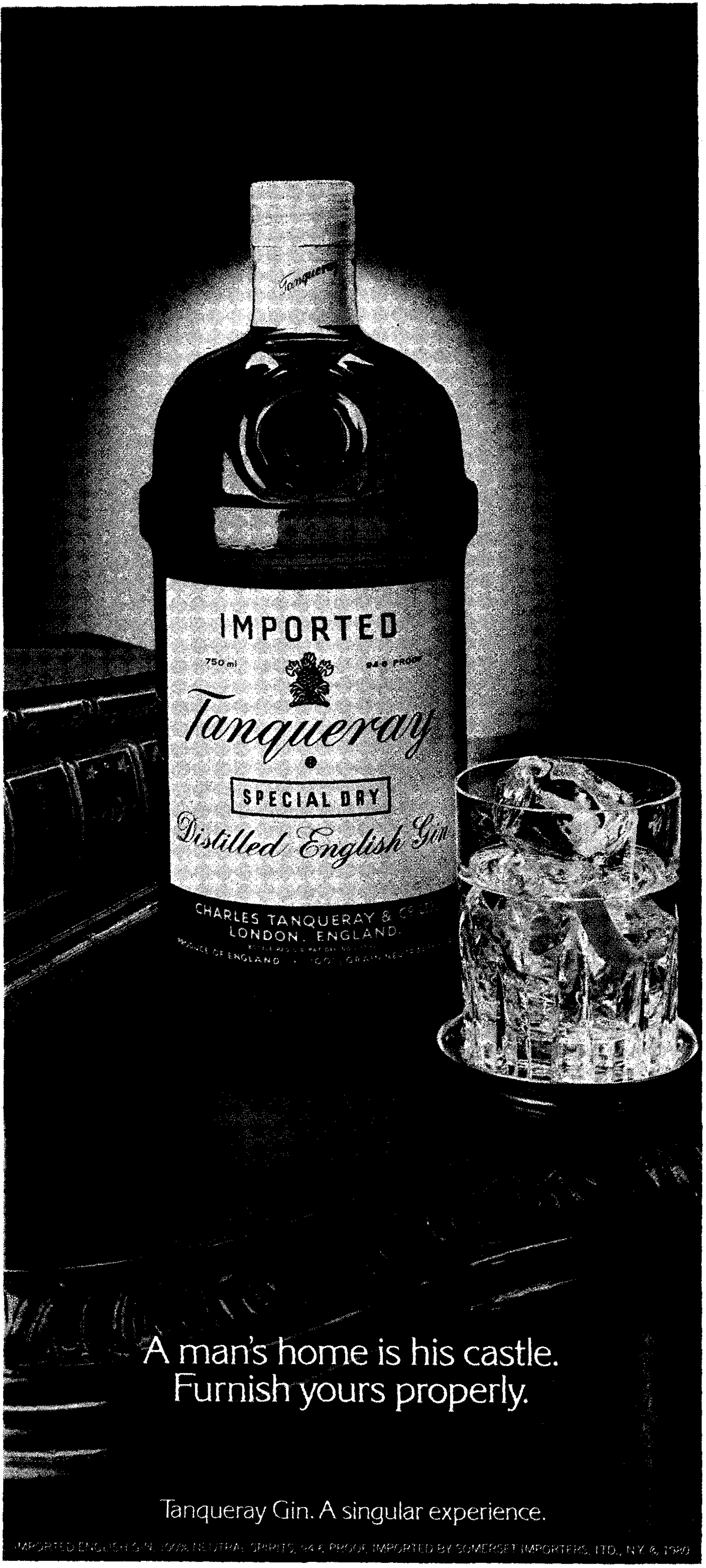
to choose among. The principal contenders are Sithole, Nkomo, Mugabe, and Bishop Muzorewa, the former Prime Minister, whose government relinquished office under the terms of the Lancaster House agreement in order for the British government to return briefly to power to preside over an orderly transformation of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia into an internationally recognized state.

One of the major factors at work for Lord Soames is the weariness with the war that is felt on all sides, including the African states of Zambia, Mozambique, Angola, Tanzania, and Botswana, which have been supporting the struggle. According to both independent sources and government officials, Zimbabwe-Rhodesian security forces have made Zambia and Mozambique pay a fearful price for the support they have given the guerrillas. Now that the ceasefire is in effect, most observers believe that those countries will be reluctant to continue to take such punishment. Thus, there is general agreement that fears of a protracted continuation of the war are probably unfounded. For the most part, blacks and whites differ profoundly in their ideas not only about the desires and the needs of the other group but also about which of the black leaders is best suited to erect an umbrella they can all live under.

"I AM really a black Rhodesian," a Salisbury economist said recently, fixing his clear blue eyes on a black American visitor. The visitor said nothing, because he had heard that the economist once made the same remark to a white Zimbabwe-Rhodesian woman and that it enraged her.

"How can he make such a remark?" the woman asked later. "Sure, he fought Ian Smith every step of the way, but he was never detained, he was never forced to live in Harare or sent back to a tribal trust land, and he hasn't watched his children go uneducated because there are no places for them. And he's always made a good living—and with his mind, not his back."

The economist has fought racism—he was instrumental in making it legal for blacks to play soccer in organized leagues—and he has also fought the guerrillas. He spent more than a hundred days a year over the last seven years out in the bush with the Army, and he had sometimes come close to death. "I almost bought it last time," he said on a night before he was to take his rifle from his bedroom to go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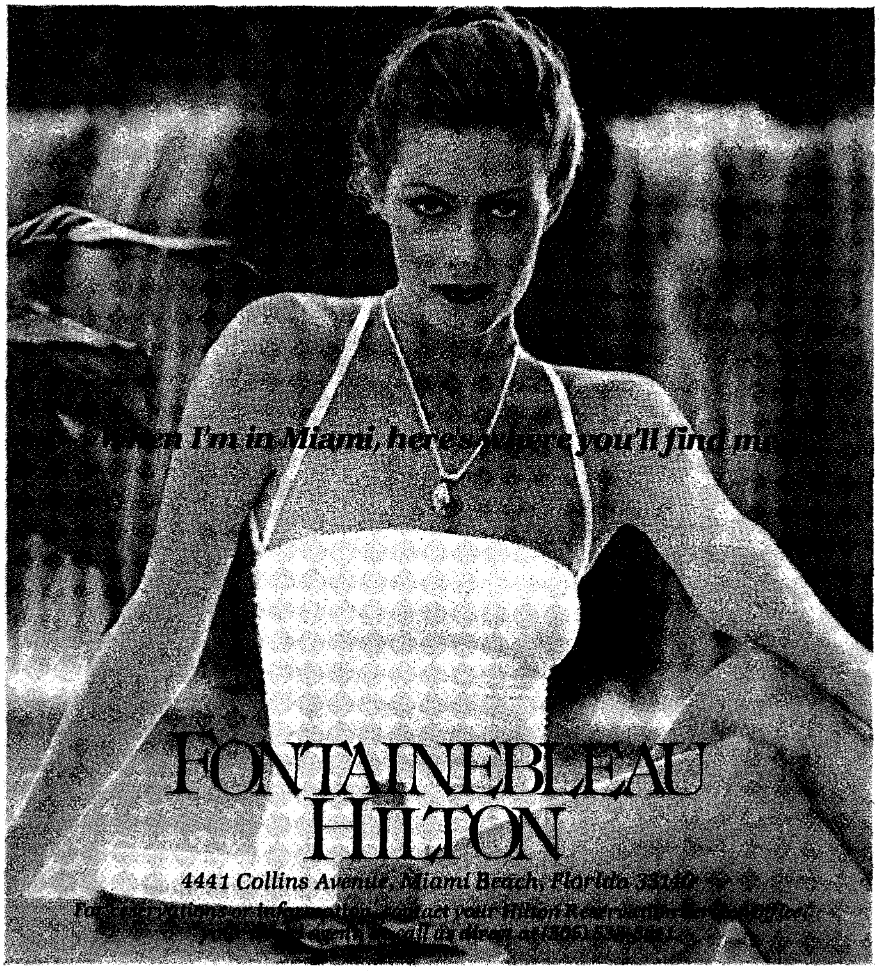
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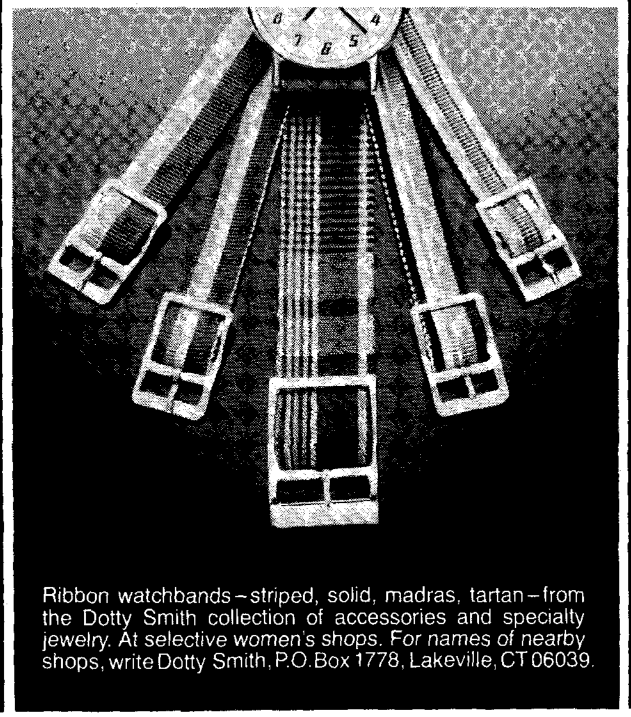

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meet his unit at five in the morning for yet another foray into the bush, looking for guerrillas to kill.

The economist told me he was convinced that if Mugabe were to come to power in Salisbury he would run Zimbabwe the way Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge had run Cambodia. "Mugabe believes that the cities are 'running sores of capitalism,' " he said, recalling a luncheon conversation he had with the political leader more than five years ago, just after Mugabe was released from ten years in political detention, and just before he left the country to assume command of the Zimbabwe African National Liberation Army. "He thinks that capitalism has ravaged this country, and he wants to build a new society and doesn't care how much destruction, how much time, and how much death it will take to do it. He'll drive the people out of the cities, because he thinks of the cities as the connection with Western capitalism. And he'll kill a lot of blacks who he thinks have become too fat and lazy."

When the question of Mugabe's presumed blood lust was put to a black professor at the University of Rhodesia, in Salisbury, the man laughed.

"Did you see that white woman who was leaving as you came in?" he asked. "She is a colleague and a friend, but she was in here relaying her husband's anxieties about Mugabe. The white view of Mugabe and the Patriotic Front is absolute nonsense. Whites have never had any chance at all to hear anything about Robert Mugabe except from Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front or the radio. They're ignorant of him. His program is very, very moderate. Most of his intellectual followers here feel that it's dismally inadequate. He's a little to the left of the Swedish Social Democrats. He's very much like Clem Attlee"—Britain's postwar Labour Prime Minister—"except that he's a practicing Catholic who goes to church every Sunday. Do you expect such a fellow to come in here and commit wholesale murder?"

THE polar differences in how Mugabe is thought of can serve as a metaphor for what the war has been about. Many white Rhodesians, even those who resisted Ian Smith's twelve-year effort to preserve a white Rhodesia, have a limited understanding of black aspirations and black suffering. And blacks, for their part, having been oppressed, jailed, tricked, and forced to war to win full rights in their own country, are slow to trust whites or to moderate their contempt for the constrictions that racism has imposed on the vision of so many of their fellow-countrymen.

The war was fought, of course, to destroy the old system that rested on colonialism and racism. The country's farmers are said to regret the passing of the old ways more than most other whites in the country. I was taken to call on a farmer a few miles outside Salisbury by a white Rhodesian moderate, his wife, and his children, after a poolside brunch at their suburban home in Salisbury.

As we were leaving for the farm, the man said to his son, "Get the gat."

The son asked, "Which one?"

The father said, "The Belgian, and four magazines."

The wife said to the husband, "I'll drive and you ride."

The son came back with a Belgian automatic rifle and some ammunition. The wife drove the car, the husband rode in the front passenger seat with the gun resting on his leg, muzzle up, and the children and I sat in back. The precaution was necessary, the man said, because a guerrilla ambush could come at any time and at any place. The ride to the farm took no more than fifteen minutes.

The farmer, Brian Black, is a supple-bodied, sandy-haired man of about forty, with lively blue eyes set in an almost round face. He had on a beige sweater over an open-necked sports shirt, long shorts that matched the sweater, and high wool socks that were a shade lighter than the shorts. His shoes were tan and thick-soled. He received us on a glass-enclosed porch overlooking a broad, rich green lawn that sloped down to a swimming pool and a tennis court. His grandfather came from Scotland in 1902, and in 1906 settled the farm—four thousand acres—over which Black now presides. He raises maize and soybeans and "runs cattle." He has about seventy blacks working for him. The workers live in thatch-roofed huts on a hillside just a few hundred yards from two fine houses of concrete and glass, which Black and his father built for themselves.

"You know, there are seven million blacks in this country, and they depend on whites," Black said, over tea. "Whether you like it or not, it's a fact. The guys on this farm don't want me to go. All these guys have problems, and I'm the only one who can solve some of them. We whites are truly indigenous Africans. We hold passports of no other country. I won't leave un-

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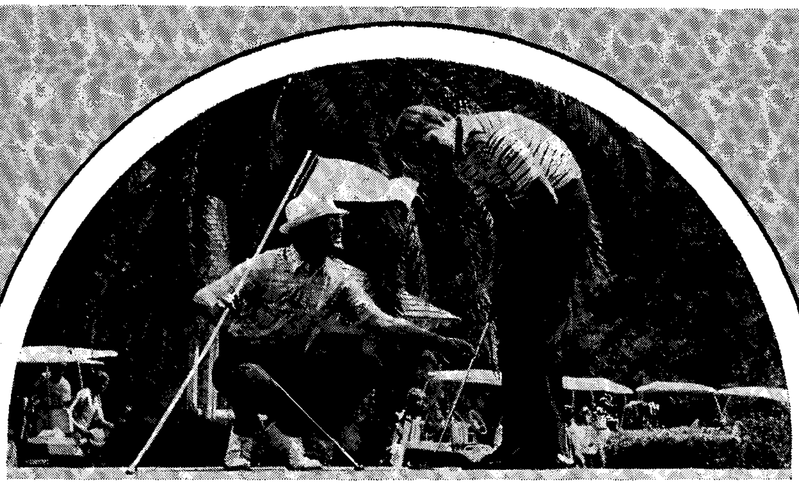

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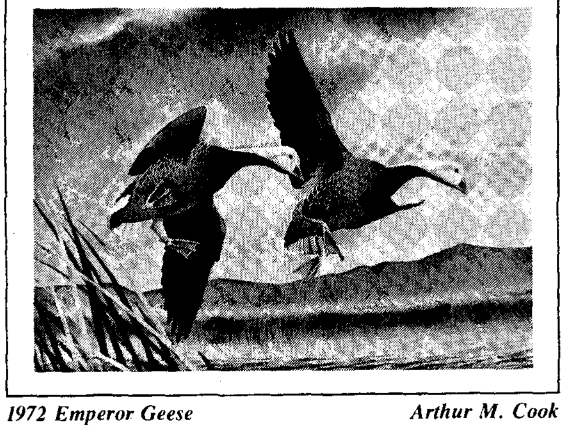

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less I have to—it'll not be because I want to. If law and order break down, I'll have to go. If I do have to go, I'll probably go to Australia, but it's hard to start over, even if you have connections. But I think a Patriotic Front victory in the election would accelerate my thoughts. There's no use worrying, however. The war hasn't come to this farm."

The war had come to other farms, though. During the conversation, the men mentioned a friend who had been killed by guerrillas not long ago as he drove his tractor over his fields.

"He didn't have a gun on him," Black said.

"Damn fool and damn careless," the man who had brought me answered.

The men commented on the fact that though the killing had taken place at nine-thirty in the morning, the victim's black field hands had continued seeding the fields until their work was done.

"You know, the blacks in this country have been taken further in terms of education and minor skills than in any other country that has got independence," Black said. "They can lend the muscle on the assembly line, but somebody's got to press the button. It's really not non-ability. It's a kind of lack of confidence, or a cultural thing. It'll take generations to get it out, but eventually it'll happen." Black said that he wanted Bishop Muzorewa to win the election, because he had proved to be "a reasonable fellow."

"WHITE people are right in saying that Muzorewa is the best candidate for them," George Kahari, a lecturer in African languages at the University of Rhodesia, said. Kahari is a large black man with an intensity and a powerful physical presence that seem to overwhelm his small university office. "The real reason is that Muzorewa is obsessed by the white man's interests. Muzorewa can have black Africans killed and he won't give two hoots. Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo are the only freedom fighters. They are the only ones who have fought to see that black people's aspirations are fully realized. Their love for their people is unquestioned. They want to restore to black people the human dignity that has been stolen from them."

UNTIL the early sixties, what was then called Southern Rhodesia had a law that, like a similar one in the Republic of South Africa, proscribed marriages between members of different races. Until January of 1979, the country also had a Land Tenure Act, which mandated that blacks live either in prescribed townships in urban areas or in the tribal trust lands reserved for them. Blacks were not permitted to buy houses. When black male workers were brought from the tribal lands to work in the cities, their wives and their children had to be left behind, and the workers were put up in male hostels that were unattractive and crowded; often, nine men were assigned to a single room. The men were regarded as temporary visitors to the urban centers. They were permitted no real ties to the cities where they worked.

Harare, only a few miles from the center of Salisbury, is a township for blacks who work there. It and other black townships have been swollen over the last two years by floods of people trying to escape the war. Accurate counts of the number of refugees are impossible, officials of the International Red Cross say, but most estimates put the number of black refugees living in or near Salisbury at a million. Some of the refugees have comparatively good housing, built under the supervision of the Red Cross. Most do not. The Red Cross houses, like the one that the woman at Seke shared with thirteen relatives, are built of wood and have three small rooms, and most have concrete floors, which the tenants have laid themselves. The refugees who are not lucky enough to get Red Cross housing do not live nearly as well. They pay the government a dollar a month for a tiny plot of land, the use of the communal latrine, and a turn at the community water spigot. They put up shelters of four posts and a tin roof, with blue polyethylene for walls. These structures are held together by ropes running around the outside walls.

In Harare, as in Soweto, a collection of townships outside Johannesburg, all civic functions—sewage disposal, garbage collection, and whatever police protection there is—have traditionally been financed by the government's taking a percentage of the profits of the local beer gardens. People in Soweto greatly resent this means of raising civic money—young people there rioted and razed the beer gardens in 1976, and still refuse to drink as a political protest—but the beer gardens in Harare are well used. It is said that the alcoholism rate in Harare is high, and that many men—encouraged by the fact that they are contributing to civic well-being—squander

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much of their weekly wage on drink before they turn their attention to the needs of their wives and children.

Farther out from Salisbury is an area called Chitungwiza—a group of black townships including Seke—which has a population of two hundred and fifty thousand. The government established Chitungwiza as a residential area for blacks adjacent to tribal trust lands outside Salisbury. Diana Seager, an attractive young white woman who lectures at the University of Rhodesia and who is doing her Ph.D. dissertation on low-income housing in the Salisbury area, said that in 1979 the government had allowed the area to establish an urban council with limited rights of self-government, but that only about ten per cent of the people there bothered to vote for members of the council. Each of the houses that the government provides there has a living room, a kitchen, and a bath, and stands on a small plot of land. Some of the people have developed little lawns and gardens where they grow both flowers and vegetables. The rent for one of these houses is about twelve dollars a month, and it is said that the people in the community have to spend a quarter of their income for bus transportation to and from their workplaces in Salisbury.

In Chitungwiza, lights on high poles are kept on all night. Although a white man showing a visitor through the area thought that the lights gave the place the aura of a concentration camp, one resident said she liked them. "The lights make us safer from the bands of robbers who roam here at night," she remarked. The woman also said that she thought the creation of Chitungwiza was the government's way of establishing a new, urban tribal trust land, to which most urban blacks would be confined. She noted that though blacks have theoretically had the option of living anywhere since the repeal of the Land Tenure Act, only a tiny fraction of the black population has had the money to take advantage of the opportunity. "This place will soon be another slum," the woman said. "And the government doesn't really care."

The blacks now living in Chitungwiza were attracted to Salisbury by its economic activity, but some of them could find no housing, so over a period of three years they built a shantytown on vacant land. The government then established Chirambahuyo, a squatter camp within Chitungwiza, to accommodate the urban black "overspill." It is said that thirty thousand people who can't find other housing live there. They pay three dollars and fifty cents

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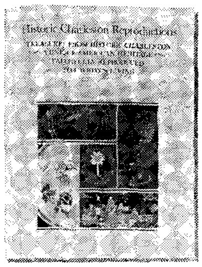

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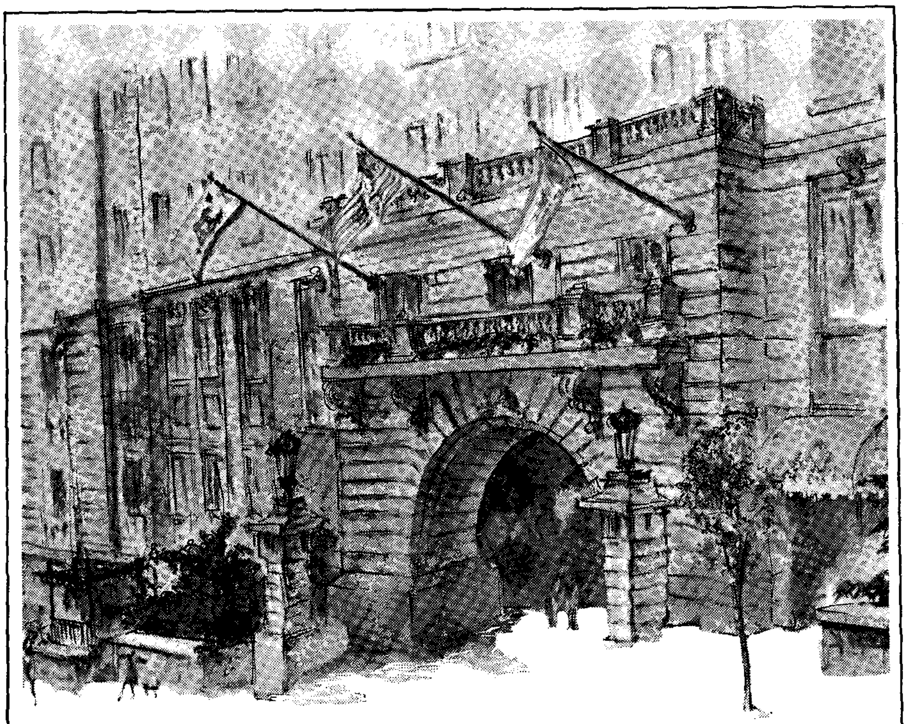
a month for a plot roughly twenty-seven feet by thirty and erect their own shacks, often of sun-dried mud bricks, which are fine unless it rains before the bricks have fully dried. If it does, they dissolve. The three-fifty buys not only the right to use the plot for the month but also access to the community water tap and to communal toilet facilities. Women were clustered at the tap, washing their clothes and their children. They are fastidious, and they gathered at the tap as they would have at the riverbank in the tribal trust lands. If people default on their monthly payment, government bulldozers come quickly and level their shacks.

There are no trees or grass in Chirambahuyo—only bare dirt and dust and children. Visitors walking through the camp attract children the way magnets attract metal filings. At one point, a visitor counted thirty-five children, all apparently under the age of six, trailing in the dust behind him. The children were curious and friendly. "This is the greatest problem this country has," a white developmental economist said, sweeping an arm in the direction of the children. "It is not the war, it is not politics—it is the black birth rate." It has been estimated that the black population of the country is growing at the rate of three and six-tenths per cent annually. "Family planning was introduced here about five years ago," the economist said. "But just three days later Ian Smith announced a drive to attract a million new white immigrants. That was the end of family planning. The blacks figured that, if nothing else, they could outbreed the whites. Now the country needs one new primary school a day just to keep pace with the population."

"THE new government will have an enormous job of reconstruction to do," Sithole said in an interview in his office, in downtown Salisbury, from which he directs his party's campaign for seats in the Zimbabwe Parliament. "Many homes were destroyed by the war. We need social reconstruction, too, because many rural people have come to town as refugees. We have to resettle these people. Homes have been destroyed, and also schools, clinics, dispensaries, and hospitals. The basic problems we shall face are those of social and economic reconstruction."

Sithole, a stocky, good-looking man, was dressed in a well-cut blue suit, a blue shirt of a lighter shade, and a dark-blue tie. He selected his words carefully and spoke earnestly. Sithole looks and sounds like a man who could



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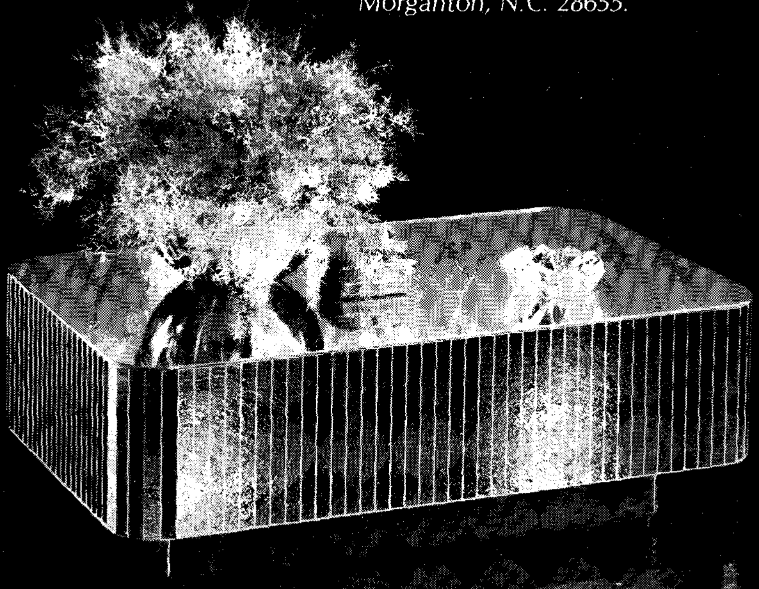

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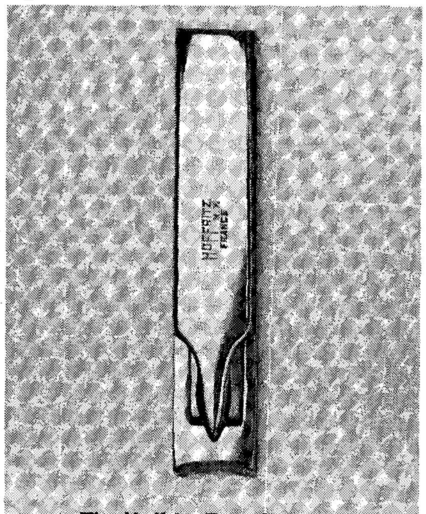
be taken seriously as the Prime Minister of an independent nation, yet his candidacy is taken seriously by few people other than his devoted followers. At least ten observers said, "Nobody trusts him." Sithole's political problems illustrate why it is so difficult to predict the outcome of the election. All the players in the almost thirty-year struggle for Zimbabwe liberation have been onstage for a considerable time, maneuvering to shed first British colonialism, then Ian Smith's version of independence.

The road to the election that will create an independent Zimbabwe has been clogged with ghosts of the past, which all the candidates have to live with, explain away, or destroy. In an apparent effort to deal with some of his personal ghosts, Sithole talked about the reasons for his participation in the talks that led up to the internal settlement and for his participation in the election last year. That election, held after long negotiations between Smith's government and several black groups, resulted in a constitution that mandated a sharing of power between blacks and whites.

"Aspects of that constitution were bad," Sithole said. "The name Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, for example. I was opposed to that 'Rhodesia' part. But diehard Rhodesian Front people wanted it badly, so we gave in. Our main effort was to commit them to a power structure that would weaken their power. We did that, and so now we have a weak black government. The task before us is to develop a strong black government."

GUESSES about the future of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia seem as tangible as smoke. A white man who called himself "an unreconstructed Ian Smith rebel" and bragged about blowing up bridges in Zambia told me that Mugabe and Nkomo were marked men and would be killed for the losses and the suffering their armies had caused. A black taxi-driver told me that he thought Muzorewa would win the election, saying, "He is a churchman. He is a kind man. He is not cruel."

Nevertheless, the Patriotic Front enjoys great popularity in the country, as is evidenced by the reception accorded its liaison representatives when they returned to Salisbury from Zambia and Mozambique, in December, and the even wilder receptions for its leaders when they returned, several weeks later. Professor Gordon Chavunduka, the head of the Department of Sociology at the University of Rhodesia, ex-



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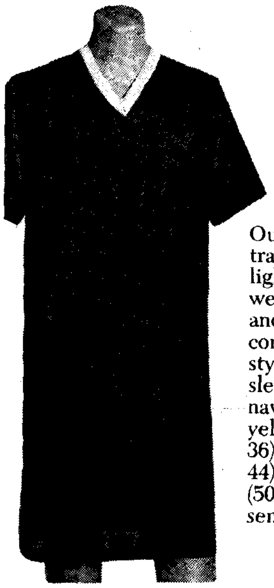

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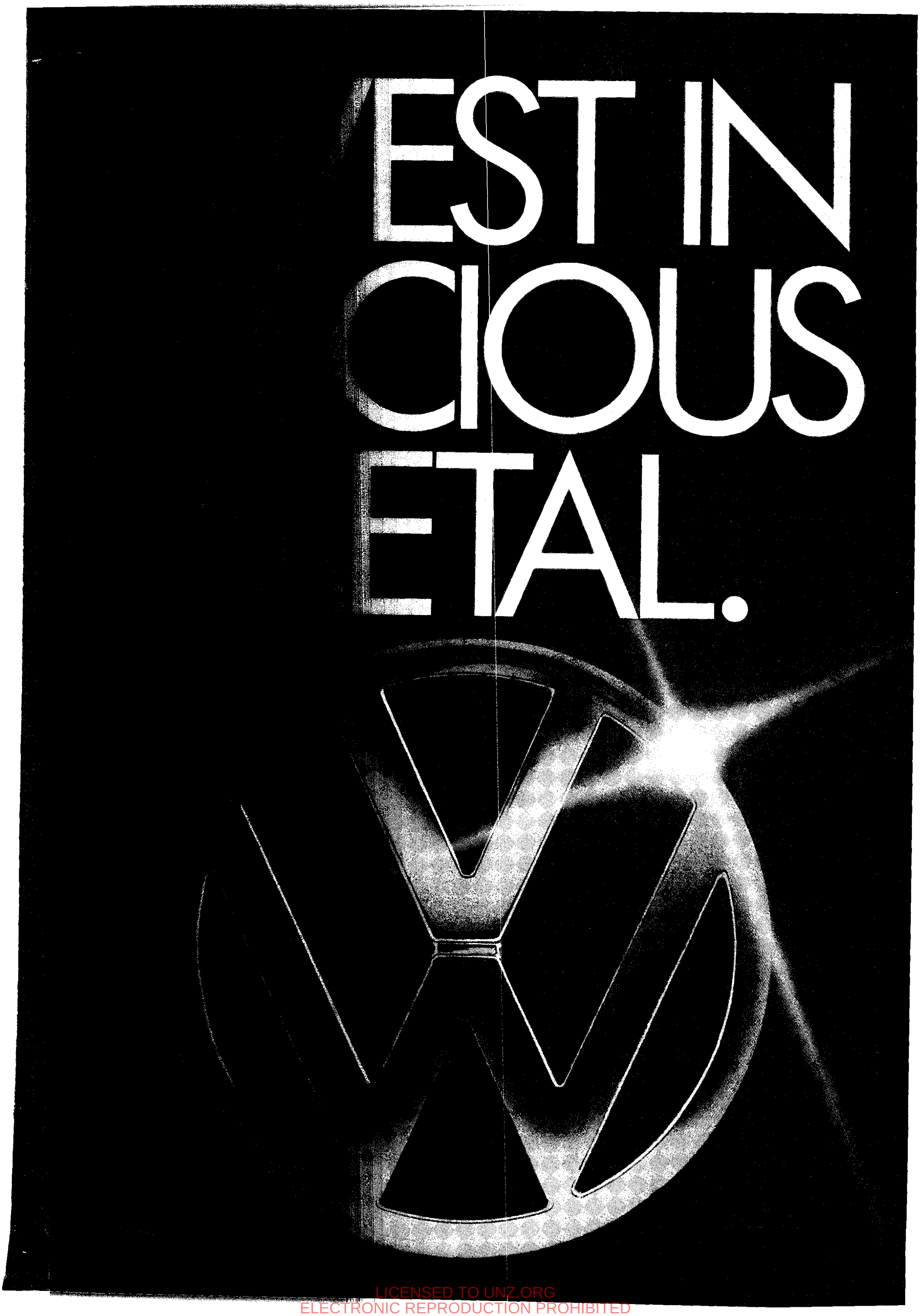
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plained that popularity this way: "They are true black nationalists and are more likely to take black aspirations into account and bring about the black society that people have been fighting for for years." Professor Chavunduka said that many blacks had become disillusioned with Muzorewa because of his willingness to lead a government that seemed to be controlled by whites and to cater to white interests. "There is no question that the whites, including those in the Republic of South Africa, will do everything in their power to insure a Muzorewa victory," Chavunduka said. "But if the election goes the other way, they will all have to live with it. The South Africans won't want to interfere, because of the international consequences. They'll be dealing with an internationally recognized country, and I don't think they'll want to increase their international isolation." Professor Chavunduka expressed the belief, held by a number of Patriotic Front supporters, that the Patriotic Front would have won the election if it had remained united.

Other Patriotic Front supporters thought that such unity had always been highly unlikely. "There was tremendous pressure on Mugabe not to run with Nkomo," one black Salisbury intellectual said. "Mugabe is highly principled, and so are his supporters. Nkomo played some funny games with the Smith regime, he let Mugabe do most of the fighting, and he went to London and enjoyed the kind of goodies that people were supposed to be fighting against. The people don't like that so much."

Still, Nkomo is a formidable electoral force. Though he comes from a smaller tribal grouping than any of the other candidates, his claim to be father of the liberation struggle is legitimate, and some Africans think that he has earned the right to be the first black leader of a truly independent Zimbabwe. Moreover, his capacity for communicating with the masses is said to be great, and his control over his own organization has always been strong.

Mugabe is considered by a majority of blacks to be the most intelligent of the candidates but is also viewed by many as an ideologue. He is feared by some blacks because of the ferocity of his army, and he seems to be genuinely hated by a large segment of the white community. As for Sithole, a university scholar has called him "too fluid" in his positions, and this assessment has been echoed by many political observers in the country.

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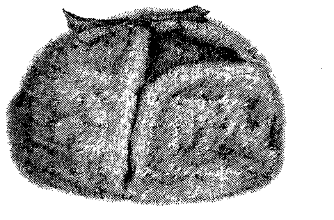

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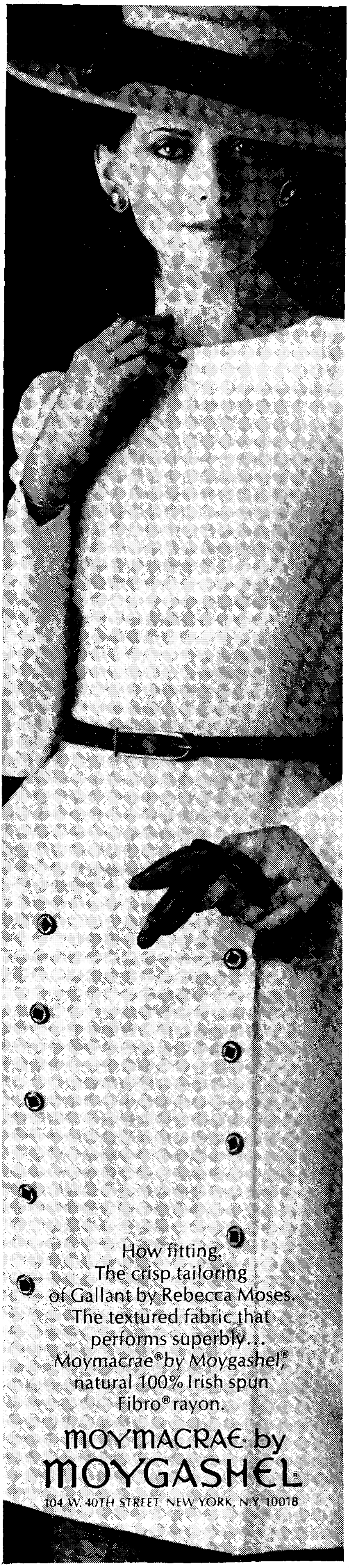

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anced judgment of the country's political situation was given by a black officer of a multinational corporation operating in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. This man, tall, slender, and handsome, and dressed in a stylishly flared European-cut suit, said, "What happened at Lancaster House has provided the greatest hope we blacks have ever had. The next problem is what kind of government we're going to have. The country is heavily in debt, and there is tremendous unemployment. Our great need is for a government that can create the right mood for the United Kingdom, the United States, and Europe to come in and help. Nkomo can certainly operate with the West, and even Mugabe might shed some of his ideology. The fact is that Mugabe is the most logical and most intelligent of the four. He sticks to his principles, and such rigidity might work against him in governing. But you certainly don't have to worry about any analogy with Cambodia. The difference is that here we'll have an election. Everybody will have to put his case to the electorate, and the people will choose."

In assessing the other leaders, the executive said he thought that Nkomo's fatherliness and his long history of leadership in the struggle were enormous assets. He said he thought that people didn't appreciate Sithole's tendency to pull out of alliances in which he had agreed to participate. And of Muzorewa he said, "The guy simply amazes me. He's indecisive, he doesn't show strong leadership, but he's come through more political crises than Nkomo and Mugabe combined have ever had to face. I think he'll have a hard time when the campaign starts, because Sithole, Mugabe, and Nkomo come across better on television than he does. But he is a churchman and not a sharpie, and the electorate is heavily religious.

"I have confidence in the people in that they do look at issues. In the end, I think a lot of the fears may prove to be unfounded. If you look at the leaders, there's not much difference among them except that each one wants to be *the* leader. The big four could sort it out, but their lieutenants are all worried about where they'll go. The whites here have no political power now—they have no right to tell us 'This one's no good for you' or 'This one is the one you should choose.' They brought this situation on themselves. They should have negotiated when they had the chance. Now it's our chance to make our own mistakes."

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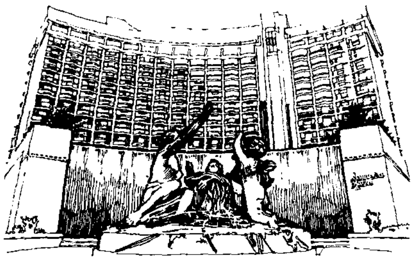

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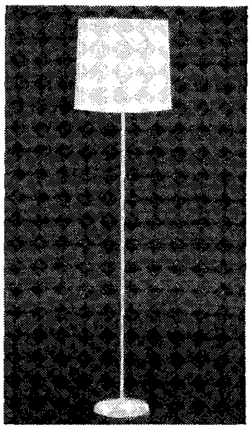

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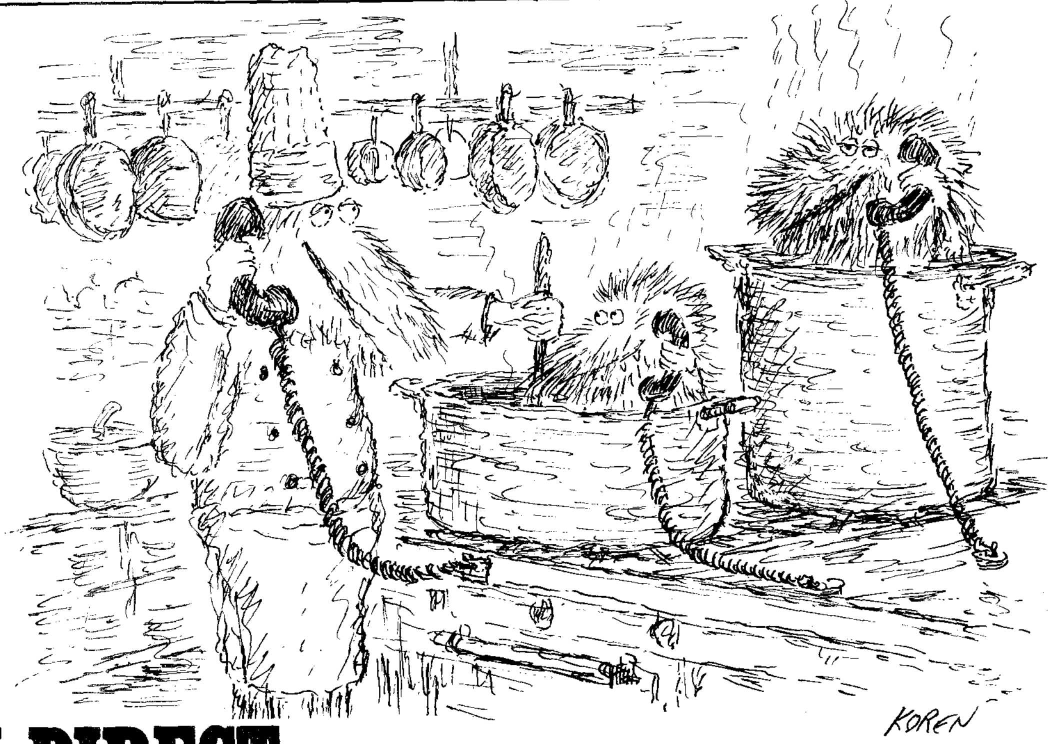

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MUSICAL EVENTS

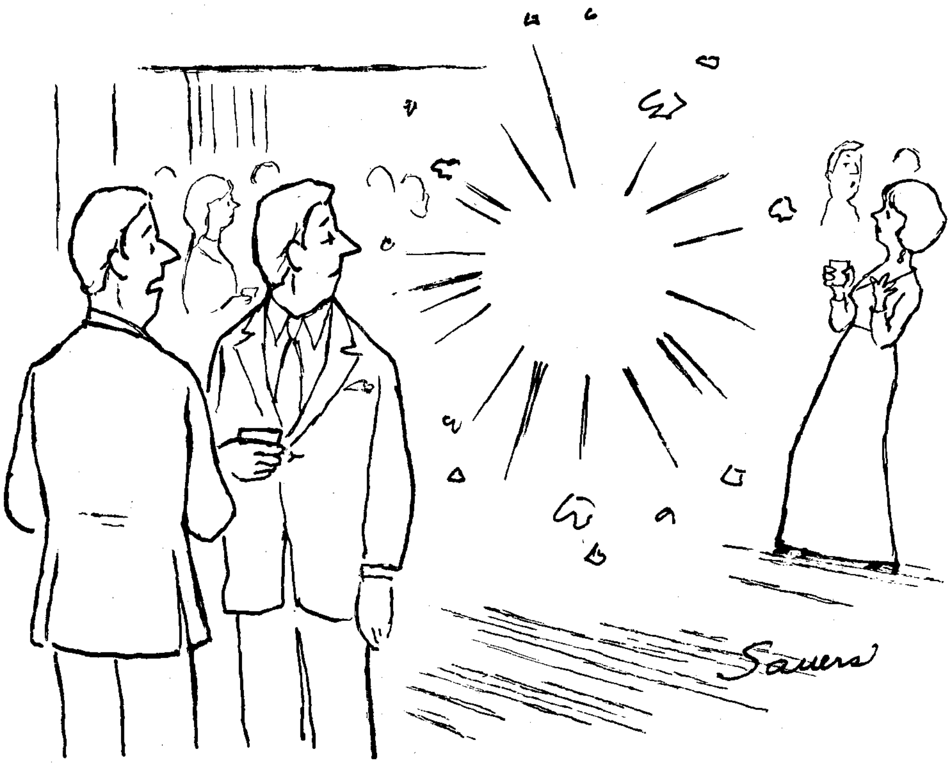
Testimony

ONE of Dmitri Shostakovich's last works, the "Suite on Poems of Michelangelo Buonarroti," was given a belated American première at the end of January, by Continuum, in a Tully Hall concert devoted to music from the composer's final years. The selection of works went back as far as 1960, to the Seventh String Quartet—hardly an example of the late style; rather, an illustration of the fact that much of Shostakovich's music, even where it appears jovial or skittish, is underpinned by a bleak pessimism. The "Overture on Russian and Kirghiz Folk Themes," of 1963, in its New York première, proved to be an embarrassing example of "ceremonial" composition. Apart from its striking opening—a lonely viola melody over cellos, and blaring winds—it took refuge in a folksy exuberance that sounded desperately false. More relevant to the Michelangelo settings was the "Seven Romances on Poems of Alexander Blok," which dates from 1967. The cycle anticipates on a chamber-music scale the sparse textures of the Michelangelo settings, but it has a wider dramatic range. The pieces are scored for soprano, violin, cello, and piano; the four are rarely heard together. Violin and voice recall the days when "we were together . . . the night was exciting and the violin sang;" cello and piano conjure up the gloom of night and a glimpse of dawn which points only to "the awakening of painful days." Darkness assumes the role of a welcome protector from reality: "I seek refuge in the night's depth." In the wonderful final song, to which all the instruments contribute without removing the feeling of bareness and restraint, the art of music is said to flourish at night, "when worries sleep and the city hides in darkness." Throughout the cycle, the vocal line is by no means simple, though it gives the impression of simplicity: it has a strength and controlled passion that break out only once, in the depiction of a storm lashing windows. Sheila Schonbrun, clad in blood red, was technically fine but perhaps overdemonstrative in her account of the songs; she projected fiercely where she might have chosen to cultivate a deeper, inner strength.

The Michelangelo suite was composed in 1974, for voice and piano, and was orchestrated shortly afterward. With piano alone, the accompaniment sounds empty; single lines, doubled octaves, and two-part writing dominate. In the orchestral version, the impression of sparseness is increased, because the possibilities of orchestral texture are so much greater. As in the Blok settings, Shostakovich uses one instrument or group of instruments at a time; there is almost no writing for the full ensemble. The idiom is even more uniform and concentrated than in the Blok settings; the solo voice is a bass (used in a wide register), and that intensifies the dark coloring of the work. Eleven of Michelangelo's poems are set. Together, they create a depressing lament, which is only occasionally lightened by a mood of confidence. The words are capable of many interpretations, political and personal; I heard the work as a pessimistic reflection on failing creativity.

Shostakovich chooses to make the eighth poem the climax of the cycle. This is Michelangelo's sixty-first sonnet, written on the death of Vittoria Colonna, in which the sculptor sees God directing his hammer blows on the stone. His creativity needs guidance: "I stiffen in the block of stone/ While God the craftsman—only he/ Hesitates to wield the hammer-blow." (This translation is by Dr. Sarah White and Eric Walter White; since Shostakovich set a Russian version of a German translation of Michelangelo's Italian, there is every reason to adapt an English singing text from their excellent work.) Shostakovich makes this setting a violent railing against fate, with screaming unisons in the winds and sudden snaps and snarls from the percussion. But he creates a mood of serene acceptance in the next poem, the dialogue between Giovanni Strozzi and Michelangelo inspired by the sculptor's "Night." "It is a relief not to feel, not to see . . . Why waken me?": soft strings and harp create a mood of lassitude, in which once again the real world is shunned. The last two settings consider death and immortality. Neither Michelangelo nor Shostakovich sees death as anything but an inevitable final release from the oppression of life. It is not even a resolution or an end, for it "catches us in our state of shame." From this blackness suddenly emerges "Immortality," which is given a tinkling, music-box theme on the celeste, flute, and piccolo. (The program notes linked it to the last movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, but I hear no very close convergence.) In this last song, there emerges a glimpse of primal innocence, in which the artist's work lives on "as a comfort to the world."

The vision of these settings is unrelenting and powerfully sustained. If in the first few poems they occasionally seem monochrome, that is amply justified by the tension that is built up and released in the final four songs. The

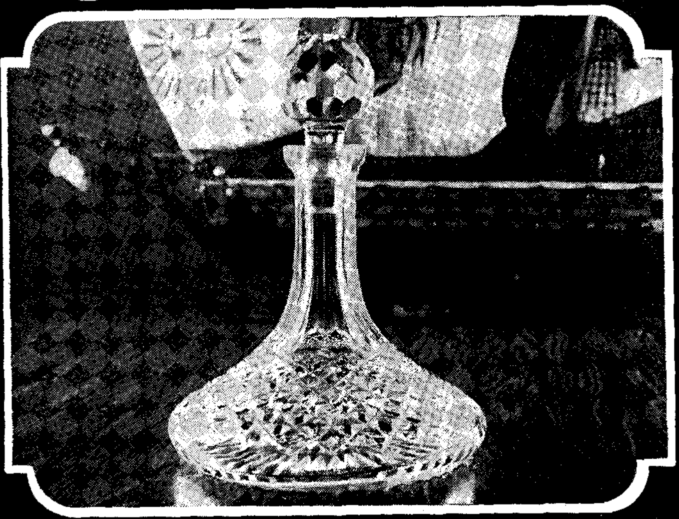


"There goes another dynamite person."

vocal writing, as in the Blok settings, is very demanding but unrewarding. In Herbert Beattie, Continuum found a bass with a fine, warm tone, a perfect range for the songs, and an easy, flowing timbre; the Russian vowels and consonants were used to powerful effect. All that was missing was the grit and grimness that lie beneath the music. Continuum's orchestra played more than adequately; Joel Sachs directed firmly. We must hope for an early hearing in New York of the voice-and-piano version of the Michelangelo suite. Together with the even more depressing and less concise Viola Sonata and the six adagio movements of the Fifteenth String Quartet, it provides a truthful testimony to the mood of the composer's last years.

"THE orchestral brontosaur staggers with inertia and ossification; its very complexity resists change." The words are Elliott Carter's, written some ten years ago. Cries of doom about the future of the symphony orchestra were heard more often then, it seems, than now. In "The Orchestral Composer's Point of View"—a collection of essays, published in 1970, from which Carter's sentence comes—several composers complain that the symphony orchestra is not the appropriate instrument for what they want to say, and that even when they do write something for it, the results in performance are so poor (because of inadequate understanding by players and conductors, because of lack of money for rehearsal time, and because of lack of interest) that they wonder why they bothered. Yet great orchestral works continue to be written: our musical life would be much the poorer without Carter's "Symphony of Three Orchestras," or Pierre Boulez's "Rituel," or Harrison Birtwistle's "The Triumph of Time." The American Composers Orchestra, which last month gave the second concert of its fourth season at Tully Hall, has helped during the last few years to demonstrate that new orchestral works can be properly rehearsed and perceptively played, in a sympathetic atmosphere. Instead of being squeezed into the corners of classical concerts, the new works played by the American Composers Orchestra take the center of the stage; the programs are built around them.

January's concert brought three pieces to New York, each tested elsewhere. Maurice Wright's "Stellae" had been performed at Tanglewood in August, 1978; Donald Martino's "Ri-



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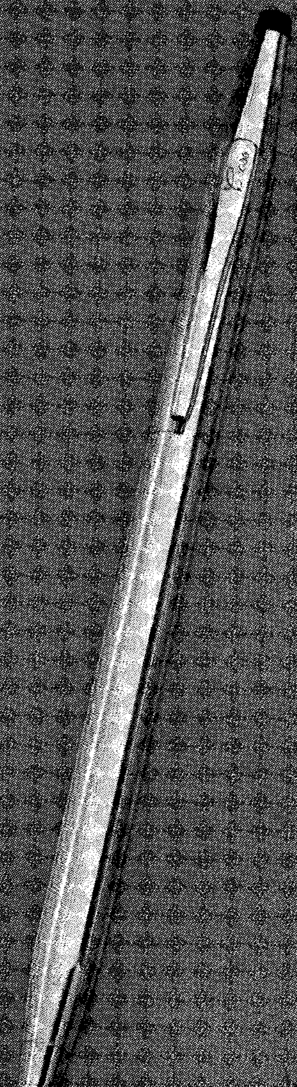

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torno" had had its première at the Plainfield, New Jersey, Bicentennial Concert in December, 1976; Donald Erb's Trombone Concerto had been given by the St. Louis Symphony in March, 1976 (and has been recorded by the Louisville Orchestra for future release). The most interesting of the three was Maurice Wright's "Stellae," scored for electronic tape and orchestra. In this performance, the orchestra won by a short head. (The score clearly shows that the two should finish together.) Until that last moment, it had been a well-coördinated account, under Ainslee Cox, of a not quite coherent piece. The possibilities of electronic sound are so vast that it seems a pity to restrict its contribution to pitched sounds with textures that might be confused with those produced by "normal" instruments. Yet this is what the composer did; he was evidently hoping to make the sounds of electronics and orchestra interact. The piece succeeded best when the electronics made "noises," popping, screeching, and sliding stereophonically between the loudspeakers on either side of the orchestra. Some other moments worked: the eerie high noises of the electronics and the whistling harmonics of the strings; the vigorous counterpoint of electronics and percussion in noisy climaxes. Too much of the rest sounded like intergalactic warfare; perhaps that was the point. Altogether more traditional in approach was Donald Martino's "Ritorno." This had a nicely (and, for once, perceptibly) symmetrical scheme: eleven linked sections, divided five and five around the sixth section, showing elements of mirror form (Section 1 reflected in 11, 2 in 10, 3 in 9) but also articulated by a pattern of developing contrasts—odd-numbered movements predominantly serious in content, even-numbered movements lighter. The description sounds academic, and Martino's idiom is solidly "postwar traditional," but the music was impelled by real expressive power, in the manner of Martino's teacher Luigi Dallapiccola. Beneath its carefully ordered surface was a ferment of feeling, of conflicting emotion. I found it a stimulating and satisfying piece. Donald Erb's Trombone Concerto, on the other hand, was irritating; it appeared to be based on the notion that a composer has only to string together all the clever noises a trombone can produce and surround them with a colorless orchestral accompaniment to make a piece of music. One must admire Stuart Dempster's pyrotechnical activities

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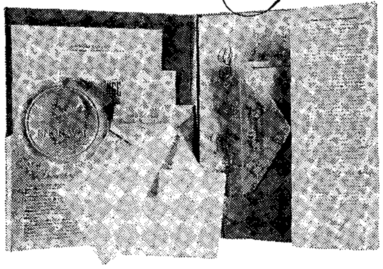

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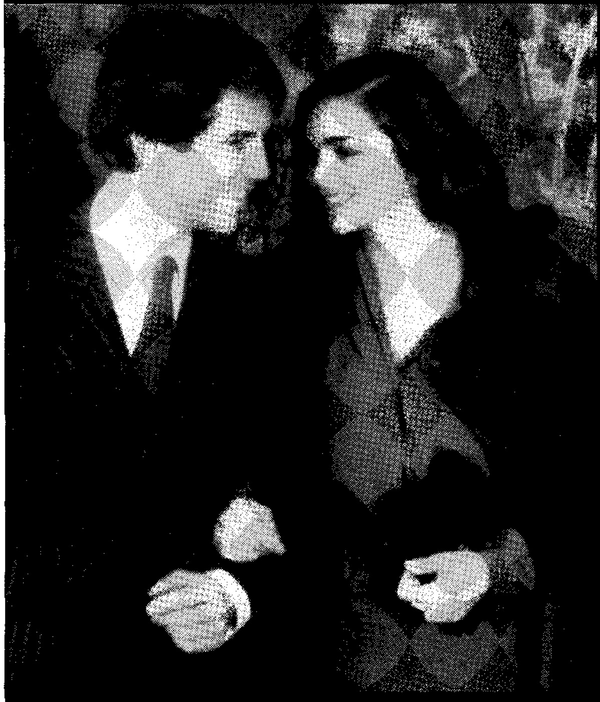
on the instrument, but the result was a display concerto of the worst kind.

IF there are to be display concertos for orchestral players, let them all be as well made, pleasing, and harmless as William Schuman's "Three Colloquies," for French horn and orchestra, which was given its première by the Philharmonic the week before the American Composers Orchestra concert. This work is nearly perfectly constructed, and was beautifully played by Philip Myers, the Philharmonic's principal horn. Schuman struck a happy medium between exploitation of the horn's traditional "hunting" idioms (there was a rising call in the first section which recalled the Prelude to Act III of "Lohengrin") and invention of lyrical, melodic material for the instrument. The colloquies were labelled "Rumination," "Renewal," and "Remembrance," though I daresay that "Resting," "Running," and "Reclining" would have done just as well. The jolly style of the second section was attractive; the sentimental chorale melody of the final pages was a little objectionable; the fading close was masterfully controlled. Nice. But not as solid as Howard Swanson's Short Symphony, which opened the program. That work (which the Philharmonic premièred in 1950 under Mitropoulos) is terse, well argued, unsensational; it combines many varied idioms with unusual success.

A work that I dismissed on first hearing as merely superficial has kept coming back to my mind through all these orchestral premières. Justin Dello Joio is twenty-five and (perhaps unfortunately for him) is the son of a well-known composer. His "Musica Humana" was given its première in the fall by the Juilliard Symphony. It struck me at the time as a worrying piece of music for someone in his twenties to have written: alarmingly competent in its handling of the orchestra, full of all the right gestures, successful without being searching. Having since heard many other composers struggling with the orchestral brontosaur, I think I underestimated Dello Joio's piece. Its boisterous, open-air feeling (quite at odds with the philosophical pretensions of the title) is communicated with confidence and skill. The result is scarcely original, but it is brilliantly accomplished.

IN January, I heard three major orchestras from the East Coast and one from Europe which visited Carnegie Hall. As in the fall, the highest



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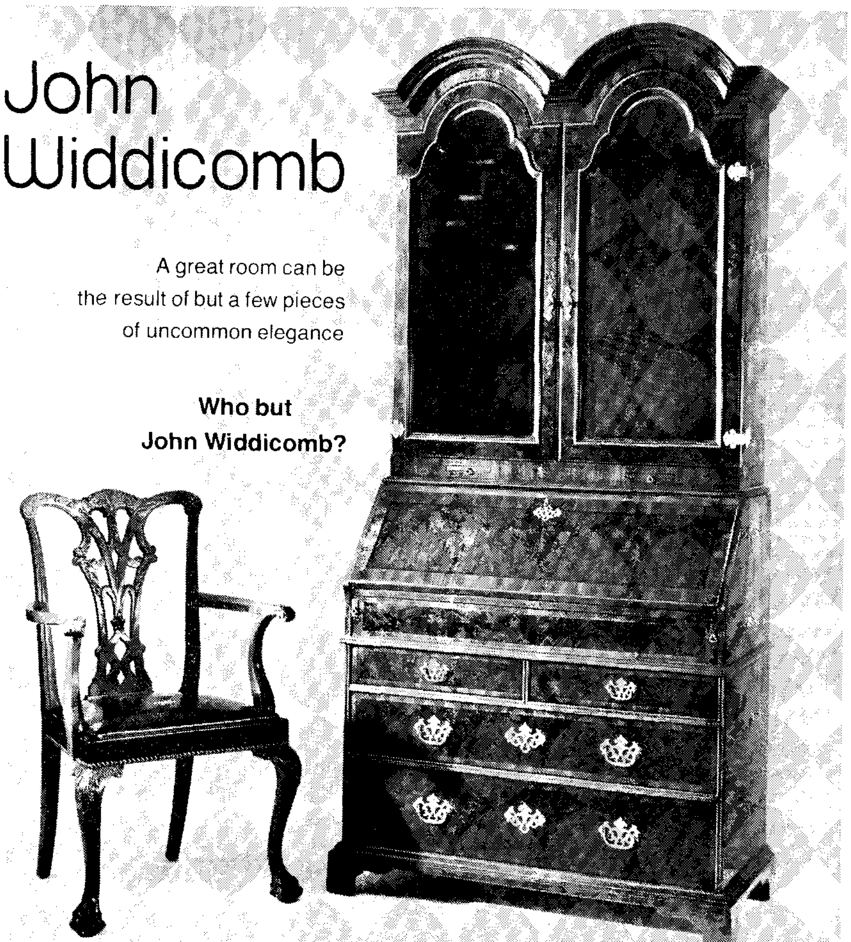

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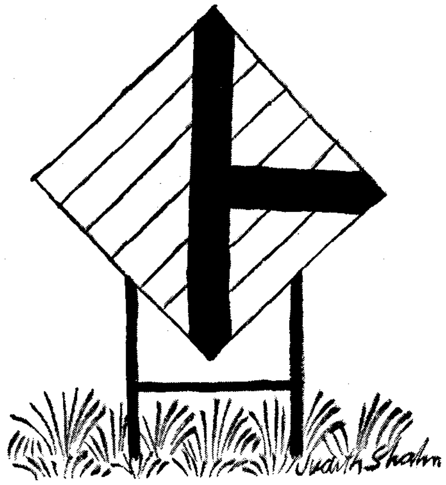
standards were set by the Philadelphia Orchestra; it gave a glorious performance of Schubert's Ninth Symphony under James Levine. To the orchestra's supple richness of tone, impeccable tuning, and natural sense of phrasing, Mr. Levine brought direction full of rhythmic subtlety and vigor. He created a tension and sense of forward movement that, even in the most relaxed moments of lyricism, never disappeared. We will come to think, I am sure, that this large-scale style of Schubert performance, with its luxuriant textures, is very unstylish, and we will perhaps have our ears opened by leaner, crisper, more biting playing on early-nineteenth-century instruments. But while the Philadelphia Orchestra exists, this is the way to use it: Mr. Levine understood its workings and trusted its musicianship so well as to make one regret that he is not regularly seen on the concert platforms of New York.

Among the other visitors, pride of place must go to the Frankfurt Radio Symphony, making its first tour of North America. The record of this orchestra in the field of contemporary music is impressive. In the twenties and thirties, under Hans Rosbaud (acknowledged even by Pierre Boulez as a masterly director of new music), it gave numerous premières, and it continued to do so under other conductors after the Second World War. The emphasis in its repertoire has shifted—first under Dean Dixon, in the sixties, and now under Eliahu Inbal. But the orchestra showed a consummate mastery of contemporary orchestral music in the one recent work it played here—"Les Tritons," a suite of three dances from Hans Werner Henze's ballet "Undine." These Technicolor showoff pieces, with their sub-Stravinsky rhythmic effects and sensational washes of orchestral sound, were played with sharp edges and considerable punch. There was a slight feeling of detachment—perhaps an inevitable quality in any radio orchestra. But a suspicion that the sound lacked warmth and spontaneity was erased by a lovely account of Dvořák's G-Major Symphony. Here the melodies flowed naturally: string tone was warm but not wide, with vibrato well controlled; brass was firm, not blaring; some of the wind soloists were excellent, with only a boxy pair of clarinets to spoil the ensemble. Mr. Inbal drew the work along with a good feeling for its serene, unhurried gentleness; but he spoiled the surprises of the slow movement by vivid anticipatory upbeats during the silences.

How could the composer of such a work as Dvořák's Eighth Symphony, which never puts a musical foot wrong, write such a piece of unrelieved tedium as his "Stabat Mater," which the Boston Symphony and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus under Seiji Ozawa performed the previous week? The answer is that he didn't; Mr. Ozawa just made it seem so. The work is admittedly very staid compared with other settings of this rhyming medieval poem, by composers as diverse as John Browne, Domenico Scarlatti, Karol Szymanowski, and Krzysztof Penderecki (from his "St. Luke Passion"). Dvořák's setting was especially successful in England, where it captured a mood of late-Victorian religiosity that placed it alongside Arthur Sullivan's "Light of the World" as an uplifting, ennobling experience. (In the wake of the success of Dvořák's music in Birmingham, it was suggested to him by the Fathers of the Oratory that he might like to set a text by John Henry Newman, "The Dream of Gerontius." If he had done so, the history of English oratorio in the twentieth century might have been different.) What distinguishes Dvořák's work from English oratorios is its splendid Slavic lilt, tinged with odd harmonies and echoes of folk music. Given a responsiveness to these special characteristics, even the more sloppy sequences and turgid melodies of the "Stabat Mater" fall into place, as they do (almost) in Rafael Kubelík's recording, for Deutsche Grammophon. Mr. Ozawa and his distinguished soloists—Phyllis Bryn-Julson, Jan DeGaetani, Kenneth Riegel, and Benjamin Luxon—captured nothing of this. His was an utterly straightforward and hence utterly unaffecting reading. He beat time, he marked all the climaxes. The orchestra played well. The soloists sang plainly and efficiently. An unsuccessful evening. And one that helped



to set in perspective the Boston Symphony's earlier visit this season, in a magnificent all-Stravinsky program: the Ode, the Violin Concerto, and "The Rite of Spring." This, too, I found curiously bland. Mr. Ozawa led his brilliant players through the "Rite" with such confidence—throwing cues in the air at the precise moment (just before they were needed) and controlling the work with panache—that its excitement appeared to evaporate. After the Dvořák, I realized the far more compelling reason that Mr. Ozawa's "Rite" was almost boring: it had no stylistic characterization, no special sound. We heard the notes, played in the right place. It was Itzhak Perlman who brought that concert to life, with a scintillating account of the Violin Concerto; it had a rasping, witty quality, with playing that was weighty yet well articulated.

HOW difficult Stravinsky's orchestral works are to perform well! Elliott Carter, in the reflections on orchestral music-making quoted earlier, remarks that "the dry incisiveness and powerful rhythmic articulation of Igor Stravinsky's music since 1920 does not fit the sonority expected from the orchestra." Orchestras and conductors must adjust, and they find it difficult. James Levine, so successful in Schubert, gave at the Philharmonic just before Christmas an account of Stravinsky's Symphony of Psalms that was quite wrong: fuzzy-edged, stodgy in rhythm, and warm in tone, instead of crisp, gleaming, and coldly ritualistic. Mstislav Rostropovich, music director of the National Symphony Orchestra, had better fortune, in Carnegie Hall last month, conducting the 1911 version of "Petrushka": here his somewhat ungainly conducting evoked bright, rough colors from the players. This was not a coherent account—the music drifted from scene to scene and did not build the power that one expects—but it had plenty of life: the gestures were vivid, and even where the orchestra's technical quality was less than perfect Rostropovich managed to keep the excitement alive. (A similar quality of temporary excitement and over-all incoherence had a more daunting effect on the sprawling first movement of Mahler's Seventh Symphony, which the National Symphony brought to Carnegie Hall last year.)

RECENT weeks have been notable for some fine performances of Bach's instrumental music. In Carnegie Recital Hall, I sampled Jerry

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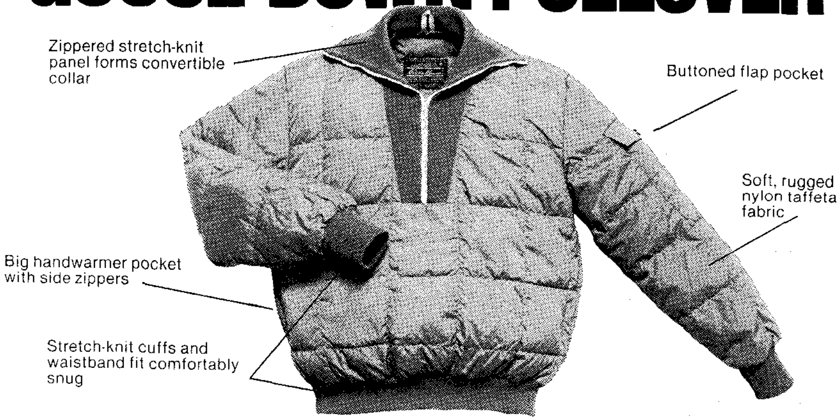
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Brainard's début as a solo harpsichordist, which consisted of Book I of "The Well-Tempered Keyboard," and found it both delightful and serious; he understood well the instrumental origins of so many of the preludes, and played the fugues with clear, unfussy articulation. Some pieces lacked power, and the whole was perhaps too introspective, but the playing was deeply musical. Mary Cyr and John Grew, also in Carnegie Recital Hall, gave the three sonatas for viola da gamba. These, too, were carefully considered accounts, stylistically impeccable. But they needed more flow, more relaxation. Miss Cyr's command of her difficult instrument is praiseworthy; perhaps she could show that she enjoys the music a little more. At the 92nd Street Y, the ensemble Ars Musica, from Ann Arbor, Michigan, included two Bach pieces in the first of its three-concert series on original instruments. I was less than impressed by the bumpy, unphrased Sinfonia from Cantata 42 with which it started (a challenge to oboes and bassoon, not fully met), but there was more control and persuasiveness in Penelope Crawford's account of the D-Minor Harpsichord Concerto. The violinists stood to perform in the concerto—a pity they did not gather around the harpsichord but left it stranded at the back of the stage. Best of all, though completely unexploratory in style, was a performance of the First Brandenburg Concerto which ended a long concert in Tully Hall by the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble: the concerto was conducted with sprightly gait by Michael Feldman and played with just the right rumbustious spirit by the predominantly young group.

—Nicholas Kenyon

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Toronto Globe & Mail*]

Drachten, The Netherlands (CP)—Six young women caught stealing curtains took to their heels, pursued by several angry men. As the women ran, they began stripping, leaving their clothes behind them.

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But possible side effects associated with use of butyl—ranging from dizziness and fainting to severe headaches, loss of bowel and bladder control and cerebral hemorrhage—have drug control, law enforcement and consumer protection officials worried that the substance could be harmful to health.—*Madison* (*Wis.*) *Capital Times.*

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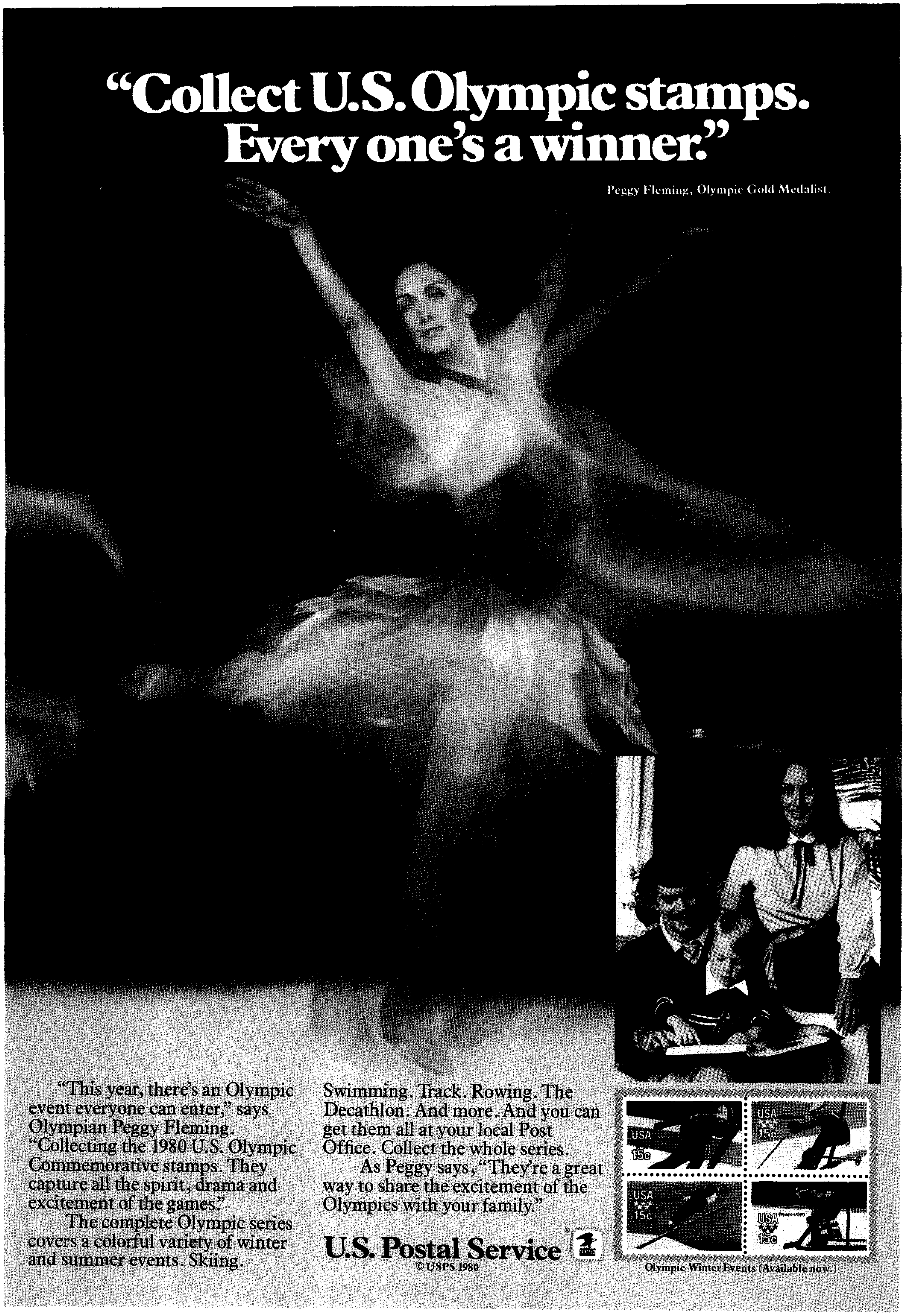
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Trouble at the Firm

IT is a tribute of sorts to Graham Greene that his best work for the movies remains the brilliant original screenplays of "The Fallen Idol" and "The Third Man," which he wrote in the late forties for the director Carol Reed. Some sixteen of his novels have been turned into films, with varying success. (My favorite remains "Our Man in Havana," for which Mr. Greene wrote the script, from his novel; it, too, was directed by Carol Reed, and was illuminated by the presence of Alec Guinness and the late Ernie Kovacs, who played their scenes together like a pair of finalists at Wimbledon, each clearly having a wonderful time.) But none of the films, from "This Gun for Hire" to "Travels with My Aunt," are classics, and none have really captured the lean, sombre sadness (even the comedies are dark and spare) of the novels. Now his most recent novel, "The Human Factor," which was published in 1978, has turned up as a movie, and in spite of its extremely promising apparatus—it is directed by Otto Preminger, from a screenplay by Tom Stoppard, and its cast includes Nicol Williamson, Richard Attenborough, Robert Morley, Derek Jacobi, Ann Todd, and (in a glimpse) John Gielgud—the picture is a failure of such serious dimensions that we must try to reconstruct how it happened, as if preparing a coroner's report. The story, in extreme brief, concerns a minor, steady functionary in British intelligence, Maurice Castle, who works in a backwater of "the Firm" in London and lives in suburban Berkhamsted with his wife, Sarah, and her young son, Sam; she is black, and the boy, in fact, is hers by a previous alliance in South Africa, where she and Castle met and, under understandably painful circumstances, fell in love. A leak of information ("a very small drip—mainly economic matters") to the Russians is uncovered in Castle's headquarters, and by the time a rather desultory investigation is ended, Castle's young associate and friend, Davis, has been murdered—intentionally but wrongly, by his own side—and Castle has fled to Moscow (he is the source of the leak: a double agent) and is cut off for good from his family, the last center of his life and hopes. The complexity of these events and the inadequacy of my précis begin to suggest the problems that the film runs into, and to suggest their cause as well. Graham Greene, of course, is a superb storyteller and plotmaker, but his real meaning as a writer has almost nothing to do with those abilities. It emerges, instead, from an almost silently conveyed feeling of darkness and despair—an amalgam of useless loyalties, burned-out emotions, spiritual exhaustion, and an inexpungeable loneliness. Greene's sadness—in the books, that is—is the key to him, and it is always present; even when his heroes seem almost perky, it is with the brief, bleak cheeriness of one who has dispensed with illusions and is standing on the bedrock of existence, done with hope, and even with the solace of irony. Sometimes this condition can seem strangely and movingly funny (consider "The Third Man"—to go back to a movie—and one's feelings when one sees the last of Holly Martins' dumb American optimism stripped away), but it is almost unbearable to think about for long.

In the movie of "The Human Factor," this tone—and tone is the most elusive quality in fiction, and the hardest to reconstruct—is almost inaudible, because the picture has leaped for all the more obvious and enticing qualities of plot and place, scene and dialogue and development. For a time, the multiplying involvements of the story are highly entertaining: smoothly unwinding doings and connivings in the narrow hallways and converted parlors of the Firm's little Victorian hideaway in the West End; the stiff, gentlemanly intelligence chiefs discussing the leak and its possible remedies in bored, considering, clubman tones (they almost decide to overlook it but then conclude that "what we can't risk is a midnight flight and a press conference in Moscow"); Derek Jacobi (he was the Emperor Claudius in the memorable PBS television serial of "I, Claudius"), with puffy blond hair and black, surprised-looking eyebrows, as the scattered, hung-over, always-in-love Davis, who is a born victim and soon a dead one; and Richard Attenborough—plump and well shaved, with foolish sideburns, a regimental tie, a rolling eye, and a falsely hearty laugh—as the businesslike, unacute, unexpectedly lonely security officer Daintry: easily the best-acted part in the film. There is a nice moment when Robert Morley, as Dr. Percival, the most suave and chilling of the top men, tries to calm Daintry's shock after he has heard of the Firm's decision that he is to "eliminate" the leak once it has been found. Percival gestures toward a painting on the wall (in the book, it was a Ben Nicholson) and says, "Do you know Mondrian?" "Someone in the Firm?" Daintry asks, and Percival points out something about the lines and rectangles in the painting. "We're all in boxes," he murmurs. "Just find our leak and pass him along to the next box . . ." But this is standard spy stuff, and is not really relevant to the intentions of "The Human Factor," although the movie keeps suggesting that there is nothing more to it. Things begin to come apart when, in a series of awkward, heavy flashbacks, the story reverts to South Africa, to explain the circumstances of Castle's meeting and falling in love with Sarah. This formal explication looks as if the makers of the picture believed that a black wife was going to be such an anomaly in a big, popular film that she could not be presented in an offhand

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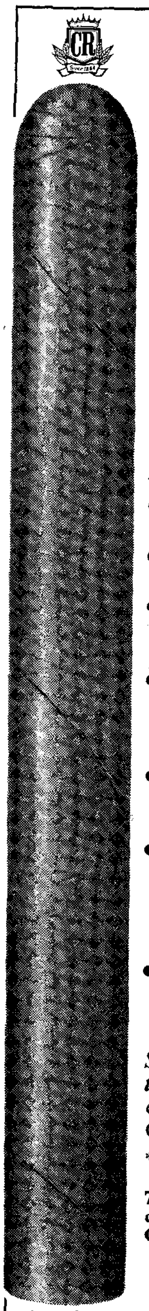

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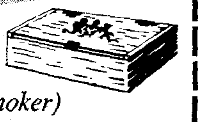

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way, with just a hint of background (as she is in the book), but needed elaborate justification—a suggestion that is borne out by the fact that the part is played by a thin, long-necked, beautiful Yves Saint Laurent model named Iman, who cannot act. The mistake is disastrous, for if Sarah, in spite of her color, is just a conventional love interest—a passion that induces Castle to turn traitor, most unconvincingly, for the sake of a Communist friend of hers—the story becomes so flat and cheap that we cease to give it our attention. Near the end, as Castle is about to be spirited away to Moscow, where he has no reason to continue to exist, Sarah says to him, "We have our own country, you and I and Sam, and you've never betrayed that," and we snicker at the banality of the line.

So much has been lost by this time—for the film declines precipitously after the halfway mark—that we must try to recall what Mr. Greene had in mind. The scene in which the leak is first discussed is a turning point, because its combination of inconsequentiality, awkwardness, and deadliness is presented by Preminger as if he were merely showing us some cold-blooded power merchants. (The line about the midnight flight to Moscow has to do with Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean and Kim Philby, of course, but the movie does not supply the pause or inflection that would insure our understanding of this; it shrugs, and hurries along.) What is major in the book has been blurrily and hastily brushed over in the movie—the lack of relevance in all spying; the dingy, mean-spirited, back-office aura of the Firm; a general deterioration of conviction; the knowledge that "the other side" is suffering from the very same desultory loss of purpose; the stiff-faced, niggling failures of human understanding, which are linked to rigidities of class; and, most of all, the awful universal knowledge—everyone in the story knows it—that class and school and country are no longer to be relied upon, that they very nearly amount to nothing. Maurice Castle's despair and feelings of loss arise at least in part from these sources, and so does his willingness to work for the other side; the discovery of the leak that does him in comes from a Soviet double agent (his own double) whom the British have in place in Moscow and who turns out in the end to be a triple agent. In the beautiful, elegant novel, we pick up this connection in every line, from the book's tone and from many small scenes that the picture omits—Castle reading aloud to

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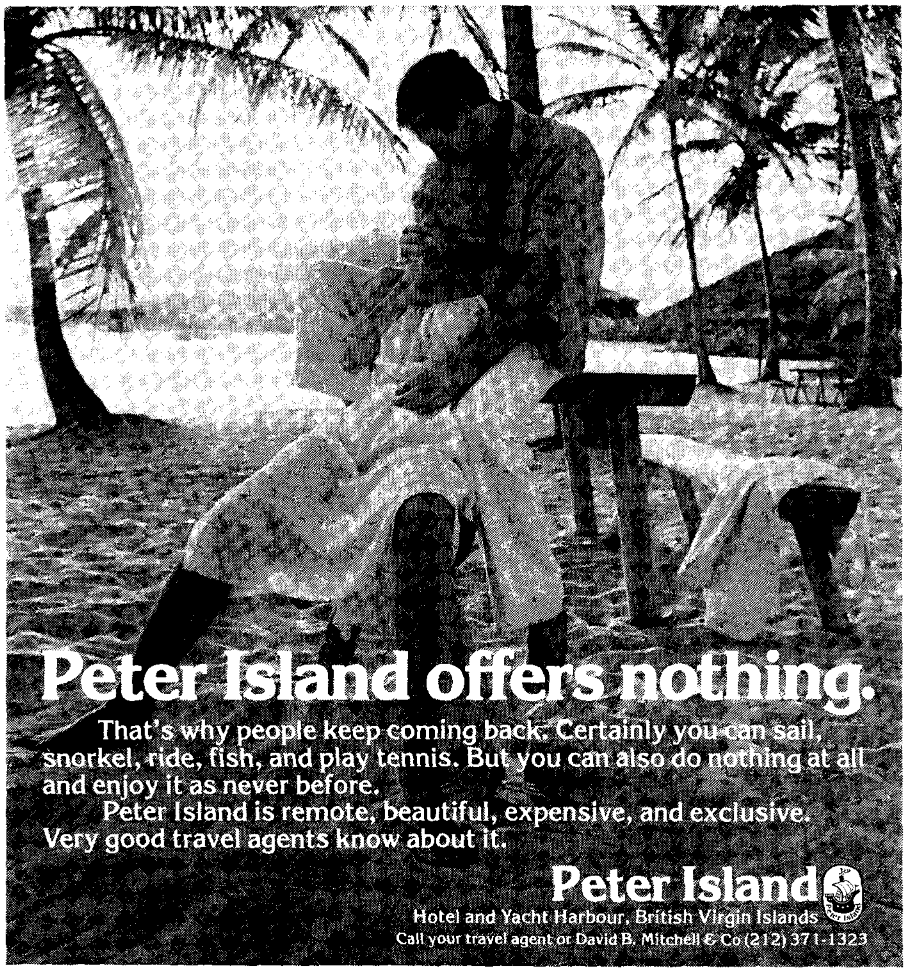
young Sam, and sensing the distance between them; Castle's desperate, meaningless visit (he is not a Catholic) to a priest in a confessional—and most of all from the nature of his feelings for Sarah and Sam. His small family is not much, to be sure—a wife from another continent and culture, a bastard son, a dog (Buller, a mastiff, which Castle detests)—and if anyone understands the emptiness and sentimentality of Sarah's words about their private "country" it is Castle himself. But he holds on to Sarah and Sam and his love for them all the more violently, since they are everything there is for him in the world. Then they are taken away.

Nicol Williamson plays Castle with a stricken, silenced air, and his large white face, his shocked eyes, his vests and high collars, and his ugly, guarded way of speaking by moving his upper lip alone seem exactly right, but the part never quite comes alive. Mr. Williamson has done all he could do, which was to put his confidence in the script and the director, and he has lost. Preminger is a veteran director, whose abilities and convictions have always come down to an absolutely literal, documentarylike style (and even this goes badly astray here in the final scenes, where Castle's drab flat in Moscow is done in such slapdash style that it resembles a set in a high-school play, or perhaps a reconstruction of Greta Garbo's Moscow apartment in "Ninotchka"), and he can bring us a country pheasant shoot or a crowded pub or lunchtime in a Pall Mall gents' club with perfect verisimilitude and irrelevance. He is a man of certitude, and thus seems more lost in Graham Greene's world than anyone—even more than Maurice Castle. It's a pity.

ALAN KING has a good time in "Just Tell Me What You Want," but he is the only one who does. He plays Max Herschel, the owner and operator of a gargantuan American conglomerate (mostly communications, by the look of it), who wheels and deals compulsively and sometimes legally—talking fast on the phone, with a grinning, animal-like avidity; sentimentally holding both hands of an older, longtime business rival he is preparing to cheat; roaring with self-pity; shouting orders from midcourt to a secretary while he bangs a tennis ball back and forth with his own pro (Mr. King has a terrific rolling forehand); laying eyes and hands on the latest pretty young secretary he is about to seduce ("You'll never get poor from taking, schweedhodt"); explaining—with impatient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gestures at the stupidity of anyone who doesn't instantly grasp the beautiful twists and traps of it all—where the edge lies in the latest semi-swindle he is engaged in. It is not a pretty part, but it's a big one, and Mr. King, with his enormous round head, oily baritone, and all-knowing grin (he is a very popular standup television and nightclub comic), gives it energy and conviction, and even, against all odds, some humor. Quite a performance. His opposite number is Bones Burton (Ali MacGraw), a TV producer who is said to have won four Emmies (this is not put forward with much clarity, and for a time I was under the impression that she had won the awards as an actress—against impressive evidence to the contrary) and is now in the talk-show line; she has been Max Herschel's No. 1 mistress for fourteen years and is understandably beginning to show signs of wear. The two spend a great deal of time shouting at each other. Bones meets and impulsively marries a young playwright (Peter Weller), whose dour looks are meant to show intellectual depths. ("A Sheeler?" he asks alertly, when first visiting Bones' apartment. "And that was a Demuth in the hall, wasn't it? Collect Precisionists?" Later on, arriving with her at a dinner party, he murmurs, " 'Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes.' " Pause for one beat. "Thoreau." Well, the penalty for this sort of thing at my house is fifteen yards and loss of the ball, but never mind.) But Bones and Hubby come unstuck out in H'wood, where the young Odets is corrupted by pony and mower—no, no: by money and *power*—of all things, and eventually the shrill, longtime lovers are reunited, even though Max, enraged by the lady's departure, has vengefully tried to pluck her clean of paintings, bank account, and career. Miss MacGraw—wearing ominous black-circle eye makeup, which makes her look like a raccoon—moves about in a skinny, fashionable, stalking sort of way, and often throws things during her unhappy scenes with Max, but we have no sense of where this bad comportment comes from or what she enjoys in the relationship. In other roles, Myrna Loy is wary and worn down as Herschel's loyal, put-upon secretary, and Keenan Wynn supplies some welcome lower tones as the bearded, thickly accented ancient movie czar Seymour Berger, who outslicks Herschel in a major property deal. ("Goniff!" Max screams. "Felon! Mommser! You sold my *vigorish!*")

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in which the few innocent or helpless characters (including Dina Merrill as Max's alcoholic and hysterical wife) are repeatedly scorned and made to look like fools. Everyone seems haggard and strident, with the exception of Max, who is sleek and manic. The movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is not really worth anybody's attention, but I have a sneaking suspicion that it may be widely praised, and even genuinely admired, simply because it is so chilling and loud and cruel; these attributes will be taken as a form of honesty. How many of us, I wonder, think of the world this way and will believe that this picture is telling it like it is. Cynicism is tempting for moviemakers, and for all of us, because it presents the world as being of a piece, instead of layered or pocked or stippled, or whatever begins to describe its variety and enormous difficulty and its voracious demands on our feelings and understanding. And cynicism, this movie tells us, is only a funnier, slicked-up form of violence. In the most vivid and frightful scene, Bones accidentally runs into Max in Bergdorf Goodman after he has undertaken his finaglings to impoverish her, and she begins to beat him over the head with her huge pocketbook, in what looks like a homicidal rage. She knocks him down repeatedly, knees him in the groin, smashes mirrors and display cases in her fury (he is screaming with fear and pain), and pursues him through the door and continues to beat him up outside, stopping traffic on Fifty-eighth Street. When at last he gets away, torn and bleeding, in his limousine, the crowd on the street cheers her vociferously—a cheer that was echoed by people around me in the theatre where I saw the movie; during the scene, some of them had been laughing heartily. At the end of the movie, Max and Bones are sitting nose to nose on a hospital bed, grinning like sharks as they negotiate the terms of their revived love affair. But how could such people love each other? How could anyone love such lovers? I give up. This is a movie that is meant to make you feel terrible.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

When the unity of our present fear fades, when the crowds stop cheering and the banks stop playing, someone has to speak for all the Americans who were ignored in the State of the Union Address.—*Transcript of Senator Edward M. Kennedy's speech at Georgetown University in the Times.*

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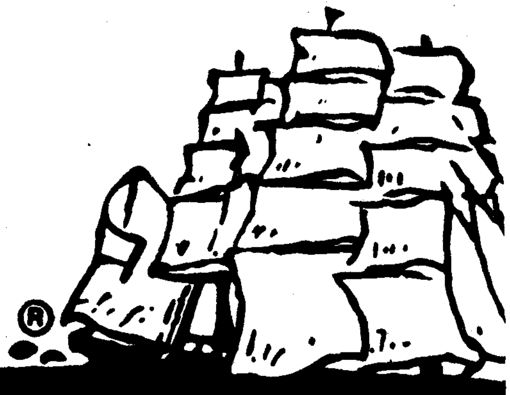

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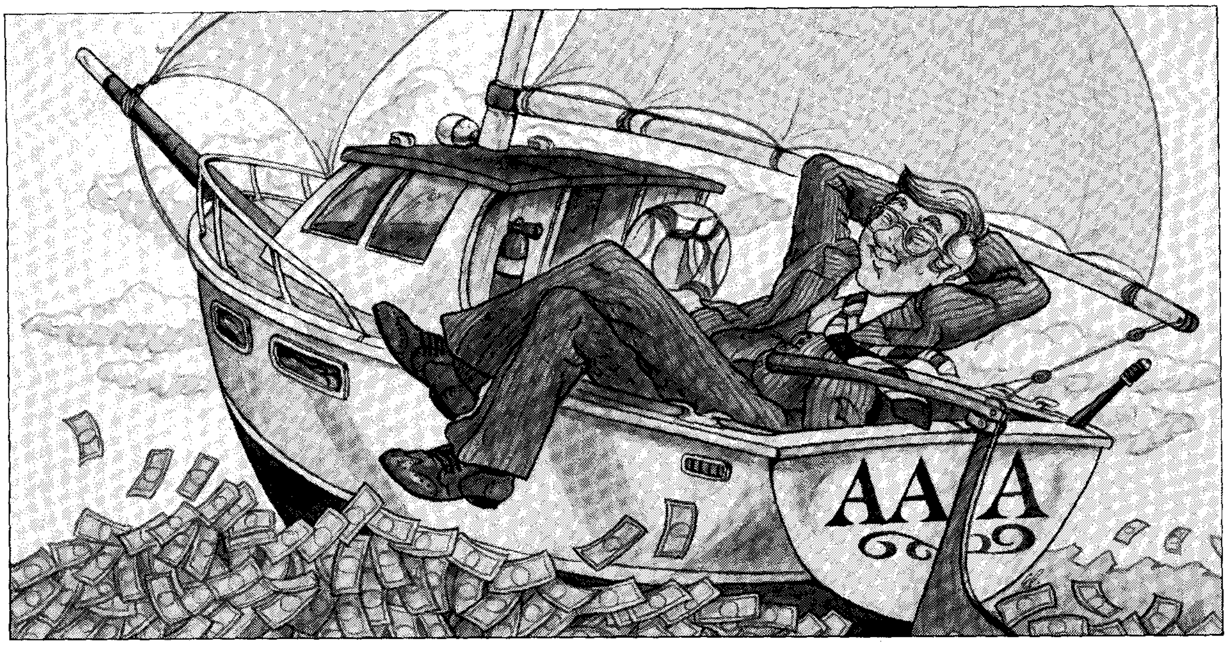
Swing Street Revisited

“FANCY FREE,” the Jerome Robbins-Leonard Bernstein ballet about three sailors on shore leave, takes place on a hot summer night in 1944, the year of the ballet’s première. The side street in Manhattan and the bar where the sailors drink were designed in Sunday-comics colors by Oliver Smith; their real-life counterparts were probably somewhere along the Hudson River piers, but the setting of the ballet has always seemed to be Fifty-second Street, or “Swing Street,” as the block between Fifth and Sixth is now designated—the street of the jazz clubs that, like roistering sailors on shore leave, are with us no more. The ballet begins with a blues record playing in the dark; the song is “Big Stuff,” by Leonard Bernstein, and in the American Ballet Theatre production the voice on the record has been Billie Holiday’s for thirty-five years. In the years I have been enjoying “Fancy Free” at Ballet Theatre, I’ve never been able to tell what the song was—it’s just a snatch of sound that precedes the overture. In the new production that Robbins has just supervised for the New York City Ballet, Dee Dee Bridgewater sings in a specially made studio recording, and the record plays on long enough for us to identify the melody as the same one Bernstein uses in the pas de deux. When the curtain rose on the New York City Ballet production, I expected more revelations, and in fact the performance did resemble a newly scrubbed painting. Hard lines and colors appeared in place of soft edges and allusive pastels; vague contours and pliant, careless brushstrokes were erased. But the high definition wasn’t a return to the original style; it was totally new, and it did strange things to “Fancy Free.” The central situation—of sailors picking up girls—seemed tense, the humor fell flat, with larky bits of business clinging to the stage like the edges of a damp soufflé. The dancers tried hard—maybe too hard. The breeziness and the innocence of the piece eluded every attempt to nail them to the ground.

A character ballet with musical-comedy overtones, “Fancy Free” is not at all typical of the New York City Ballet, but at last year’s School of American Ballet benefit performance the three solos were successfully performed by Jean-Pierre Frohlich, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Peter Martins. At this year’s benefit, the whole ballet was given, fully dressed in Smith’s décor and Kermit Love’s original costumes, and with Bart Cook in Baryshnikov’s place and Stephanie Saland and Lourdes Lopez as the pickups. Last week, it went on the N.Y.C.B. bills, where it joins the largest selection of Robbins ballets in active repertory, including the two that stand beside it as his masterpieces—“Afternoon of a Faun” and “Dances at a Gathering.” I would add “Interplay” to that list but for the fact that, after all these years, the eight dancers—who must be eight *young* dancers to be believable in the juvenile roles Robbins created—are seldom able to rise evenly and with full force to the technical demands of the choreography, which is classical-acrobatic with jazz accents. The current N.Y.C.B. casts are probably the best classical dancers that “Interplay” has ever had, and their classical correctness has the effect of enclosing their 1945 hepcat roles in amused quotation marks. The dancers, though young, seem discriminating where earlier generations of N.Y.C.B. dancers just seemed square. But “Interplay” celebrates its antique grooviness a little too thinly for comfort. I believe in the dancers’ emphasis on correctness; I think it gives the ballet a clearer and truer sentiment than some of the show-bizzy interpretations we have seen. But that choice is helpless. Unlike the dancers of the forties and fifties, current casts aren’t prey to the jive; they aren’t familiar with any developed dance vocabulary outside the ballet. They’re classical because they know no other technique.

“Interplay” and now “Fancy Free” point up the coincidences in the dance styles of an era—instances of momentary correspondence that flow across the board from the most academic to the most colloquial dance forms and that may be extended into parallels capable of nourishing the most academic, if not the most colloquial. Classical academic ballet goes on when the Lindy, the Shag, the Twist, and the Boogaloo are gone. But classical style is also mutable from generation to generation. The steps in the syllabus may be the same, but even the mechanics of execution bear the imprint of an era. In old ballet films, that imprint leaps out at you. The ballet dancers of the forties appear to have had more in common with the samba line at the Copacabana than they have with ballet dancers of today. Whatever that common impulse was, it is unrecapturable. The great overlapping wave of popular expression in dance and song came in the first fifty years of our century; we are still drifting in the hollow of that wave. And, in the absence of any comparably strong popular dance tradition, classicism today is impoverished. Our era dotes on the beauty of classical style at its purest and most austere. But it can also be an anemic purity, bled dry of support material,

“Was I here last week?”



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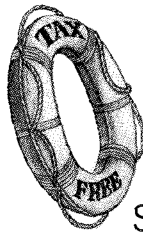

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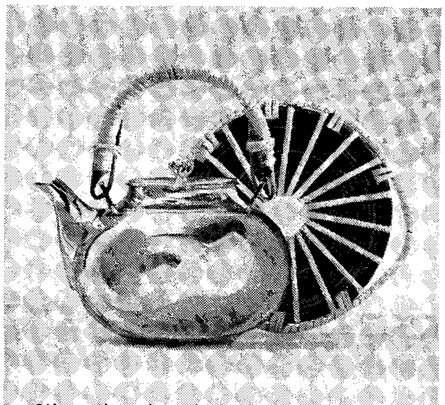

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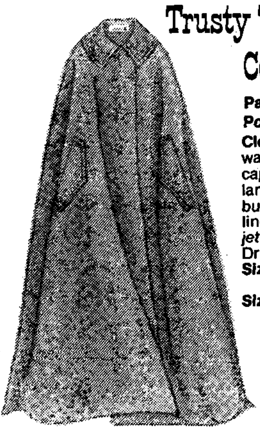

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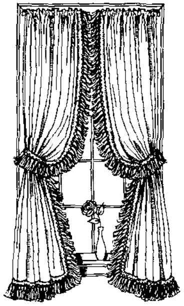

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cut off from any enlivening influence of the vernacular. In the N.Y.C.B. "Fancy Free," the dancers' idea of a pop style is heavy and swaggering—the opposite of their own classical style and the opposite of the pop style of the forties, which was also lightly objective. They make the same kind of mistake singers make when they try to do the old popular songs; the words are doled out as if they belonged to the singer and not the song. (The arrogant stylizations of the PBS series "Song by Song" are the worst example of what I mean.) Agnes de Mille denounces disco as "autoerotic," but most show dancing is beefed-up narcissism, and both forms of dance, like the music that is written for them, are rhythmically dull. No classical tradition can survive this kind of drain, and choreographers, when they turn to old popular music and old popular dances, are largely unable to provide more than artificial resuscitation. In comparison with their strained efforts, "Fancy Free" was a lucky bum—the right ballet at the right time for American dance.

Different dance forms in the same era are more closely related than the same dance forms in different eras. We can imagine Balanchine's counting on the appeal of his "Serenade" to an audience that had seen Astaire-Rogers and Jessie Matthews musicals. But photographs of "Serenade" taken in the thirties are disconcerting. Had the ballet not been kept in repertory, it might have had to be wholly re-created. Changing its shape now subtly, now radically, "Serenade" has over the years maintained its place and its essence: it has always been recognizably "Serenade." The hope of perpetuation and continuity lies in repertory; so does the expectancy of permissible change. Without a continuous record of performances, even Ballet Theatre might find it difficult to stage an authentic "Fancy Free." N.Y.C.B. dancers have no skill in throwaway gesture. When the sailors tease the girl with the red shoulder bag, the action that at Ballet Theatre can look ad lib is so precisely set and executed that it becomes harsh: these boys might be muggers. And Martins and Saland massage the tender little pas de deux into an explosive sexual encounter. Saland in any case is too knowing, too seductive, and Lopez is too patrician for the streetwise but "nice" girls that the ballet is supposed to be about. The casting of the men is off, too. As characters, Martins and Baryshnikov might have been plausible buddies, with Frohlich as a kind of mascot. Now Martins,

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especially since he's been given the pas de deux, looks like the star of the show, with Cook and Frohlich in support. Cook dances the second, lyical variation with a great deal of charm and care, but he has the same misfortune that he has in "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," of being unequally cast against Martins. The second cast was better balanced. Judith Fugate and Delia Peters are both believable white-collar working girls. Fugate is as knowing as Saland but more vulnerable, and Peters sets the comic tone the instant we see her long, droll face appearing around a corner of the set. Douglas Hay, Christopher Fleming, and Joseph Duell, performing the variations in that order, weren't—except for Duell—as brilliant as the first cast, but their spirits were higher, their control of the ballet's moods was much more secure, and they looked like high-school-age sailors. If virtuoso dancing is what "Fancy Free" is really about, Robbins has been lying to us all these years.

MOST of the events of note at City Ballet this season have been recyclings or restagings. Besides "Fancy Free," Robbins put on a suite of extracts from the "Dybbuk" ballet he did several years ago with Bernstein, and Balanchine has made a new piece of sorts, "Walpurgis Nacht Ballet," based on his dances for a production of Gounod's "Faust" at the Paris Opéra in 1975. The Robbins-Bernstein "Dybbuk" was a strangely misty affair, neither following the famous old Yiddish play nor letting it alone. The ballet hung around awhile under a new title, "The Dybbuk Variations," and then it disappeared, Robbins presumably having given up his idea of a dance commentary that never disclosed its subject. The themelessness of the ballet and the namelessness of its horrors were intended, I think, to magnify the mystery of the events related in the play. In "Suite of Dances (From 'The Dybbuk Variations')" I seem to hear a voice saying, "Well, at least it works as dance." It's dance insofar as it isn't drama; the eight episodes that Robbins has excerpted don't really work at all. The steps are a progression of static changes in body shape which never yield a cumulative image. In place of an image, there is atmospheric business—stooping, twisting, shielding the eyes. Bart Cook or Helgi Tomasson heads an ensemble of six men, three of whom have solo variations. Especially with Cook in the lead, one can't help thinking of "Fancy Free" and the steep drop between it and this latest Robbins-Bernstein creation. And in

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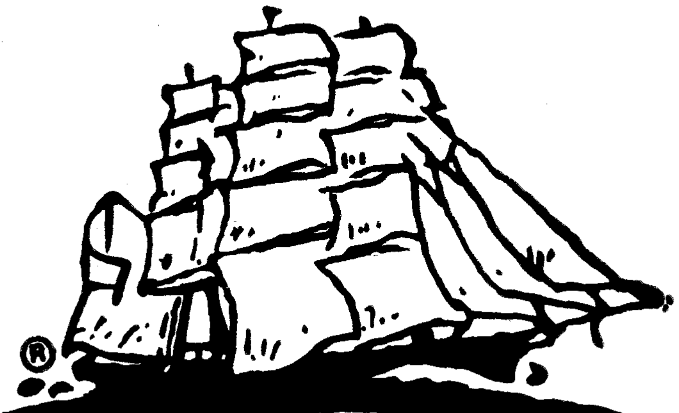

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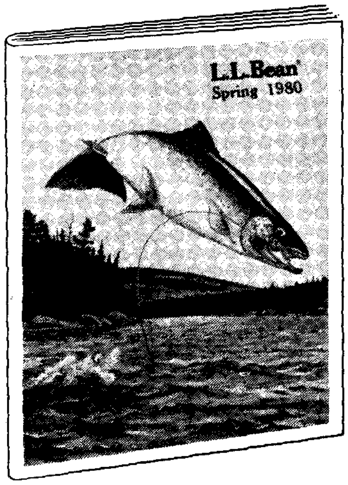

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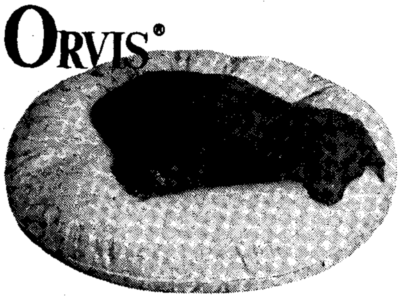

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Robbins' case I can't help thinking that there must be a personal dybbuk involved who saps his energy and turns him to the pursuit of cosmic bellyaches in dance. Just when did Anna Sokolow creep under Robbins' skin? The looming, empty portentousness of his "Dybbuk" choreography has the look of one of her ethnic-expressionistic sagas. Occasionally, the old Robbins spirit flies upward, as in Victor Castelli's extraordinary butterfly tours-jetés. This is like a lungful of air, and the normally limp Castelli seems to increase in strength and size as he flies. (Next to his Candy Cane in "The Nutcracker," this is his finest moment.) Strange that the airiest of the "Dybbuk" dances should also be the weightiest. It's quite possible that the men were better dancers in 1974 than they are now; it's also possible that gravity in the form in which Robbins seeks it eludes him.

Balanchine this season brought back his "Cortège Hongrois," which is "Raymonda" recycled, and not for the first time, either. It is rather coarse-grade ballet kitsch for much of the way; then suddenly, with the Grand Waltz, it's superb. In the opening section of this number, Balanchine quotes his "Raymonda Variations" for sixty-four measures, although in that piece he has the steps occurring to different music. But probably the great "Raymonda Variations" contained quotations, too—from previous Balanchine "Raymonda"s or from the Maryinsky version whence they sprang. Even more interesting than the recurrence of steps, though, is the fact that they don't—or don't for long—recur in the same sequence. In the "Cortège" waltz, bits are flown in from all parts of the opening "Variations" waltz and are fitted into a new and coherent, completely familiar whole. This has been, in fact, Balanchine's basic approach when reconstructing various "Maryinsky" pieces—not only "Raymonda" but also "Swan Lake" and, for all we know, "Harlequinade." One feels that in reshuffling the material he penetrates a work's substance, exposing an inner fibre that makes out of an apparently arbitrary fusion of ballet steps an entity we can recognize as "Essence of Raymonda." It's a choreographer's game; Balanchine even jokes about it in "Cortège" when he holds off the ballerina's most famous passage—the plunging relevés-passés—until almost the last minute. The actual last minute, which used to have the whole cast posed and looking at the ballerina as if she were about to retire (the production was a farewell gift to Melissa Hayden), has been

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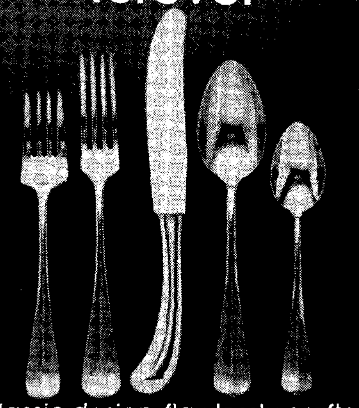

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changed. The dancers now all face front and hold their tableau as if in tribute to the heritage of "Raymonda."

I suppose some people will see the "Walpurgis Nacht Ballet" as kitsch, too. It's a big, all-girl ballet in the innocent, cheerfully banal Paris Opéra style we know from "La Source" and "Ballo della Regina." The only connection to "Faust" that I can see is in its visionary use of classic feminine types (maenads, bacchantes—all quite Parisian and proper, of course) and in the central role, which has been largely remade for Suzanne Farrell. The choreography here is diabolical and at the same time angelic; we think of poor Faust offstage, suspended between Heaven and Hell. There is a man's role in the ballet. Adam Lüders appeared as Farrell's partner but did not dance a solo. The single male variation was taken over by Farrell, along with some traditionally masculine steps, and she also danced a waltz variation that began with a series of off-balance grands battements and ended with some utterly novel devil's-trill piqués-chaînés that seemed to build on her thrilling multiple soutenu turns in "Chaconne." Ended with them? Not quite. If memory serves, she froze the chaîné sequence shut, took a lightly careless attitude-front pose, held it, and leapt off. All this was accomplished without a single visible transition. This new or semi-new ballet was unveiled on the gala program with "Fancy Free." Further performances may be scheduled before the season is over. It is a ballet to be seen many times. The simple patterns of the ensembles and the clear and buoyant solos for Heather Watts and Stephanie Saland scarcely prepare you for the complexity of Farrell's role, which in adagio as well as allegro passages goes beyond "Chaconne." And that, right now, is about as far as anyone has gone.

—Arlene Croce

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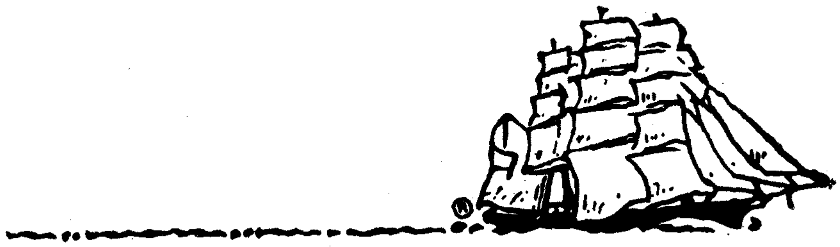

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Closing Time

WHOEVER has taken a history exam in high school or college will be familiar with the type of question in which one is faced with a sequence of dates and asked to set beside them the relevant historical events. In a more sophisticated version, one may be asked to relate these events, to make of them a meaningful pattern. One such sequence might run this way: 1860, 1873, 1889, 1895, 1896. The matching happenings would be: the coming to power of liberalism in Central Europe, the bank and bourse crash that deeply sapped liberal self-confidence, the foundation of a Social Democratic movement, the election of an avowed anti-Semite as mayor of a great European capital, and the publication of the Zionist plan for homecoming. Is there a common thread, knitting one date to the next? There is, of course. Every one of these seminal events took place in Vienna and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Here was the crucible of tragic modernity.

Around these momentous developments, the arts, the sciences, and philosophical and social theories sprang to vehement life. Implosively compacted into the Hapsburg capital and its two luminous satellites, Prague and Budapest, talent, flair, genius displayed themselves with a prodigality entirely comparable to that witnessed by Periclean Athens, the Florence of the Medici, and Elizabethan London. The world of Freud and of Wittgenstein, of Kafka and of Musil, of Ernst Mach and of Theodor Herzl, of Rilke and of Kokoschka is ours still. Twelve-tone music, the *Jugendstil*, the logic and linguistics of the Vienna Circle, the architecture of Otto Wagner and of Adolph Loos, psychoanalysis, and Kafka's bureaucracy of the infernal have become the alphabet of Western sensibility. But in what respects were these multiple currents really one, racing with utmost pressure toward the kindred catastrophes of world war and Nazism? *That* is the real exam question.

In recent years, Professor Carl Schorske, of Princeton University, has published occasional scholarly papers on this fascinating theme. He has now assembled four of them, added three new ones, and provided a general introduction. "Fin-de-Siècle Vienna: Politics and Culture" (Knopf; $15.95) sets out to show the drama of "a culture which could satisfy the mind but starved the souls of a population still cherishing the memory of a pre-rationalist social order." Other European nation-states were also caught in the intricate, crisis-ridden advance toward a new politics and a new social structure which followed on the revolutions of 1848. But inside the Austro-Hungarian hothouse, this advance took on an accelerated, almost hysterically charged quality. Vienna became "the little world in which the big world has its rehearsals."

Here an often archaic provincialism came under the abrupt stress of cosmopolitan ideals and snobberies; here modernism in its most aggressive guises confronted a semi-feudal armature of social practices and conventions. In the ramshackle Hapsburg conglomerate, languages, ethnic groups, religious traditions were crowded into explosive contiguity. Latin and Slav, Catholic and Jew, urban jobber and antique landowner rubbed against one another in the dynamic dishevelment of recent legal emancipation. The photographs of the period are eloquent: an officer caste, plumed and waxed, gazes through monocles at the fur-coiffed denizens of the ghetto; Danube pleasure steamers carrying dance bands drift past Balkan hovels and turbaned folk out of the Ottoman past. It is some of these particulars and their blaze into the general conflagrations of the twentieth century which Professor Schorske seeks to clarify in his seven essays.

The first endeavors to characterize the schizophrenic ambience of end-of-century Vienna in terms of two eminent and, at the same time, representative writers: Hugo von Hofmannsthal, lyric poet, essayist, and librettist for Richard Strauss, and Arthur Schnitzler, novelist, master of the wry anecdote, observer of eros and social class. It is within and through the personae and works of these two masters that the fertile but divisive coexistence of Catholic-aesthetic and liberal- or bourgeois-rationalist ideals in imperial Vienna is to be made graphic. With the cool eye of a doctor (his, like Chekhov's, was a double calling), Schnitzler diagnosed the principal symptoms of malaise. He wrote of the tensions between the impoverished aristocracy and the nouveau-riche industrialists or financiers clawing their sycophantic way into its musty ranks. He dramatized the sweet-and-sour compromise between the outward puritanism of the middle class and the sexual license of the streets. He dissected, with ironic empathy, the nervous interplay of Jewish striving and Gentile alarm. "Aspiring to tragedy, Schnitzler achieved only sadness." It is a fastidious, self-mocking sadness, which finds incomparable expression in "Der Rosenkavalier." Even more than in his allegorical plays and fables of abandon, it was in his collaboration with Strauss's music that Hofmannsthal pressed home his sense of a great ending, of what was to be called "closing time in the gardens of the West." Both as a libretto and in its expanded narrative version, "The Woman Without a Shadow" (which Schorske does not consider) remains the subtlest parable of the ornately *triste* late afternoon in a high culture.

The second essay, in many ways the most substantial, traces the victory of political liberalism and the reflexes that soon challenged this victory in terms of urban architecture and, more specifically, of the monumental development of Vienna's famous Ringstrasse. Again, two major figures are used to dramatize the underlying issues. They are the architect-designers Camillo Sitte and Otto Wagner. Through a look at the career and the buildings of each, Professor Schorske articulates the conflicts between mercantile grandiloquence and the counter-ideal of an "artisanal," almost rural conception of dwelling spaces. Drawing on a celebrated essay by Hermann Broch, he shows how a characteristic liberal historicism—the transplanting of classical Greek

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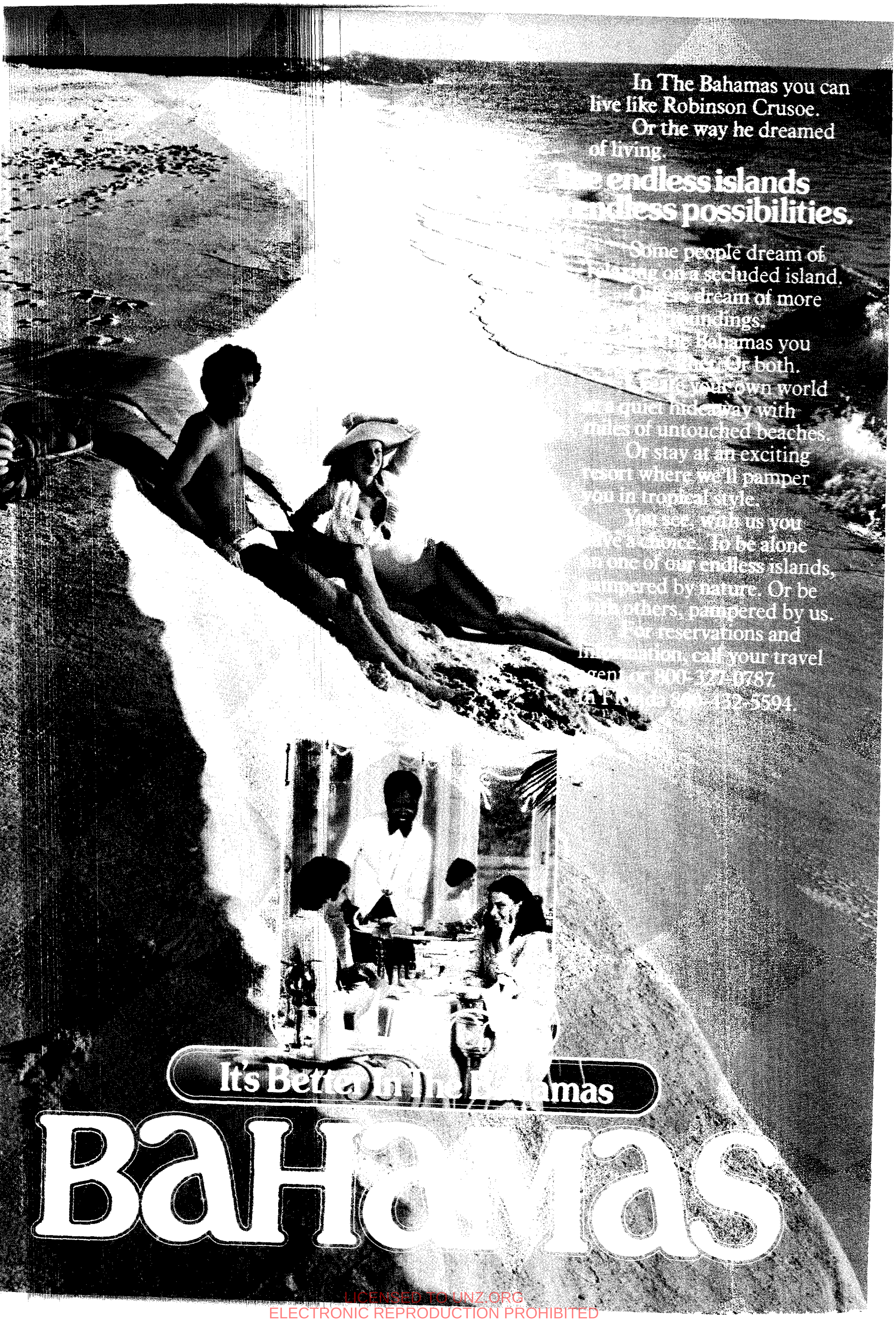
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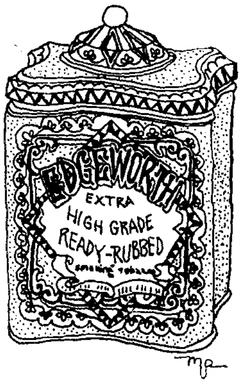
and Roman buildings into modern European capitals—conflicted with the mounting impulses toward functional modernity. The role of public and private financing in the evolution of the Ringstrasse complex allows an instructive analysis of the shifting balance of fiscal power in Franz Josef's Vienna. Two finely placed details set the scene for the fury to come. It was in front of the new Postal Savings Bank that a Christian-Social municipality placed the bust of one Georg Coch, a gladiator of the rising anti-Semitic front. And it was to the Ringstrasse that hastened a young provincial painter and would-be master builder: "I ran from one object of interest to another, but it was always the buildings that held my primary interest. For hours I could stand in front of the Opera, for hours I could gaze at the Parliament; the whole Ring Boulevard seemed to me like an enchantment out of 'The Thousand-and-One Nights.' " Thus Adolf Hitler.



This last gentleman's background and ideological credentials were Austrian through and through. (A vulpine anti-Semitism persists in Austria to this day.) Professor Schorske sets out to delineate the origins of disaster via the profiles of three men: Georg von Schönerer, the pseudo-aristocrat and pseudo-agrarian theoretician of anti-Semitism; Karl Lueger, the fluent and somewhat endearing opportunist who became mayor of his beloved Vienna (over strenuous imperial opposition) on an anti-Semitic platform; and Theodor Herzl, the journalist and impresario of dreams who created modern Zionism. Each of these three men embodied a particular element in the brew of cynicism and fantasy, of world-weariness and the new arts of propaganda which marks Vienna's ambiguous donation to our age. In his analysis of the "meta-politics of fantasy" as it sprang up on the liberal and the populist flanks, Professor Schorske has little to say that is new. The "politics of cultural despair" and the prehistory of Zionism have been exhaustively gone over. It is, moreover, dubious to oppose Zionism to Germanism. In idiom, in historical device, Herzl's Zionism is profoundly indebted to Bismarck's concept of the expanding Prussian nation-state. It is this atavistic ambivalence that shadows many features of Israeli policy now. Nevertheless, the triple portrait sketched by Professor Schorske is suggestive, and his eye for the ironic, macabre detail does not fail him. Schönerer's father had looked to American engineering to find the right models for the design of the Austrian railway network. His son turned to the Chinese Exclusion Act as passed in the United States in 1882 when planning legislative measures for the curtailment of European Jewry. And Professor Schorske is penetrating when he shows how much there was in Herzl's Zionism of a rejection of traditional Jewish values, of an attempt, fatally ingenuous, to use secular nationalism in order to escape forever from "the Jewish problem." To many of the frock-coated delegates at Herzl's first Zionist congress, the notion of Israel was an archaic implausibility. A German- or English-speaking Uganda would have done as well.

Essay four is a reprint of Professor Schorske's well-known paper on "Politics and Patricide in Freud's 'Interpretation of Dreams.' " Classical Freudian categories, now largely relinquished—or, rather, consigned to the status of intuitive, beautifully suggestive myths—have always attracted Professor Schorske. "Collective Oedipal revolts," "group narcissism," "community identification as mother substitution" are terms that he applies readily to political and aesthetic data. Freud is the patron spirit in his quest for a more "analytically vital" method of intellectual history. To the master list of historical dates of the sources of our century must be added 1900, the year of the publication of Freud's "Interpretation of Dreams." In this classic of conjecture and in the person of Sigmund Freud, all the main threads of the Vienna syndrome are knit: rationalism and fantasy, a classical European cast of values and the radically subversive, the Judaic background and the ambiguous attempt to leave it behind in a grim thrust toward Gentile acceptance.

Of itself, this essay is too brief to carry the central weight that Professor Schorske's general argument requires. His conclusion is disconcertingly perfunctory: Freud's invention of the Oedipus complex "gave his fellow-liberals an a-historical theory of man and society that could make bearable a political world spun out of orbit and beyond control." No body of thought is more steeped in history than that of the mature Freud; none is more grimly

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ironic in respect of man's endurance of his historical inheritance. The Oedipus complex, whatever elusive reality one ascribes to it, is itself the embedding of historicism in the individual psyche.

Is it, moreover, useful to envisage Freud's political condition without focussing honestly on the socially isolated, artificial constraints of his actual psychoanalytic trade? This trade excluded, by its insistence on literate articulacy and on financial means, all but a very limited clientele—essentially feminine, essentially Jewish middle- and upper-middle-class. There, as Wilhelm Reich tactlessly urged, lay the Achilles' heel, both in method and in substance, of Freud's universalist claims and of the whole position of the analyst in a society of mass impulse and collective political neurosis. Professor Schorske's brief view gives no inkling of this fundamental dilemma. Freud himself, let it be noted, was uncomfortably, even irascibly, aware of it.

The fifth essay looks at the life and work of the painter Gustav Klimt. Starting out as an artist of liberal persuasion and patronage, Klimt labored fiercely to find a symbolic code communicative of the turbulent, irrational forces that he saw burgeoning around him. This search brought him into sharp conflict with the very elements in official and private society that had initially championed his talent. Driven inward, as were the lame dreamers of Hofmannsthal or "the man without qualities" in Musil's great novel of that name, Klimt became a glittering decorator, a painter of hieratic portraits whose feminine sitters seem to vanish in the Byzantine vestments and enamelled gardens they inhabit. This is a useful study; architecture and the plastic arts enlist Professor Schorske's most confident perceptions. But it was not really Klimt who most comprehensively embodied the theme of social and aesthetic dissolution; it was that haunted virtuoso of line and macabre tints Egon Schiele.

The two closing sections are a recapitulation and an attempt at a synoptic yet also impressionistic panorama. Once more the writings of Hofmannsthal are invoked to show that no aesthetic vision, no delicacy and integrity of spiritual awareness could arrest the social and psychological disintegration infecting the Central European world. The hunger for the irrational, for mass ecstasies on a scale adequate to rival the strident pressures of industrialism and the jungle conditions of the cities, was proving too strong. Liberalism had been too cerebral, too slow in its Uto-

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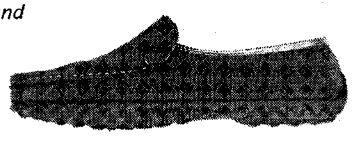

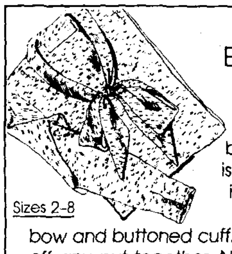

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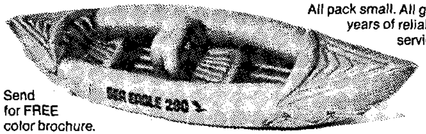

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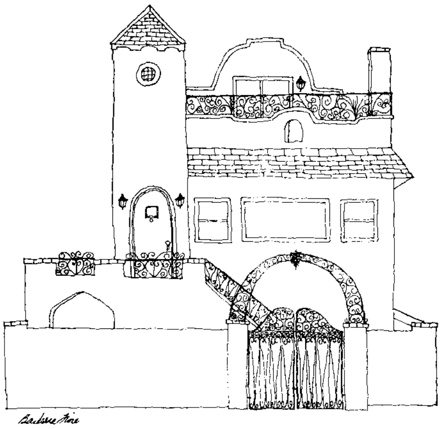
pias. Barbarian pleasures were at hand.

The arts had generated their own excitement, but in styles and media inaccessible and, therefore, hateful to the restless majority of the body politic. In the plays and paintings of Kokoschka and in Schoenberg's musical revolution, the old order was altered. In both these artists, disorder is still coerced into responsible form. Kokoschka's townscapes and portraits fuse spirit and matter into seemingly centrifugal but in fact strongly circumscribed units. Schoenberg devised strict expression and almost classical structures through which to channel the anarchic impulses of a twilight period. "Here liberated dissonance became a new harmony; psychological chaos, a meta-sensuous order."

The publisher's claim that this book constitutes a "*magnum opus* . . . which is a landmark of historical writing and thought" can only embarrass both writer and reader. What we have is a set of essays, some of which are so perfunctorily assembled and reissued that identical quotations and allusions are repeated. Modestly and accurately, Professor Schorske observes that these papers "can each be read independently." They come nowhere close to mapping the terrain that he himself had in mind when announcing his project many years ago. Much that is of the first importance is simply omitted. There is hardly any reference to Karl Kraus, whose views on the organic interactions between speech and society and whose unrivalled analysis of the Viennese anatomy of decadence place him at the pivot of Professor Schorske's theme. There is no mention of Fritz Mauthner, whose monumental inquiry into the decay of public and private means of communication initiated so much in the thought of Wittgenstein and the Vienna logical positivists. Otto Weininger, the meteoric, if hysterical, explorer of sex and society, an individual in whose brief life



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the irreconcilable polarities of the Viennese condition were made palpable, does not appear. In important ways, the life and the music of Franz Schreker are far more representative of the *fin-de-siècle* crisis than are those of Schoenberg—but Schreker does not figure in Professor Schorske's survey, nor does Alban Berg or Anton Webern. Above all, Professor Schorske does not even glance at the extremely important sphere of the exact sciences—at the tragic career of Ludwig Boltzmann, at the immense influence on all intellectual disciplines of Ernst Mach (from whom Einstein derived a number of his fundamental principles). It is frivolous to analyze the lineaments of consciousness in a modern period and society without taking the sciences into account. Perhaps the real trouble lies with Professor Schorske's limiting calendar. The end of the nineteenth century is not the decisive date. The "Vienna crisis," insofar as it becomes that of Western culture as a whole, comes to its logical and existential climax not even in 1914 but with Hitler's assumption of power, in 1933, and his homecoming to a delirious Austrian welcome five years later. It was on the streets of Vienna in March, 1938, when the swastika was draped across the lintel of Freud's house at Berggasse 19, that the "starved souls" with whom Professor Schorske is concerned supped their fill.

The problem of the interrelations of high culture and the coming of world wars and totalitarian barbarism is the single major problem in any theory of modern Western history and society. Were there correlations, other than external, between the partial collapse of the rational ideal in the arts, in philosophy, and in psychology and the morbid explosion of nationalism and of such mass reveries as Fascism? I have argued elsewhere that a great ennui had collected in Europe, like marsh gas, during the long post-Napoleonic peace, that neither parliamentary nor technological modes of action could satisfy perennial atavistic needs for sacrificial violence. The motif of necessary violence runs deep both in Marxist millenarianism and in the Freudian saga of the subconscious, with its roots in primal murder. It was, furthermore, Freud himself who saw most clearly the ominous tensions between the constraining veneer of civilization and the instinctual savageries in man. But all these are only conjectures. What is certain is that Vienna and the Austro-Hungarian world were the locale in which these problems came to most dramatic expression. Here was the

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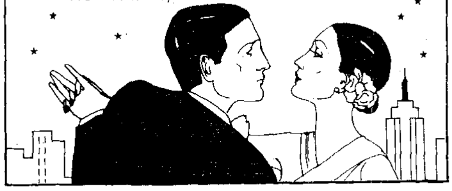

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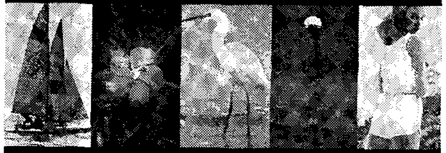

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—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Sixth Winter, by Douglas Orgill, with Dr. John Gribbin (Simon & Schuster; $10.95). A holocaust (or natural disaster) novel that for once seems somewhat more than merely plausible. The time would appear to be the middle nineteen-eighties, and the subject is the waning, through five hard winters, of the fifteen-thousand-year Interglacial Period and the sudden return—as a consequence of increasing volcanic activity, a southward shift in the normal west-to-east weather jet stream, and an extensive reflection of solar heat from a broadening snow belt—of the Ice Age. The characters are an American climatologist, a woman zoologist, a half-Eskimo bush pilot, and a couple of Russian officials, along with a supporting cast that includes various heads of state and Arctic and Sahara primitives, and the action largely involves the struggles of this little scientific company to escape from glacial Siberia to Alaska and then to what's left of the United States below, roughly, the Mason-Dixon Line. There is inescapable melodrama here, but there is also strong narration, a graphic depiction of most of North America, Northern Europe, and Russia under a hundred feet of snow, and—Dr. Gribbin is an English astrophysicist—a thoroughly absorbing science. It should be added that this is not a book to read on a cold night with the thermostat turned down to sixty-five.

A Married Man, by Piers Paul Read (Lippincott; $10.95). John Strickland, a successful London barrister of forty, well married and the father of two adored children, emerges from a fortuitous reading of "The Death of Ivan Ilyich" with that lawyer's despairing cry "Maybe I did not live as I ought to have done" ringing in his ears, and with his own life shaken and seen as worthless. He sets about putting it right. He has an absurd affair with a young girl, he takes up seriously with an immensely rich young woman of socialist views, he recovers his Oxford social conscience, and, to the horror of his wife and their circle of Tory friends, he stands for Parliament as a Labour candidate. The results of this thrashing turnabout are as shattering to Strickland and those about him as his earlier panicky plunge. What is more interesting, and more important—indeed, what gives this novel its very considerable stature—is that they enable Mr. Read to examine the contradictions and accommodations of marriage, of the pursuit of worth and happiness, of the remaining moral strictures of our time, and he does so with an absolute clarity of perception, and a blithe and probing irony. It may be said that Mr. Read resolves his story with a burst of melodrama, but even in this he is successful, because it is a melodrama that serves a purpose much beyond itself.

A Matter of Feeling, by Janine Boissard, translated from the French by Elizabeth Walter (Little, Brown; $8.95). As the Moreau family gather for breakfast in their pretty house near Paris—"Papa confronting his black coffee, Mother hers with cream, Claire her jasmine tea, Bernadette her cold milk, Cécile her iced chocolate" (and Pauline, the seventeen-year-old narrator, probably her hot cocoa)—the reader is right to suspect that their varied tastes reflect varied temperaments. Papa is a diligent and old-fashioned doctor; Mother is an oasis of sympathy and sound advice; Claire, at twenty-one, pales at the suggestion that she go out and earn a living; Bernadette, two years younger, is a robust stablegirl who smokes her father's pipes; twelve-year-old Cécile, nicknamed the Poison Pot for her venomous tongue, schemes night and day to defy her elders' expectations; and Pauline, who wants to be a writer when she grows up, muses quietly upon whatever slice of life is at hand. But when Claire runs, half-heartedly, away from home; when Bernadette's favorite horse is condemned to the knackers; when Cécile's crush on a fatally ill young

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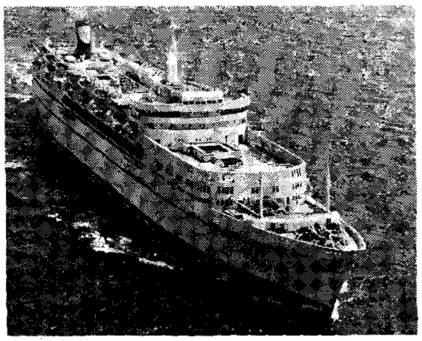

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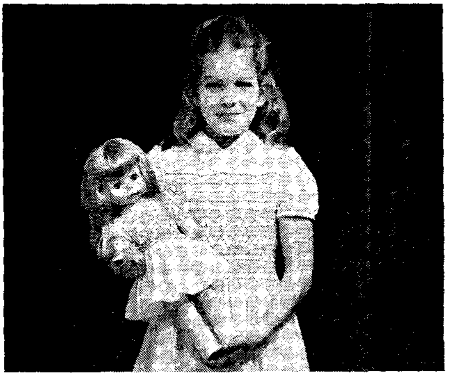

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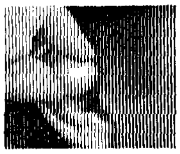

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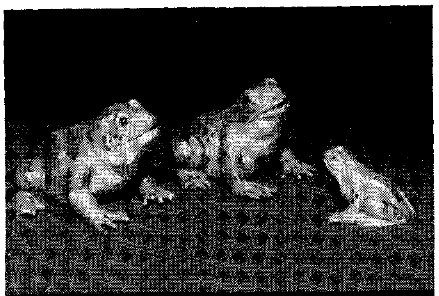

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man ends as it must; and when Pauline's affair with a forty-year-old artist falls apart, the family unites and rushes to the rescue. A delightful refutation of Tolstoy's famous dictum, marred only by a less than nimble ("No, you're wrong; no way is that the way it is") translation.

GENERAL

THE LIFE OF LORENA HICKOK, E. R.'s FRIEND, by Doris Faber (Morrow; $12.95). A biography of an extremely able A.P. reporter who fell in love with Eleanor Roosevelt and sacrificed her journalistic career to that love. The author records Miss Hickok's childhood of poverty and brutality and her bootstrap rise to stardom in the American press. No professional attainment, however, persuaded the former unloved child that she was lovable, and the author thinks that the attraction between Miss Hickok and Mrs. Roosevelt arose from the latter's loneliness and insecurity as the wife of a governor who was a candidate for President and then a President. As Mrs. Roosevelt became more sure of herself, the intimacy between the women dwindled. Miss Hickok, who left the A.P. rather than report on her friend, worked for the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, for the New York World's Fair of 1939, and, from 1940 to 1945, for the Women's Division of the Democratic National Committee. She did a topnotch job everywhere, but she was, in effect, dependent upon Mrs. Roosevelt and, after her death, upon the Roosevelt family. The author speculates on the nature of Mrs. Roosevelt's feelings—Miss Hickok's are not in doubt—and the reasons that Miss Hickok, before her death, in 1968, deposited the cache of personal letters on which this biography draws in the Franklin D. Roosevelt archives at Hyde Park. In any event, Doris Faber has portrayed a competent woman, a self-destructive passion, and the background of the New Deal years with good sense and appropriate sympathy.

THE DEMOCRATS: FROM JEFFERSON TO CARTER, by Robert A. Rutland (Louisiana State University; $12.95). Political parties survive by responding to issues before the nation, and starting in 1800, as this relaxed, brief history shows, the Democrats responded so accurately that they ran the country practically

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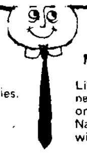

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unchallenged for sixty years. Then they responded so densely to the issue of slavery that from 1860 to 1932 they managed to elect but two Presidents and were intermittently expected to vanish. Changes in the Party reflect changes in the nation—the Democrats' original appeal was to farmers, as the party of small, cheap government—but Rutland describes a Jeffersonian continuity in the Party's "care of human life and happiness." There is another continuity: the Democrats either produce or attract "characters," so that while Democratic politics may be dim-witted they are rarely dull.

MEMOIR OF A GAMBLER, by Jack Richardson (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). Mr. Richardson, born in Queens to a mother who was determined to see him become an exceptional man, is a disenchanted philosopher, a lapsed playwright, a disgusted book reviewer, and, it would seem from the closing pages of this memoir at least, a disaffected gambler. Nevertheless, the principal subject of his book is gambling, "the high fevering of life" that led him (almost always successfully) from New York to Las Vegas to the poker town of Gardena, California, and, finally, to Hong Kong and Macao, and his account is a deeply subjective one—even, much of the way, an uncomfortably revealing one. The tone is mesmeric, rising to the delirious and the surreal, ending on a haunting cry: "If the soul finds no true action for itself, it must make do with agitation."

NOTE: "Show People," a collection of five Profiles by Kenneth Tynan—of Ralph Richardson, Tom Stoppard, Mel Brooks, Johnny Carson, and Louise Brooks—has been published by Simon & Schuster ($11.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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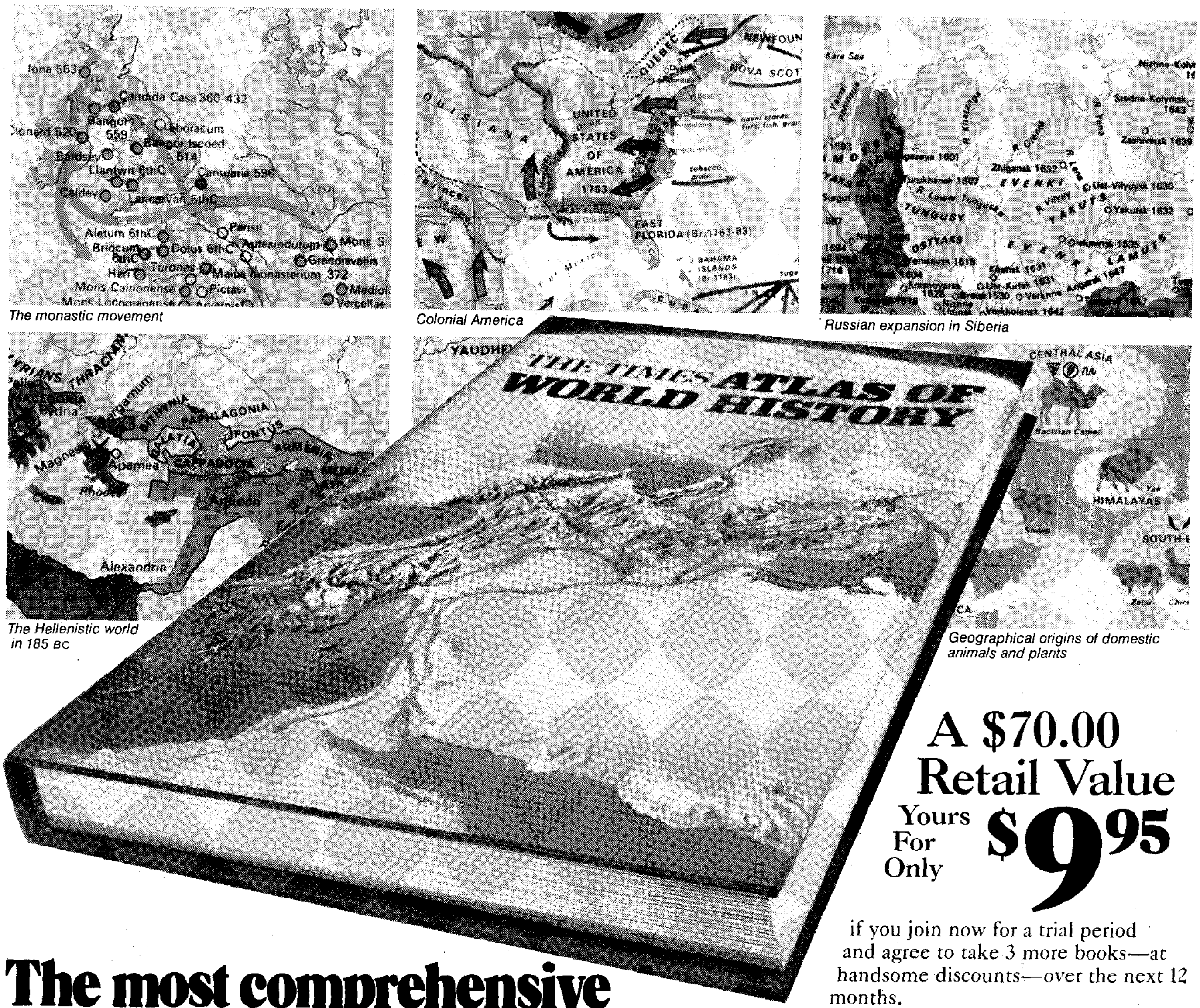

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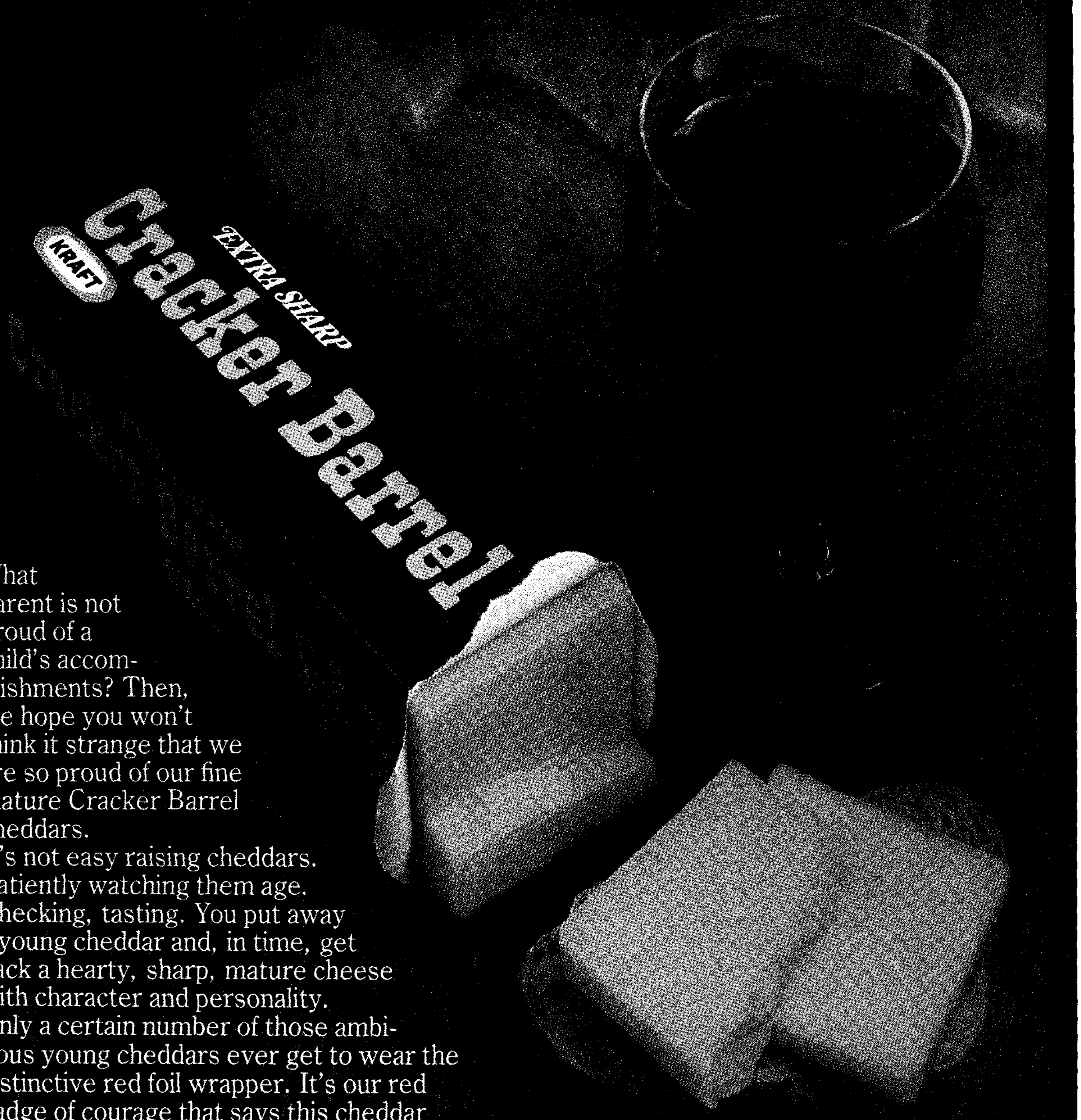

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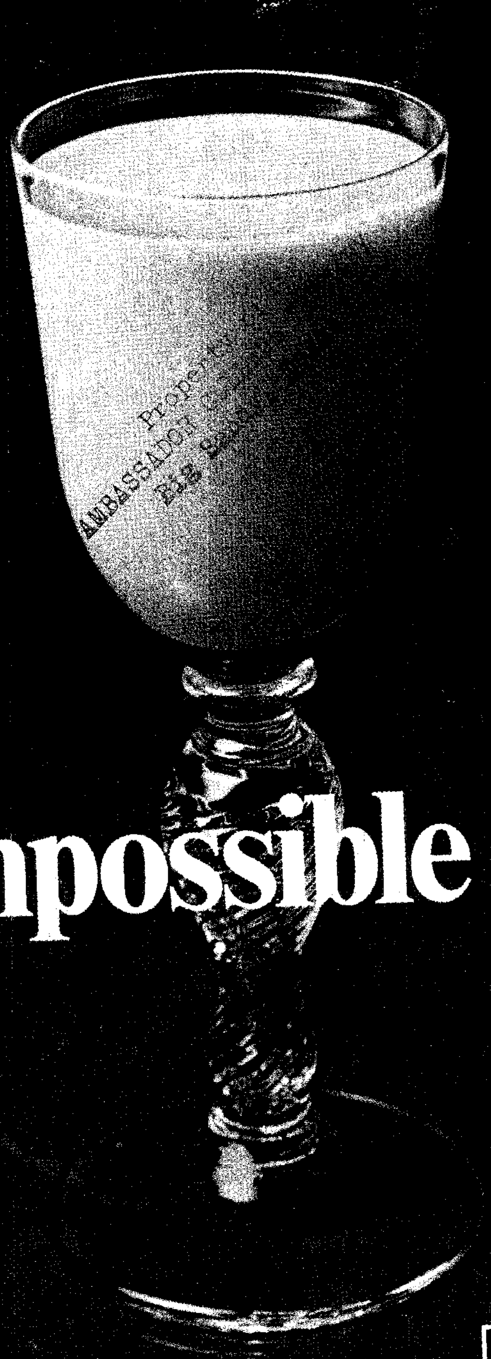

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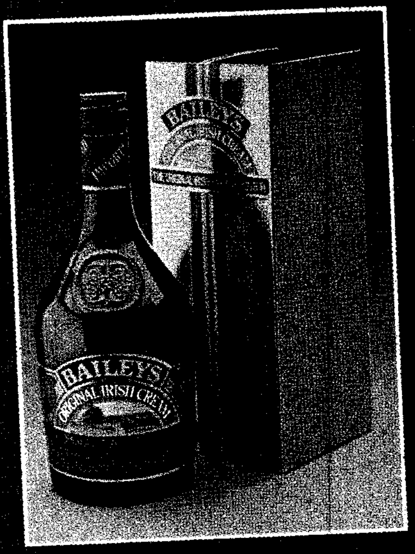

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